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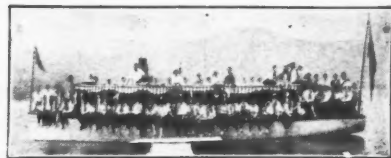
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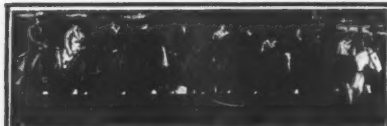
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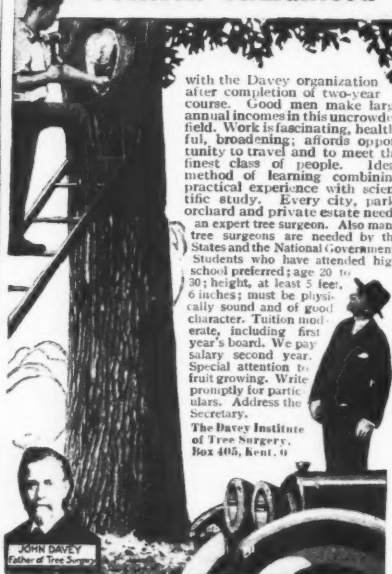


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Ladies, start fascinating home business tinting post-cards, pictures, etc., spare time, for profit \$5 on 100. No canvassing, samples 10c. Particulars free. Artint, 89R, 130 Manhattan St., New York.

SONG POEMS

Song Poems Wanted. We pay cash for those we accept. Examinations free. Quick decision guaranteed. Submit your poem at once enclosing postage for return if unavailable. The McLean Co. Stewart Bldg., Washington, D. C.

AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED

Free! Billy Sunday on Booze. Startling. Sensational. Inspiring. Send your name and two others who would be interested in distributing his message, and we will send you a copy free. Big terms to representatives. Write for \$100 bonus offer. International Bible Press, Dept. DL, Phila.

One Thousand Dollars Reward if this is not the greatest money-making-house-to-house proposition. N. R. C. Laundry Tablet washes clothes in 10 minutes, without rubbing. Contains no Lime Lye. Paraffin Wax or other injurious chemical and cannot possibly injure the clothes or hands. Nothing like it on the market. Positively the wonder of the age—sells for 15c—enough for 3 family washings. We supply free samples and guarantee the sale of every package you buy. Just leave the free sample with the housewife and, when you call again, she is eagerly awaiting to become your steady customer. Secure territorial rights at once, or you will regret it. A 1c postal brings sample and full particulars.

Farquhar-Moon Mfg. Co., Desk H 204,
140 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

Agents wanted everywhere to sell our self-generating power and absolute automatic clothes washer. Will wash clothes in ten minutes without any rubbing or work except lighting fire under pump and putting clothes, soap and water in it. Easy seller. Big commissions. Write today for information. M. & M. Mfg. Co., 233-35 Rialto Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Agents Wanted. Make Big Money selling guaranteed waterproof Kitchen Aprons. Three styles and colors. Write and learn how to obtain samples without cost. Moss Apron Co., 763 Pilot Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

Manufacture latest big selling specialties from my Guaranteed Tested Formulas. Pleasant, easy work. Investment small—Profits big. Formula Ltd., Stamp Miller Mfrs., Chemist, Tampa, Fla.

Large company manufacturing guaranteed compound which cleans, polishes and replates Silver and Nickel in one operation, wants territorial managers. Product used by many big corporations. Nationally advertised. Big opportunity to get in on ground floor. No competition. Write today for details. Naspel, 410 Lafayette St., New York City.

Ladies we pay \$2.50 per day to distribute free circulars and take orders for Royal Shields. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Regal Co., D-15, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Greatest of All Clothes Washing Compounds No Rubbing. No Boiling. No Injury. Our agents coin money under our plan. Trial package 10c. Particulars free. Utility Mfg. Co., Chippewa Falls, Wis.

General Agents Make Big Money Selling "Washwhite." Cleans clothes without rubbing. Wonderful results and attractive premiums make great customers. Free samples and selling helps. Norma Co., Dept. J-14, 20 W. Lake, Chicago.

District Managers to appoint women agents to sell medium priced corsets. For sale at a liberal commission proposition. Write for details. M. & K. Corset Co., Jackson, Michigan. Extension Department.

Newest money maker! 11 piece toilet set selling like blazes at \$1 with \$1 carving set free! Enormous profits! Tremendous hit! Randall sold 30 one day. Success sure. E. Pierce Co., 906 Lake St., Chicago.

\$1000 per man per county—Strange invention starts world—agents amazed. Ten inexperienced men divide \$40,000. Korstad, a farmer, did \$2,200 in 14 days. Schleicher, a minister, \$195 first 12 hours. \$1,200 cold cash made, paid, banked by Stomman in 30 days; \$15,000 to date. A hot or cold running water bath equipment for any home at only \$6.50. Self-heating. No plumbing or waterworks required. Investigate. Exclusive sale. Credit given. Send no money. Write letter or postal today. Allen Mfg. Co., 312 Allen Bldg., Toledo, O.

Sell Insyde Tyres. Inner armour for auto tires, old or new. Double tire mileage. Prevent punctures and blowouts. Liberal profits. American Accessories Co., Dept. C-2, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Salesmen—Wanted everywhere to sell Ajax Chemical Fire Engines. If you average sales of one or two machines a week, you make from \$2,000 to \$4,000 a year. You can sell Ajax Chemical Fire Engines to factories, stores, small towns, etc. No capital required. Exclusive territory. Goods well advertised. Ajax Fire Engine Works, 97 W. Liberty St., N. Y. City.

Transfer Initials, Letters, Monograms; ap- plied on automobiles while they wait; cost 2c each; profit \$1.38 on \$1.50 job; free particulars, Auto Monogram Supply Co., Dept. 2, Niagara Bldg., Newark, N. J.

New Knife Sharpener puts razor edge on any knife instantly without grinding. Demonstration creates sensation. 30 sales a day easy. Carry right in pocket. Big profits. Write for free sample offer American Products Co., 8614 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

Large profits. Manufacture "Barley Crisps." cost cent to make. Sells like hot cakes for 5c. Machine & instructions, prepaid, \$7.50. Send 10c for sample. Barley Crisp Co., 1208 B way, San Fran.

Get big repeat orders. Send for small sample and new special offer. Kervansene Co., 1020 Westchester Ave., N. Y.

Salesmen acquainted with drug trade and hospitals to sell our Genuine Russian Mineral Oil as a side line. Liberal commission. Arnold B. Weil & Co., Wade Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Sell for large Mfrs. Red raincoats & bath- robes; sensational demand, 100% profit, unique line, no competition, no investment. Write today. Amer. Mercantile Co., N. 969 Simpson St., N. Y. C.

AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED

General Agents—Crew Managers—Capable of earning \$75 or more weekly. Sell new Guaranteed home specialty backed by \$200,000 corporation. Big profit. Quick sales. Exclusive Territory. Manager, Dept. J-7, 20 W. Lake, Chicago.

Agents and Salesmen write to us if you are not earning \$25 weekly. Our proposition is among the best. I-M-Co., 1101 E. Philadelphia St., York, Pa.

Every merchant buys new changeable sign, for window advertising. Make 95c on \$1.50 sale. Your profit \$10.00 every day. Changeable Sign Co., 379 E. 102, Cleveland, Ohio.

Great Opportunity. Ostrich boas. No com- petition. Big demand all year. Write for information, particularly if you have organized selling force. Cosmopolitan Novelty Co., 51 Lincoln Bldg., N. Y. C.

New "4 in 1" changeable letter sign. Original "Four Signs in One." Working quickly changed with 464 time-saving machine-cut characters. Salesmen's profit 100%. New England Sign Co., New Haven, Ct.

\$20 to \$35 per month extra money to any em- ployed person without interfering with regular work. No selling, no canvassing. Positively no investment. Unemployed need not apply. Address The Silver Mirror Co., Inc., 211 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Big profit, enormous demand, small invest- ment, self-seller. The well advertised, famous Brillo cleanser, scourer, and polisher of aluminum cooking utensils (all done in one simple operation). Write immediately for agents, proposition and city or county territory. Brillo Mfg. Co., 517-23 West 45th St., New York City.

Agents: Earn Big Commissions selling made-to-measure suits for \$15.00. No more, no less. Real \$25.00 values. No experience necessary. Chicago Woolen Mills, Dept. B, 833 Jackson, Chicago.

Magic metal polish, retails at 10c pkg. cleans brass, German silver, aluminum, steel. Sample & particulars for stamped addressed envelope. R. M. Barnes, Hooper, N. Y.

Armstrong earned \$67.50 1st day; new col- lection Raincoat sells \$5 to \$30. Agent's profit 150%. No competition. Exclusive territory. Free sample. Sayers Co., 404 Wainwright, St. Louis.

Salesmen wanted—to sell Shinton Products to retailers and jobbers. All trades handle. Consumption big. Low prices; attractive deals. 18-year quality reputation. Big commission nets large income. All or part time. Shinton, Rochester, N. Y.

Agents: Screen door check. Demonstrate and sale is made. Stops the bang and saves the door. Wonderful summer seller. Demonstrating sample free. Thomas Mfg. Co., 1318 North St., Dayton, O.

Agents: Sell our new Peerless Policy for \$8.00 yearly. All accidents and sicknesses covered. \$25.00 death. \$12.50 weekly benefit. Policy providing double benefits \$16.00 yearly. Liberal Commissions. Underwriters, Dept. A, Newark, N. J.

Free sample with particulars. No splashing water-strainers. Easy seller. Returns big. Experience unnecessary. B. B. Union Filter Co., 73 Franklin St., N. Y.

Large Mfg. wants agents to sell custom-made Raincoats. Prices defy competition. 1917 outfit free. Exceptional inducements. Enormous profits. Every coat guaranteed waterproof. American European Raincoat Co., 175 E. B way, N. Y. City, Desk A.

Make and Sell Your Own Goods. Formulas by Expert Chemists. Manufacturing Processes and Trade Secrets. Formula Catalog for Stamp-Robert Mystic Company, Washington, D. C.

Large manufacturer wants representatives to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 586 Broadway, New York City.

Let us start you in a permanent business of your own selling guaranteed Planto-Silk Hosiery and Underwear direct from factory to the homes; capital and experience not necessary; many of our representatives make \$3,000 to \$5,000 per year. Write for particulars to Malloch Knitting Mills, 175 Grant St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Agents—\$30 a week and expenses: free sam- ples—gold and silver letters for store fronts, office windows and glass signs; any one can put them on; big demand everywhere; liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 420 N. Clark St., Chicago.

Make big money selling Mexican Diamonds. Exactly resemble genuine; Same Rainbow Fire; Stand tests; sell at sight; repeat orders. Write quick for Sample Case offer free. Mexican Diamond Importing Co., T. S. LasCruces, New Mexico.

Get Davis' Latest Proposition. Best yet. No matter how often you have answered my advertisements in last 20 years get my 1917 "Prosperity Offer." E. M. Davis, Dept. 31, 900 Lake St., Chicago.

Specialty salesman wanted. Big commissions being earned selling Ever-Ready Cans. Write for particulars. Ever-Ready Can Company, Greenfield, Ohio.

Who wants to make more money selling brushes every home needs? Special method of getting entrance. Fuller Sanitary Brushes are nationally advertised—largest output—best terms. Your territory is valuable. Write Fuller Brush Company, Hartford, Conn., Rock Island, Ill.

Salesmen having automobiles preferred, to cover counties selling Chasets, a specialty that is taking the place of all 5c peppermint lozenges in the market. Millions sold last year, big repeater. Exclusive or as a side-line. Those with established jobbing or retail trade preferred; growing consumer demand. We have tripled our output and are on the lookout for live wires only. Riggs Bros. Co., Inc., 12-14 Lexington Ave., Brooklyn.

AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED

Agents Wanted—The B. D. Clip holds clear- ette papers secure on tobacco box. A necessity for smokers. Territory open. Sample 10c. Dept. C., Union Specialty Co., Rochester, N. Y.

We start you in business, furnishing every- thing; men and women, earning \$30 upward weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Hillyer-Ragsdale Co., E. Orange, N. J.

Exclusive Sales Agent wanted in every county. Position worth \$750 to \$2000 yearly. We specially train our agents. Have us show you. Novelty Cutlery Co., 7 Bar St., Canton, O.

We pay women liberally to introduce "National" dress goods and garments among friends and neighbors. Magnificent selling outfit makes work easy and agreeable. Every family a customer, so representatives should make \$35.00 weekly. For free particulars write National Dress Goods Co., Dept. 48, New York.

Agents—Sell Buckeye Duplex Overcoat- Raincoat Direct from Manufacturer, retailing from \$3.35 Up. Each coat guaranteed. Write for Booklet. Buckeye Mfg. Co., 55 Lincoln Bldg., N. Y. C.

Salesmen: Get Our Plan for Monogramming Automobiles, motorcycles, traveling bags, etc., by transfer method; very large profits. Motorists' Accessories Company, Mansfield, Ohio.

Wanted—Live Salesmen to sell fertile farm lands. Ten-acre tracts. Easy terms. No interest or taxes. Big commission. Attractive proposition. Palm Beach County Land Co., Box F, Stuart, Florida.

Would \$150 Monthly as General Agent for \$150,000 corporation and a Ford auto of your own, introducing Stock and Poultry remedies, Dips, Disinfectants and Sanitary products, interest you? Then address Royoleum Co-operative Mfg. Co., Dept. N-11, Monticello, Ind.

Huge profits selling the Nibco Sanitary Brushes, Auto Washers, Brown Beauty Adjustable Floor Mops, Dustless Dusters, and other specialties. Big line. Fast sellers. Write today. Nibco Chamberlin Company, 1-5 Maple Street, Clayton, N. J.

Large mfr wants agents to sell guaranteed made-to-measure raincoats, price \$2.50 delivered. Material and workmanship incomparable, outfit free. Standard Raincoat Co., 395 Broadway, N. Y.

Agents—pair silk hose free. State size and color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. E., 720 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Would \$150 Monthly. Auto of your own to travel in, as General Agent, handling remarkable sellers, Lightning Patch Vulcanizer, Shock Absorber, and Anti-Thief Combination Auto-Switch Lock, thief proof, interest you? Then address Dept. N-6, U. S. Manufacturing Co., Wolcott, Indiana.

\$120 in 3 days is big profit but Jennings did it in 3 hours. How? Selling our wonderful brand new, repeat advertising proposition to retail merchants, stores, etc., everywhere. Work when you like, make what you want. Experience unnecessary. Our book tells all—write quick. Salesmanager, Winslow Cabot Co., 95 Congress Bldg., Boston, Mass.

\$150.00 salary for 60 days' work paid woman or man in each town to distribute free circulars, and take orders for White Ribbon Flavoring. J. S. Ziegler Co., 7c E. Harrison St., Chicago.

Agents Make Big Profits selling our Auto Mon- ogram & Initials, Window Sign Letters, Changeable Signs & Show Cards. 1000 Varieties; enormous demand. Sullivan Co., 1123 Van Buren St., Chicago.

Sterilizer—Barbers and Doctors. Easy pay- ments. \$5 to \$14 commission on each sale. Also sell jobbers. The Republic Mfg. Co., 416 Huron Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

Agents make big money; fast office seller; particulars and samples free. One Dip Pen Company, Dept. 3, Baltimore, Md.

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Typewriters, all makes, factory rebuilt by famous "Young Process." Look like new, wear like new, guaranteed like new. Our big business insures "square deal" and permits lowest cash prices—\$10 and up. Also machines rented—or sold on time. No matter what your needs are we can best serve you. Write and see—now. Young Typewriter Co., Dept. 72, Chicago.

Startling values in Typewriters. \$10 to \$15 up. Completely rebuilt. All makes. Shipped on trial. Write for our "Special" offer No. 123E. Whitehead Typewriter Co., 186 N. La Salle St., Chicago.

Send for List No. 10 of Typewriter Bargains. New and Rebuilt. Cash, time or rent. 10 Days' Free Trial. American Typewriter Exchange, 14 W. Washington St., Chicago.

Typewriters: Prices wrecked. All Makes. Nearly New and Rebuilt \$5.00 up. Coronas and other portable machines. \$10.00 up. Write for Cat. 27 H. Beran Typewriter Co., 58 W. Washington St., Chicago.

Largest stock of rebuilt typewriters in the United States. Guaranteed saving \$10.00 to \$25.00 on any rebuilt machine. Underwoods, Remingtons, Oliviers and Monarchs. Write for our big 1917 catalog and price list No. 80 today. Dearborn Typewriter Co., Dept. 5, Chicago, Ill.

Largest stock of typewriters in America. Underwoods, 1/4 to 1/2 mfr's prices, rented anywhere; applying rent on purchase price; free trial; installment payments if desired. Write for catalog O. Typewriter Emp in (Est. 1892), 34-36 W. Lake, Chicago.

Over a million copies of this magazine are sold each month. A postal will bring you full particulars about this department. Cosmopolitan Opportunity Adlets, Dept. 18, 119 W. 40th St., New York City.

HIGH GRADE HELP WANTED

We pay you \$5.00 to \$2.00 on each order. You can average a number of orders each day. First month on commission. Guaranteed advance after first month to producers. We sell to physicians on easy credit terms. Choice territory now open. William Wood & Co., Dept. B, 51 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 112 years in business.

At Last! Ford Starter That Starts and Lasts; production nearly two thousand per week; starts car winter and summer; Woods' pinch clutch starter. United Steel Supply, Ford Building, Detroit.

Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. Good pay. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 99, Omaha, Neb.

Wanted. Men and Women to qualify for Government positions. Several thousand appointments to be made next few months. Full information about openings, how to prepare, etc., free. Write immediately for booklet CG 5, Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

Government Mail Service offers big pay, easy hours, steady work. You can master our low-priced correspondence course and succeed in Civil Service. Catalog Free. McDaniel Institute, Box 3501, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Learn to be a Detective; Earn a large salary and traveling expenses, write today for free booklet. National School of Detectives, 489 Fifth Avenue, New York. Room 596.

Man or woman to travel for old-established firm. No canvassing; \$1170 first year, payable weekly, pursuant to Contract. Expenses advanced. G. N. Nichols, Phila., Pa., Pepper Bldg.

Earn \$900 to \$1800 yearly in Government Service. Railway Mail and Post Office examinations coming. Prepare under former Civil Service Examiner. Book Free. Patterson Civil Service School, Box 1421, Rochester, N. Y.

Write news items and short stories for pay in spare time. Copyright book and plans free. Press Reporting Syndicate, 428 St. Louis, Mo.

Intelligent person may earn up to \$25 weekly during spare time at home writing for newspapers. Send for particulars. Press Syndicate, Dept. C, Washington, D. C.

Photoplays wanted by 48 Co's. \$10 to \$500 each paid for plots. No correspondence course or experience needed; details free to beginners. Sell your ideas. Producers League, 5245 St. Louis.

Ladies to sew at home for a large Phila. firm; good money; steady work; no canvassing; material sent prepaid; send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 8, Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

Be A Detective
Earn \$150 to \$300 monthly; easy work; we show you; open to all. Write WAGNER, 1243 Lexington Avenue, New York, Dept. 421.

Become a landscape architect and gardener! Unexcelled Profession! Inexpensive! Easy to Master. Begin earning 3 weeks after you enroll. Write for information. American Landscape School, Newark, N. Y.

Why not let the readers of this magazine do business with you? Your advertisement in these pages would give them the opportunity to do so. For particulars address Cosmopolitan Opportunity Adlets, 119 W. 40th St., N. Y. C.

Some of the biggest advertisers to-day sometimes use a little ad like this. A postal will bring you full particulars about this department. Cosmopolitan Opportunity Adlets, Dept. 22, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Free Print from your favorite negative or send twelve of your best negatives and 20c for twelve prints. Films developed 10c roll. Velox prints 2 1/4 x 3 1/4, 3c; 8x10 enlargements from negatives, 25c. Columbia Photo Supply Co., Dept. B, Wash., D. C.

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Films developed, 10c; all sizes—Prints 2 1/4 x 3 1/4, 3c; 3 1/4 x 4 1/4, 4c. We give Profit-Sharing Coupons. Work guaranteed. Send negatives for samples. Girard's Comm. Photo Shop, Holyoke, Mass.

\$95.00 No. 1A Graflex Camera. \$50.00. \$85.00 Auto Graflex. 3 1/4 x 4 1/4. \$55.00. 100 other bargains in our Special Price list. J. L. Lewis, 522 6th Avenue, New York, Dept. B.

Extraordinary Offer. Your next Kodak Film Roll developed five cents. Prints from same 2c each. Only one roll developed at this price to show work. Moser & Son, St. James Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Your Kodak Films Developed 5c a Roll. Prints, 3c each. Expert workmanship. Washington's best equipped studio. The Sport Mart Inc., Dept. A, Washington, D. C.

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Get More Eggs by feeding out raw bones. Mann's Bone Cutter sent on 10 days' free trial. No money in advance. Catalog free. F. W. Mann & Co., Box 322, Milford, Mass.

Squab Book Free. Make money breeding PR squabs, 1917 prices highest on record. Squab book free, telling money-making experiences. How to sell by parcel post. \$6 to \$8 doz. Write at once Plymouth Rock Squab Co., 344 Howard St., Melrose Highlands, Mass.

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Write for Free Catalog of best books on writing and selling photoplays, short stories, poems. Atlas Publishing Co., Dept. C, Cincinnati, Ohio.

See Here! We want your ideas for photoplays and stories! We'll criticize them free and sell on commission. Big rewards. Get details now. Manuscript Sales Co., Dept. 90, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Photoplays wanted by 48 Co's. \$10 to \$500 each paid for plots. No correspondence course or experience needed; details free to beginners. Sell your ideas. Producers League, 324 St. Louis.

Picture plays wanted. Producers pay \$25 to \$100. You can write them. We show you how. Easy, fascinating way to earn money in spare time. Get free details. Rex Publishers, Box 175, L-17 Chicago.

Send us your ideas for Photoplays, Stories, etc. We accept them in any form—correct free—sell on commission. Big rewards! Make money. Get details now! Writer's Service, 23 Main, Auburn, N. Y.

Motion picture plays—how to write and sell them. E. H. Ball's new 200-page book "Photo-Play Scenarios." Gives you the substance of a \$20 course in Photo-Play writing. Postpaid, cloth 75c. Star Library Co., Dept. C, 114 W. 41st St., N. Y.

"Photoplay Pointers"—model Scenario Free. Write photoplays—profitable—accept any form, experience unnecessary. Ideas wanted. Paramount Photoplays Co., Box 1402-PP20, Los Angeles, Cal.

Big Money Writing Photoplays. Constant demand. Experience unnecessary. Get details in free booklet. "How to Write Moving Picture Plays." Universal Pub. Co., 510 Fergus Falls, Minn.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

Big Profit Nightly. Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines used & endorsed by government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Pic. Co., 409 Franklin Bldg., Chicago.

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Wanted—Stories, articles, poems for new magazine. We pay on acceptance. Hand written mss. acceptable. Submit mss. to Cosmos Magazine, 1146 Stewart Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Writers—Attention! Short stories, poems, photoplays, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit MSS. National Literary Bureau, C5, Hannibal, Mo.

Write news items and short stories for pay in spare time. Copyright book and plans free. Press Reporting Syndicate, 1005 St. Louis, Mo.

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Patent your ideas—\$9,000 offered for certain inventions. Books, "How to Obtain a Patent," and "What to Invent," sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Manufacturers constantly writing us for patents we have obtained. We advertise your patent for sale at our expense. Established 20 years. Address Chandlee & Chandlee, Patent Attorneys, 938 F St., Washington, D. C.

Patents secured or fee returned. Actual search and report as to patentability free. Send sketch or model. 1917 Edition. 90-page patent book free. Write for it. Personal and prompt service. My patent sales service gets full value for my client. George P. Kimmel, 245 Barrister Bldg., Wash., D. C.

Protect Your Invention. Honest advice free. Personal Service. Write for "The Truth About Patents." J. R. Kelly, 740-G Woodward Bldg., Washington, D. C.

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Patent What You Invent. It may be valuable. Write me. No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Estab. 1882. "Inventor's Guide" FREE. Franklin H. Hough, 505 Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Ideas Wanted—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. Four books with list hundreds of inventions wanted sent free. I help you market your invention. Advice free. R. B. Owen, 4 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Wanted—an idea—Inventors should write for list of "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers" and "How to Get Your Patent"; sent free. Randolph & Co., Dept. 33, Washington, D. C.

Patents that protect and pay. Advice and books free. Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured. Send sketch or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, 624 F St., Washington, D. C.

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Meltone Corn Plastics.—Something new. A very effective cure for all corns & bunions. Write today for special introductory offer. A 35c package of 7 plastics, for 25c silver. Address Azeo Chem. Co., 1174 Burleigh St., Milwaukee, Wis.

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Wanted Sup't of Nurses, Surgical Nurses, General Duty Nurses, etc. Send for free book if interested in a hospital position anywhere. Anna's Cent. Reg. for Nurses, 3544 S. Grand Boul., Chicago

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To convince you how well we'll serve you, we'll re-edge 3 safety blades free and return in Handy Mailing Case with "Inside Facts on Resharpening." Parker-Warren Lab'l'y., 107-1 W. 42d St., N. Y.

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Finest Quality White Clover Honey, crop of 1916, thirty lb. can, \$3.50, two or more cans, \$3.45 each. Sample 10c. Satisfaction guaranteed. Price list free. M. V. Facey, Preston, Minn.

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Prepare for coming Railway Mail, Post Office and other examinations under former U. S. Civil Service Sec'y-Examiner. Positions guaranteed or no pay. New Book Free. Patterson Civil Service School, Box J-115, Rochester, N. Y.

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Learn to write advertisements. Will positively show you by mail how you can earn \$25 to \$100 a week. Biggest field in the world. Information free. Page Davis Co., 117 Page Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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The Ray Adding Machine Complete for \$15. handsome desk stand free. Adds with speed and accuracy of highest priced machines—also actually subtracts. Saves time, money, labor. Convenient to have on desk or to carry wherever needed. Used by Hershey Chocolate Co., Barrett Manufacturing Co., etc. Send no money, but write for 20 days' free trial. Ray Company, 1402 Power Bldg., Richmond, Va.

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Wedding Invitations, announcements, etc. 100 in script lettering, including inside and outside envelopes, \$2.75. 100 visiting cards, 75 cents. Write for samples. C. Ott Engraving Co., 1003 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Song Writers "Key to Success" Sent Free. Get Real facts. We revise poems, compose & arrange music, copyright and facilitate Free Publication, or sale. Submit poems for examination. Knickerbocker Studios, 100 Gaity Bldg., N. Y. C.

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Cash paid for butterflies, insects. Some \$1 to \$7 each. Easy work. Even two boys earned good money with mother's help and my pictures, descriptions, price list, and simple instructions on painstaking killing, etc. Send 2c stamp at once for prospectus. Sinclair, Box 244 D-18, Los Angeles, Cal.

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COSMOPOLITAN

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MAY, 1917

NO. 6

Fiction

By Herbert Kaufman

I FOUND blind Homer begging in the road, and gave him magic eyes to ward for all eternity.

Would you watch Menelaus beleaguer Troy or stand with Helen at the Skean gate: I'll lend them to you.

Or, if you'd journey with Ulysses, they'll recall the rotted years, lift sunken islands from the deeps, and rouse the ghosts of fabled kings out of their crumbled tombs.

I'll tell you where slim, crimson Cretan galleys ride, and down what passes Hannibal crept on Rome, and I can show the steppes through which Attila poured a million screeching dwarfs to mangle civilization and make proud Europe a Mongol's wench.

I know where Time has hid lost Spanish galleons and Scythian chariots and the Great Mogul's treasure and Ysobel's palace.

Come with me into the purple haze, and all the vanished companies that ventured death and distance for the yearn of gold and the itch of power, the favor of women, the might of empire and for red ambitions and the nod of Fame and for the glory of God shall dare and do and die again for you.

'Twas I who led History back to Yesterday, and I alone foretell the paths To-morrow will walk.

Mine is the voice that whispers the thrall of far places and lures restless souls to high emprise.

And I space sore, discouraged hours with bits of splendor and self-forgetfulness.

I empty lavish purses into beggared lives, rekindle fagging faith with tales of conquered circumstance, and I reveal to groping hearts the sweet mysteries of love.

I am Truth in mask and wig; I am Fiction.

CONVERSATION

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Decoration by W. J. Benda

WE were a baker's dozen in the house—six women
and six men

Beside myself and all of us had known
Those benefits supposed to come from school and church
and brush and pen,

And opportunities of being thrown
In contact with the cultured and the gifted people of
the day.

Being the thirteenth one among six pairs,
I deemed it wise to keep apart and let the others have
their say.

And from my vantage-place upon the stairs
Or in a corner, where I seemed to read, I listened for
some word

That would make life seem sweeter, or cast light
Upon the goal toward which all footsteps wend; and this
was what I heard

Throughout each day and half of every night.

The men talked business, politics, and trade;

They told of safe investments, and great chances
For speculation. (One man, who had made

Pleasure his art, described the newest dances
And dwelt upon each chassee, glide, and whirl,
As lovers dwell upon the charms of some fair girl.)

They talked of war, and tried to find its cause,

And quite deplored the fact that wars must come.
But since this desperate condition *was*,

They carefully computed what the sum
Of profit might be to a land of peace,
And wondered if times would be harder should war cease.

They spoke of games and sports, told many a story

That made the listeners laugh; then back from these
Always they harked to money or the gory

And savage drama playing overseas.
Then there were tales from club and smoking-room—
The submarines of gossip, bringing some name doom.

The women talked of fashions and of plays,

But more of players and their private lives;
Related tittle-tattle of their words and ways—

Their lightning change of husbands and of wives;
And there was chat of garments and their price,
Of operas and balls and all that gives life spice.

Some talk there was of music, pictures, books,

But of musicians, painters, authors, more—
The way they lived, their methods and their looks,

The color of their eyes, the clothes they wore,
And whether it was true, as had been stated,
That gifted people were quite sure to be mismated.

They talked of servants, menus, and disease

And operations. Each one came in line
With some astounding tale to tell of these,

And of her surgeon's skill, which seemed divine.

*But of that vast Domain where live our dead
And where we all are hurrying, no word was said!*



W.T. Benda

*When we know that goal awaits each one of us a little farther on,
When we know how an ever-increasing company of friends is
gathered there,*

Why do we not speak of it in our daily conversation?

Why do we not familiarize our minds with thoughts of worlds unseen?

There are many beautiful things to be learned of that country.

There are sacred books of great travelers, whose souls have cried

"Hail!" across the border;

*There are truths which have been learned in visions and by
revelations.*

All the revelations were not given to St. John alone.

All the wise men of the world did not die two thousand years ago.

Why do we not talk more of these eternal truths,

*Instead of wasting all our words on the evanescent, the ever-changing,
the trivial, and the unimportant?*

There is but one important theme, and that is Life Immortal.

Michael Brother

EDITOR'S FOREWORD

MICHAEL and Jerry are full-blooded Irish terriers, whose parents, Terrence and Biddy, are owned by Tom Haggin, of Meringe Plantation, Ysabel Island, one of the British Solomons. When a six-months' puppy, Jerry is given to Captain Van Horn of the "black-birding" and trading ketch Arangi, who, with her entire crew and human cargo, is shortly afterward slain and eaten by the cannibal blacks of Somo, on the neighboring island of Malaita.

Jerry is the sole survivor of the massacre, and, after many adventures among the head-hunters, escapes when his master is killed as Somo is bombarded by a punitive expedition of British war-ships. Making his way to the north, he is picked up by Mr. and Mrs. Harley Kennan, wealthy Californians, cruising among the South Sea Islands on the schooner-yacht Ariel.

Michael is given by Haggin to Captain Kellar and becomes "nigger-chaser" on his schooner, the Eugénie.

Kellar is at Tulagi, Florida Island, when the Kennans arrive, and so Michael and Jerry meet once more. Before the Eugénie is ready to leave, the Ariel sails away, with Jerry on board.

I

MICHAEL never sailed out of Tulagi, "nigger-chaser" on the Eugénie. Once in five weeks, the steamer Makambo made Tulagi its port of call on the way from New Guinea and the Shortlands to Australia. And on the night of her belated arrival, Captain Kellar, of the Eugénie, forgot Michael on the beach. In itself, this was nothing, for, at midnight, Captain Kellar was back on the beach, himself climbing the high hill to the commissioner's bungalow, while the boat's crew vainly rummaged the landscape and canoe-houses.

In fact, an hour earlier, as the Makambo's anchor was heaving out and while Captain Kellar was descending the port gangplank, Michael was coming on board through a starboard port-hole. This was because Michael was inexperienced in the world, because he was expecting to meet

Jerry on board this boat—since the last he had seen of him was on a boat—and because he had made a friend.

Dag Daughtry was a steward on the Makambo who should have known better, and who would have known better and done better had he not been fascinated by his own particular and peculiar reputation. By luck of birth possessed of a genial but soft disposition and a splendid constitution, his reputation was that for twenty years he had never missed his day's work or his six daily quarts of bottled beer, even, as he bragged, when in the German islands where each bottle of beer carried ten grains of quinine in solution as a specific against malaria.

The captain of the Makambo was used to pointing him out proudly to the passengers as a man-thing novel and unique in the annals of the sea. "See him—that's Dag Daughtry, the human tank! Never's been drunk or sober in



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er of Jerry

By Jack London

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer



The friendship between them was established almost instantly

twenty years, and has never missed his six quarts of beer *per diem*. You wouldn't think it to look at him, but I assure you it's so. I can't understand. Gets my admiration. Always does his time, his time and a half, and his double time overtime. Why, a single glass of beer would give me heartburn and spoil my next good meal. But he flourishes on it. Look at him! Look at him!"

Daughtry devoted his energy and the soul of him to the maintenance of his reputation as a six-quart man. That was why he made, in odd moments of off duty, turtle-shell combs and hair ornaments for profit, and was pettily crooked in such a matter as stealing another man's dog. Somebody had to pay for the six quarts, which, multiplied by thirty, amounted to a tidy sum in the course of the month; and since that man was Dag Daughtry, he found it necessary to pass Michael inboard on the Makambo through a starboard port-hole.

On the beach, that night at Tulagi, vainly wondering what had become of Jerry, Michael had met the squat, thick, hair-grizzled ship's steward. The friendship between them was established almost instantly, for Michael, from a merry puppy, had matured into a merry dog. Far beyond Jerry was he a sociable good fellow, and this, de-

spite the fact that he had known very few white men. First, there had been *Mister Haggin*, Derby, and Bob, of Meringe; next, Captain Kellar and Captain Kellar's mate of the Eugénie, and, finally, Harley Kennan and the officers of the Ariel. Without exception, he had found them all different, and delightfully different, from the hordes of blacks he had been taught to despise and to lord it over.

And Dag Daughtry had proved no exception from his first greeting of: "Hello, you white man's dog! What 'r' you doin' here in the blacks' country?" Michael had responded coyly, with an assumption of dignified aloofness that was given the lie by the eager tilt of his ears and the good humor that shone in his eyes.

Two estimates the steward quickly made of Michael: he was a likable dog, genial-natured on the face of it, and he was a valuable dog. Because of these estimates, Dag Daughtry glanced about him quickly. No one was observing.

The steward flung a quick glance over Michael and made up his mind. He turned away casually and strolled along the beach. A hundred yards away, he sat down in the sand and waited.

"Worth twenty pounds if a penny," he muttered to himself. "If I couldn't get ten pounds for him, just like that, with a thank-you-ma'am, I'm a sucker that don't know a terrier from a greyhound. Sure—ten pounds in any pub on Sydney beach." And ten pounds, metamorphosed into quart-bottles of beer, reared an immense and radiant vision, very like a brewery, inside his head.

A scurry of feet in the sand and low sniffings stiffened him to alertness. It was as he had hoped. The dog had liked him from the start and had followed him.

For Dag Daughtry had a way with him, as Michael was quickly to learn, when the man's hand reached out and clutched him, half by the jowl, half by the slack of the neck under the ear. There was no threat in that reach, nothing tentative or timorous. It was hearty, all-confident, and it produced confidence in Michael. It was roughness without hurt, assertion without threat, surety without seduction. To him, it was the most natural thing in the world thus to be familiarly seized and shaken about by a total stranger, while a jovial voice muttered: "That's right, dog! Stick around, stick around, and you'll wear diamonds, maybe."

Certainty, Michael had never met a man so immediately likable. Dag Daughtry knew, instinctively to be sure, how to get on with dogs. By nature, there was no cruelty in him. He never exceeded in peremptoriness or in petting. He did not overbid for Michael's friendliness. He did bid, but in a manner that conveyed no sense of bidding. Hardly had he given Michael that introductory jowl-shake, when he released him and apparently forgot all about him.

He proceeded to light his pipe, using several matches as if the wind blew them out. But while they burned close up to his fingers, and while he made a simulation of prodigious puffing, his keen little blue eyes, under shaggy, grizzled brows, intently studied Michael. And Michael, ears cocked and eyes intent, gazed at this stranger who seemed never to have been a stranger at all.

If anything, it was disappointment Michael experienced, in that this delightful, two-legged god took no further notice of him. He even challenged him to closer acquaintance with an invitation to play, with an abrupt movement lifting his paws from the ground and striking them down, stretched out well before, his body bent down from the rump in such a curve that almost his chest touched the sand, his stump of a tail waving signals of good nature while he uttered a sharp, inviting bark. And the man was uninterested, pulling stolidly away at his pipe in the darkness following upon the third match.

Never was there a more consummate love-making, with all the base intent of betrayal, than this cavalier seduction of Michael by the elderly, six-quart ship's steward. When Michael, not entirely unwitting of the snub of the man's lack of interest, stirred restlessly with a threat to depart, he had flung at him gruffly,

"Stick around, dog; stick around!"

Dag Daughtry chuckled to himself as Michael, advancing, sniffed his trouser legs long and earnestly. And the man took advantage of his nearness to study him some more.

"Some dog, some points," he said aloud, approvingly.

"Say, dog, you could pull down ribbons like a candy kid in any bench show anywheres. Only thing against you is that

ear, and I could almost iron it out myself. A vet could do it."

He dropped a hand to Michael's withered ear, and, with tips of fingers instinct with sensuous sympathy, began to manipulate the base of the ear where its roots bedded in the tightness of skin-stretch over the skull. And Michael liked it.



"Now don't be blarneyin' me. 'Tis well I'm wise to your insidious, snugglin', heart-stealin' way"

Never had a man's hand been so intimate with his ear without hurting it. But these fingers were provocative only of physical pleasure so keen that he twisted and writhed his whole body in acknowledgment.

Next came a long, steady, upward pull of the ear, the ear slipping slowly through the fingers to the very tip of it while it tingled exquisitely down to its roots. Now to one ear, now to the other, this happened, and all the while the man uttered low words that Michael did not understand but which he accepted as addressed to him.

"Head all right, good 'n' flat," Dag Daughtry murmured, first sliding his fingers over it, and then lighting a match. "An' no wrinkles, 'n' some jaw, good 'n' punishin' an' not a shade too full in the cheek or too empty."

He ran his fingers inside Michael's mouth and noted the strength and evenness of the teeth, measured the breadth of shoulders and depth of chest, and picked up a foot. In the light of another match, he examined all four feet.

"Black, all black—every nail of 'em," said Daughtry, "an' as clean feet as ever a dog walked on—straight-out toes with the proper arch 'n' small 'n' not too small. I bet your daddy and your mother cantered away with the ribbons in their day."

Michael was for growing restless at such searching examination, but Daughtry, in the midst of feeling out the lines and build of the thighs and hocks, paused and took Michael's tail in his magic fingers, exploring the muscles among which it rooted, pressing and prodding the adjacent spinal column from which it sprung, and twisting it about in a most daringly intimate way. And Michael was in an ecstasy, bracing his hind quarters to one side or the other against the caressing fingers. With open hands laid along his sides and partly under him, the man suddenly lifted him from the ground. But before he could feel alarm, he was back on the ground again.

"Twenty-six or seven—you're over twenty-five right now, I'll bet you on it, shillings to ha'pennies, and you'll make thirty when you get your full weight," Dag Daughtry told him. "But what of it? Lots of the judges fancy the thirty-mark. An' you could always train off a few ounces. You're all dog 'n' all correct conformation. You've got the racin'-build and the fightin'-weight, an' there ain't no feathers on your legs."

"No, sir, Mr. Dog; your weight's to the good, and that ear can be ironed out by any respectable dog-doctor. I bet there's a hundred men in Sydney right now that would fork over twenty quid for the right of callin' you his."

And then, just that Michael should not make the mistake of thinking he was being much made over, Daughtry leaned back, relighted his pipe, and apparently forgot his existence. Instead of bidding for good-will, he was bent on making Michael do the bidding.

Presently, Daughtry stood up and turned carelessly along the beach. Michael looked after him but did not follow. He was eager to, but had received no invitation. At last, Daughtry made a low, kissing sound with his lips. So low was it that he scarcely heard it himself and almost took it on faith, or on the testimony of his lips rather than of his ears, that he had made it. No human being could have heard it across the distance to Michael; but Michael heard it, and sprang away after, in a great, delighted rush.

II

DAG DAUGHTRY strolled along the beach, Michael at his heels, or running circles of delight around him at every repetition of that strange low lip-noise, and paused just outside the circle of lantern-light where dusky forms labored with landing cargo from the whale-boats and where the commissioner's clerk and the Makambo's supercargo still wrangled over the bill of lading. When Michael would have gone forward, the man withstrained him with the same inarticulate, almost inaudible kiss.

For Daughtry did not care to be seen on such dog-stealing enterprise, and was planning how to get on board the steamer unobserved. He edged around outside the lantern-shine and went on along the beach to the native village. As he had foreseen, all the able-bodied men were down at the boat-landing working cargo. The grass houses seemed lifeless, but at last, from one of them, came a challenge in the querulous, high-pitched tones of age.

"What name?"

"Me walk about plenty too much," he replied, in the *bêche-de-mer* English of the west South Pacific. "Me belong along steamer. Suppose 'm you take 'm me along canoe, washee-washee, me give 'm you fella boy two stick tobacco."

"Suppose 'm you give 'm me ten stick, all right along me," came the reply.

"Me give 'm five stick," the six-quart steward bargained.

"Me like 'm," the darkness answered, and, through the darkness, the body that owned the voice approached with such strange sounds that the steward lighted a match to see.

A bleary-eyed ancient stood before him, balancing on a single crutch. One leg ceased midway between knee and thigh.

"My word! What place stop 'm that fella leg?" quoth Dag Daughtry, pointing to the space which the member would have occupied had it not been absent.

"Big fella shark-fish, that fella leg stop 'm along him," the ancient grinned, exposing a horrible aperture of toothlessness for a mouth.

The old black, by aid of the crutch, with amazing celerity raised himself upstanding on his one leg and hobbled, with his hippity-hop, to the beach. Daughtry was compelled to lend his strength to the hauling-down from the sand into the water of the tiny canoe. It was a dugout, as ancient and dilapidated as its owner, and, in order to get into it without capsizing, Daughtry wet one leg to the ankle and the other leg to the knee. The old man contorted himself aboard, rolling his body across the gunwale so quickly that, even while it started to capsize, his weight was across the danger-point and counterbalancing the canoe to its proper equilibrium.

Michael remained on the beach, waiting invitation, his mind not quite made up, but so nearly so that all that was required was that lip-noise. Dag Daughtry made the lip-



He passed Michael up and into hands outstretched from the iron wall

noise so low that the old man did not hear, and Michael, springing clear from sand to canoe, was on board without wetting his feet. Using Daughtry's shoulder for a stepping-place, he passed over him and down into the bottom of the canoe. Daughtry kissed with his lips again, and Michael turned round so as to face him, sat down, and rested his head on the steward's knees.

"I reckon I can take my affy-davy on a stack of Bibles that the dog just up an' followed me," he grinned in Michael's ear.

"Washee-washee quick fella!" he commanded.

The ancient obediently dipped his paddle and started pottering an erratic course in the general direction of the cluster of lights that marked the Makambo. But he was too feeble, panting and wheezing continually from the exertion and pausing to rest. The steward impatiently took the paddle away from him and bent to the work.

The gangplank being on the port side, Dag Daughtry paddled around to the starboard and brought the canoe to a stop under a certain open port-hole.

"Kwaque!" he called softly, once, and twice.

At the second call, the light of the port-hole was obscured apparently by a head that piped down in a thin squeak,

"Me stop 'm, marster."

"One fella dog stop 'm along you," the steward whispered up. "Keep 'm door shut. You wait along me. Stand by! Now!"

With a quick catch and lift, he passed Michael up and into hands outstretched from the iron wall of the ship, and paddled ahead to an open cargo port. Dipping into his tobacco-pocket, he thrust a loose handful of sticks into the ancient's hand, and shoved the canoe adrift.

III

In the meanwhile, lifted through the air, exchanged into hands that drew him through a narrow diameter of brass into a lighted room, Michael looked about him in expectancy of Jerry. But Jerry, at that moment, lay cuddled beside Villa Kennan's sleeping-cot on the slant deck of the Ariel, as that trim craft, the Shortlands astern and New Guinea dead ahead, heeled her scuppers awlisper and garrulous to the sea-welter alongside as she logged her eleven knots under the press of the freshening trades. Instead of Jerry, from whom he had last parted on board a boat, Michael saw Kwaque.

Kwaque? Well, Kwaque was Kwaque, an individual more unlike all other men than most men are unlike one another. No queerer estray ever drifted along the stream of life. Seventeen years old he was, as men measure time; but

a century was measured in his lean-lined face, his wrinkled forehead, his hollowed temples, and his deep-sunk eyes. From his thin legs, fragile-looking as wind-straws, the bones of which were sheathed in withered skin with apparently no muscle padding in between—from such frail stems sprouted the torso of a fat man. The huge and protuberant stomach was amply supported by wide and massive hips, and the shoulders were broad as those of a Hercules. But, beheld sidewise, there was no depth to those shoulders and the top of the chest. Almost, at that part of his anatomy, he seemed built in two dimensions. Thin his arms were as his legs, and, as Michael first beheld him, he had all the seeming of a big-bellied black spider.

He proceeded to dress, a matter of moments, slipping into duck trousers and blouse, dirty and frayed from long usage. Two fingers of his left hand were doubled into a permanent bend, and, to an expert, would have advertised that he was a leper. Although he belonged to Dag Daughtry just as much as if the steward possessed a chattel bill of sale of him, his owner did not know that this anesthetic twist of ravaged nerves tokened the dread disease.

The manner of the ownership was simple. At King William Island, in the Admiralties, Kwaque had made, in the parlance of the South Pacific, a pier-head jump. So to speak, he had jumped into Dag Daughtry's arms. Strolling along the native runways in the fringe of jungle just beyond the beach, as was his custom to see whatever he might pick up, the steward had picked up Kwaque. And he had picked him up in extremity.

Pursued by two very active young men armed with fire-hardened spears, tottering along with incredible swiftness on his two spindle-legs, Kwaque had fallen exhausted at Daughtry's feet and looked up at him with the beseeching eyes of a deer fleeing from the hounds. Daughtry had inquired into the matter, and the inquiry was violent; for he had a wholesome fear of germs and bacilli, and when the two active young men tried to run him through with their filth-corroded spears, he caught the spear of one young man under his arm and put the other young man to sleep with a left hook to the jaw. A moment later, the young man whose spear he held had joined the other in slumber.

The elderly steward was not satisfied with the mere spears. While the rescued Kwaque continued to moan and slobber thankfulness at his feet, he proceeded to strip them that were naked. Nothing they wore in the way of clothing, but from around each of their necks he removed a necklace of porpoise teeth that was worth a gold sovereign in mere exchange value. From the kinky locks of one of the naked young men, he drew a hand-carved fine-toothed comb, the lofty back of which was inlaid with mother-of-pearl, which he later sold in Sydney to a curio shop for eight shillings. Nose- and ear-ornaments of bone and turtle-shell he also rifled, as well as a chest-crescent of pearl-shell, fourteen inches across, worth fifteen shillings anywhere. The two spears ultimately fetched him five shillings each from the tourists at Port Moresby. Not lightly may a ship's steward undertake to maintain a six-quart reputation.

When he turned to depart from the active young men, who, back to consciousness were observing him with bright, quick, wild-animal eyes, Kwaque followed so close at his heels as to step upon them and make him stumble. Whereupon, he loaded Kwaque with his trove, and put him in front to lead along the runway to the beach. And for the rest of the way to the steamer, Dag Daughtry grinned and chuckled at sight of his plunder and at sight of Kwaque, who fantastically titubated and ambled along, barrel-like, on his pipe-stems.

On board the steamer, which happened to be the Cockspur, Daughtry persuaded the captain to enter Kwaque on the ship's articles as steward's helper with a rating of ten shillings a month. Also, he learned Kwaque's story.

It was all on account of a pig. The two active young men were brothers who lived in the next village to his, and the pig had been theirs—so Kwaque narrated in atrocious *bêche-de-*

mer English. He, Kwaque, had never seen the pig. He had never known of its existence until after it was dead. The two young men had loved the pig. But what of that? It did not concern Kwaque, who was as unaware of their love for the pig as he was unaware of the pig itself.

The first he knew, he averred, was the gossip of the village that the pig was dead and that somebody would have to die for it. It was all right, he said, in reply to a query from the steward. It was the custom. Whenever a loved pig died, its owners were in custom bound to go out and kill somebody, anybody. Of course, it was better if they killed the one whose magic had made the pig sick. But, failing that one, anyone would do. Hence Kwaque was selected for the atonement.

A slave Kwaque was, as much as if Daughtry had bought him on the auction block. Whenever the steward transferred from ship to ship, he always stipulated that Kwaque should accompany him, and be duly rated at ten shillings. Kwaque had no say in the matter.

For that matter, Kwaque had little desire to leave his master, who, after all, was kindly and just, and never lifted a hand to him. Having survived seasickness at the first, and never setting foot upon the land, so that he never again knew seasickness, Kwaque was certain he lived in an earthly paradise.

And Kwaque it was who pulled Michael through the port-hole into Dag Daughtry's stateroom and waited for that worthy to arrive by the roundabout way of the door. After a quick look around the room and a sniff of the bunk and under the bunk, which informed him that Jerry was not present, Michael turned his attention to Kwaque.

Kwaque tried to be friendly. He uttered a clucking noise in advertisement of his friendliness, and Michael snarled at this black who had dared to lay hands upon him.

Kwaque passed off the rebuff with a silly, gibbering laugh, and started to step nearer the door to be in readiness to open it at his master's coming. But at first lift of his leg, Michael flew at it. Kwaque immediately put it down, and Michael subsided, though he kept watchful guard.

It was upon this tableau that Daughtry entered, and, while he admired Michael under the bright electric light, he realized the situation.

"Hey, you, dog," he addressed Michael; "this fella boy, he all right! Savvee? He all right."

Michael bobbed his tail and flattened his ears in token that he was trying to understand. When the steward patted the black on the shoulder, Michael advanced and sniffed both the legs he had kept nailed to the floor.

"Walk about," Daughtry commanded. "Walk about slow," he cautioned, though there was little need.

Michael bristled, but permitted the first timid step. At the second, he glanced up at Daughtry to make certain.

"That's right," he was reassured; "that fella boy belong me. He all right, you bet!" Michael smiled with his eyes that he understood, and turned casually aside to investigate an open box on the floor which contained plates of turtle-shell, hack-saws, and emory-paper.

"And now," Dag Daughtry muttered weightily aloud, as bottle in hand, he leaned back in his armchair while Kwaque knelt at his feet to unlace his shoes, "now to consider a name for you, Mister Dog, that will be just to your breeding and fair to my powers of invention."

IV

IRISH terriers, when they have gained maturity, are notable, not alone for their courage, fidelity, and capacity for love, but for their cool-headedness and power of self-control and restraint. They are less easily excited off their balance; they can recognize and obey their master's voice in the scuffle and rage of battle, and they never fly into nervous hysterics.

Michael possessed no trace of hysteria, though he was more temperamentally excitable and explosive than his

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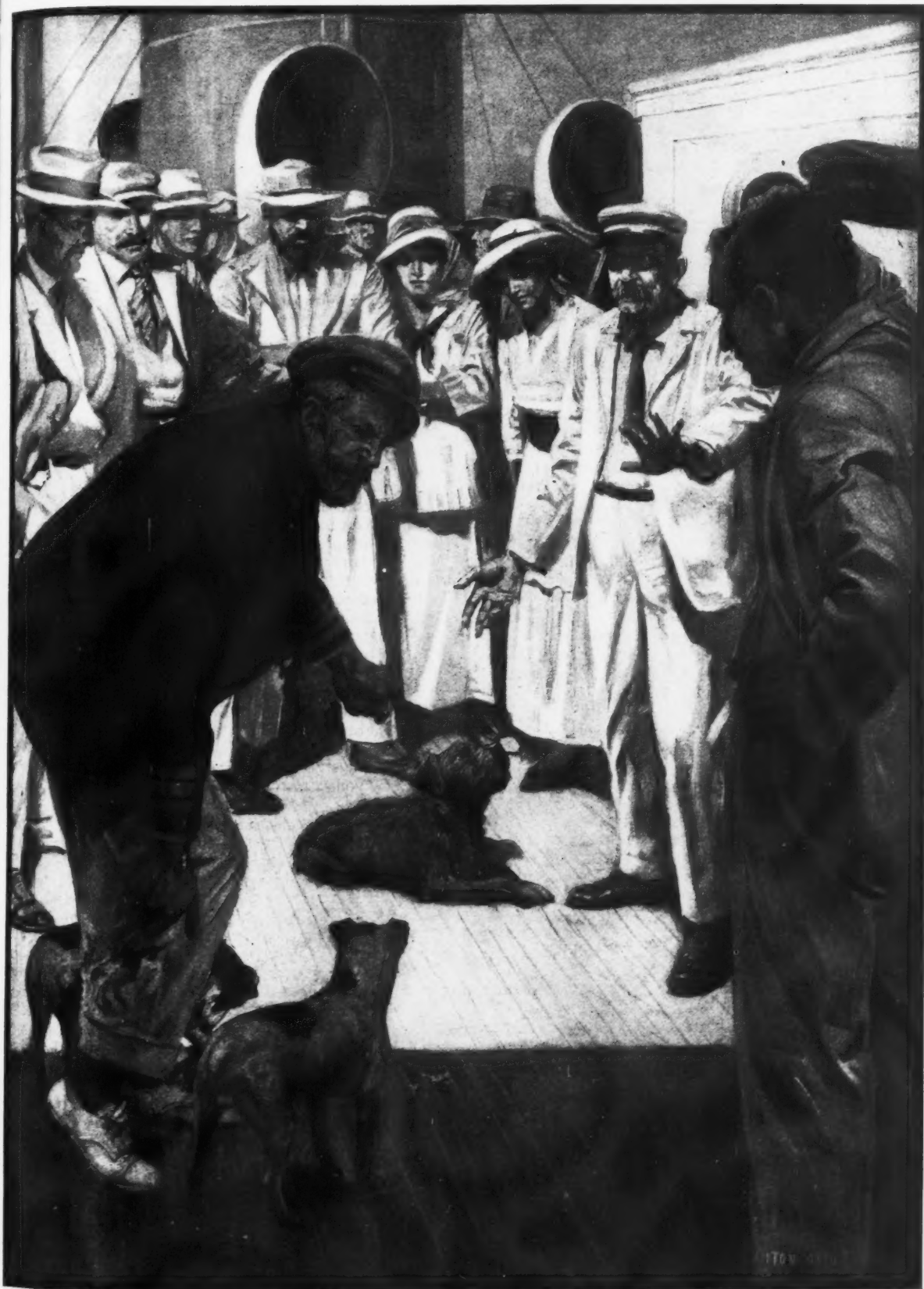
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DRARY BY ANTON OTTO PARIS

"Bo's'n, throw that dog overboard!" "Throw the dog overboard, sir; yes, sir," the boatswain repeated, but hesitated

blood-brother Jerry. His ebullient spirits were always on tap to spill over on the slightest provocation, and, as he was afterward to demonstrate, he could weary a puppy with play. In short, Michael was a merry soul.

"Soul" is used advisedly. Whatever the human soul may be—informing spirit, identity, personality, consciousness—that intangible thing Michael certainly possessed. His soul, differing only in degree, partook of the same attributes as the human soul. He knew love, sorrow, joy, wrath, pride, self-consciousness, humor. Three cardinal attributes of the human soul are memory, will, and understanding; and memory, will, and understanding were Michael's.

Just like a human, with his five senses he contacted with the world exterior to him. Just like a human, the results to him of these contacts were sensations. Just like a human, these sensations, on occasion, culminated in emotions. Still further, like a human, he could and did perceive, and such perceptions did flower in his brain as concepts—oh, certainly not so wide and deep and recondite as those of humans, but concepts nevertheless.

Perhaps, to let the human down a trifle from such disgraceful identity of the highest life's attributes, it would be well to admit that Michael's sensations were not quite so poignant, say in the matter of a needle-thrust through his foot as compared with a needle-thrust through the palm of a hand. Also, it is admitted, when consciousness suffused his brain with a thought, that the thought was dimmer, vaguer than a similar thought in a human brain. Furthermore, it is admitted that never, never, in a million lifetimes, could Michael have demonstrated a proposition in Euclid or solved a quadratic equation. Yet he was capable of knowing, beyond all peradventure of a doubt, that three bones are more than two bones, and that ten dogs compose a more re-doubtable host than do two dogs.

One admission, however, will not be made—namely, that Michael could not love as devotedly, as wholeheartedly, unselfishly, madly, self-sacrificingly as a human. He did so love—not because he was Michael but because he was a dog.

Michael had loved Captain Kellar more than he loved his own life. And he was destined, as time went by and the conviction came that Captain Kellar had passed into the inevitable nothingness along with Meringe and the Solomons, to love just as absolutely this six-quart steward with the understanding ways and the fascinating lip-caress. Kwaque, no; for Kwaque was black. Kwaque he merely accepted as an appurtenance, as a part of the human landscape, as a chattel of Dag Daughtry.

He did not know this new god as "Dag Daughtry." Kwaque called him "Marster;" but Michael heard other white men so addressed by the blacks. Many blacks had he heard call Captain Kellar "Marster." It was Captain Duncan who called the steward "Steward." Michael came to hear him and his officers and all the

passengers so call him; and thus, to Michael, his god's name was "Steward."

There was the question of his own name. The next evening after he came on board, Dag Daughtry talked it over with him. Michael sat on his haunches, the length of his lower jaw resting on Daughtry's knee, the while his eyes dilated, contracted, and glowed, his ears ever pricking and re-pricking to listen, his stump tail thumping ecstatically on the floor.

"It's this way, son," the steward told him: "Your father and mother were Irish. Now don't be denyin' it, you rascal!"

This, as Michael, encouraged by the unmistakable geniality and kindness in the voice, wriggled his whole body and thumped double knocks of delight with his tail. Not that he understood a word of it, but that he did understand the something behind the speech that informed the string of sounds with all the mysterious likableness that white-gods possessed.

"Never be ashamed of your ancestry. An' remember, God loves the Irish. Kwaque, go fetch 'm two fella bottle beer stop 'm along icy-chest. Why, the very mug of you, my lad, sticks out Irish all over it." (Michael's tail beat a tattoo.) "Now don't be blarneyin' me. 'Tis well I'm wise to your insidious, snugglin', heart-stealin' way. I'll have ye know my heart's impervious. 'Tis soaked too long this many a day in beer. I stole you to sell you, not to be lovin' you. I could 'a' loved you once; but that was before me and beer was introduced. I'd sell you for twenty quid right now,

coin down, if the chance offered. An' I ain't goin' to love you; so you can put that in your pipe'n' smoke it. But as I was about to say when so rudely interrupted by your 'fectionate ways—"

Here he broke off to tilt to his mouth the opened bottle Kwaque had handed him. He sighed, wiped his lips with the back of his hand, and proceeded.

"'Tis a strange thing, son, this silly matter of beer. Kwaque, 'the Methusalem-faced ape grinnin' there, belongs to me. But, by my faith, do I belong to beer, bottles 'n' bottles of it 'n' mountains of bottles of it, enough to sink the ship. Dog, truly I envy you, settin' there, comfortable-like inside your body that's untainted of alcohol. I may own you, and the man that gives me twenty quid will own you, but never will a mountain of bottles own you. You're a freer man than I am, Mister Dog, though I don't know your name. Which reminds me—"

He drained the bottle, tossed it to Kwaque, and made signs for him to open another. He drank and meditated, and drank again.

"I've got you," he announced solemnly. "'Killeny' is a lovely name, and it's 'Killeny Boy' for you. How's that strike your honorable-ness? High-soundin', dignified



Immediately Michael wanted to get back

as a earl or—or a retired brewer. Many's the one of that gentry I've helped to retire in my day."

He finished his bottle, caught Michael suddenly by both jowls, and, leaning forward, rubbed noses with him. As suddenly released, with thumping tail and dancing eyes, Michael gazed up into the god's face. A definite soul, or entity, or spirit-thing glimmered behind his dog's eyes, already fond with affection for this hair-grizzled god who talked with him he knew not what, but whose very talking carried delicious and unguessable messages to his heart.

"Hey! Kwaque, you!"

Kwaque, squatted on the floor, his hams on his heels, paused from the rough-polishing of a shell comb designed and cut out by his master, and looked up, eager to receive command and serve.

"Kwaque, you fella this time now savvee name stop along this fella dog. He name belong 'm him Killeny Boy. You make 'm name stop 'm along inside head belong you. All time you speak 'm this fella dog, you speak 'm Killeny Boy."

V

FOR a number of days, Michael saw only Steward and Kwaque. This was because he was confined to the steward's stateroom. Nobody else knew that he was on board, and Dag Daughtry, thoroughly aware that he had stolen a white man's dog, hoped to keep his presence secret and smuggle him ashore when the Makambo docked at Sydney.

Quickly the steward learned Michael's preeminent teachableness. In the course of his careful feeding of him, he gave him an occasional chicken-bone. Two lessons, sufficed to teach Michael that only on the floor of the room in the corner nearest the door might he chew chicken-bones. Thereafter, without prompting, as a matter of course, when handed a bone, he carried it to the corner.

And why not? He had the wit to grasp what Steward desired of him: he had the heart that made it a happiness for him to serve. Steward was a god who was kind, who loved him with voice and lip, who loved him with touch of hand, rub of nose, or enfolding arm. As all service flourishes in the soil of love, so with Michael. Had Steward commanded him to forego the chicken-bone after it was in the corner, he would have served him by foregoing. Which is the way of the dog, the only animal that will cheerfully and gladly, with leaping body of joy, leave its food uneaten in order to accompany or to serve its human master.

Practically all his waking-time off duty, Dag Daughtry spent with the imprisoned Michael, who, at command, had quickly learned to refrain from whining and barking. And during these hours of companionship, Michael learned many things. Daughtry found that he already understood and obeyed simple things much as: "No," "Yes," "Get up," and "Lie down;" and he improved on them, teaching him: "Go into the bunk and lie down," "Go under the bunk," "Bring one shoe," "Bring two shoes." And, almost without any work at all, he taught him to roll over, to say his prayers, to play dead, to sit up and smoke a pipe with a hat on his head, and not merely to stand up on his hind legs but to walk on them.

Then, too, was the trick of "No can and can do." Placing a savory, nose-tantalizing bit of meat or cheese on the edge of the bunk on a level with Michael's nose, Daughtry would simply say, "No can." Nor would



Michael regained his feet and soared up in the air, not for leg or thigh but for the throat

Michael touch the food till he received the welcome "Can do." Daughtry, with the "No can" still in force, would leave the stateroom, and though he remained away half an hour or half a dozen hours, on his return he would find the food untouched and Michael perhaps asleep in the corner at the head of the bunk which had been allotted him for a bed. Early in this trick, once when the steward had left the room, and Michael's eager nose was within an inch of the prohibited morsel, Kwaque, playfully inclined, reached for the morsel himself and received a lacerated hand from the quick flash and clip of Michael's jaws.

Michael's crowning achievement, under Daughtry's tutelage, in the first days in the stateroom, was to learn to count up to five. Many hours of work were required, however, in spite of his unusual high endowment of intelligence. For he had to learn, first, the spoken numerals; second, to see with his eyes and in his brain differentiate between one object and all other groups of objects up to and including the group of five, and, third, in his mind, to relate an object or any group of objects with its numerical name as uttered by Steward.

In the training, Dag Daughtry used balls of paper tied about with twine. He would toss the five balls under the bunk and tell Michael to fetch three, and neither two nor four but three would Michael bring forth and deliver into his hand. When Daughtry threw three under the bunk and demanded four, Michael would deliver the three, search about vainly for the fourth, then dance pleadingly with bobs of tail and half-leaps about Steward, and finally leap into the bed and secure the fourth from under the pillow or among the blankets. It was the same with other known objects. Up to five, whether

(Continued on page 114)

Tenting To-night

*A Chronicle of Sport and Adventure
in the Northwestern Rockies*

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

THE trail is narrow—often but the width of the pony's feet, a tiny path that leads on and on. It is always ahead, sometimes bold and wide, as when it leads the way through the forest; often narrow, as when it hugs the sides of the precipice; sometimes even hiding for a time in river bottom or swamp, or covered by the debris of last winter's avalanche. Sometimes it picks its precarious way over snowfields which hang at dizzy heights, and again it flounders through mountain streams, where the tired horses must struggle for footing, and do not even dare to stoop and drink.

It is dusty; it is wet. It climbs; it falls; it is beautiful and terrible. But always it skirts the coast of adventure. Always it goes on, and always it calls to those that follow it. Tiny path that it is, worn by the feet of earth's wanderers, it is the thread which has knit together the solid places of the earth. The path of feet in the wilderness is the onward march of life itself.

City-dwellers know nothing of the trail. Poor followers of the pavements, what to them is this six-inch path of glory? Life for many of them is but a thing of avenues and streets, fixed and unmysterious, a matter of numbers and lights and post-boxes and people. They know whither their streets lead. There is no surprise about them, no sudden discovery of a river to be forded, no glimpse of deer in full flight or of an eagle poised over a stream. No heights, no depths. To know if it rains at night, they look down at shining pavements; they do not hold their faces to the sky.

Now, I am a near-city-dweller. For ten months in the year, I am particular about mail-delivery, and eat an evening



Mrs. Rinehart in her Pittsburgh home

dinner, and occasionally agitate the matter of having a telephone in every room in the house. I run the usual gamut of dinners, dances, and bridge, with the usual country-club setting as the spring goes on. And each May I order a number of flimsy frocks in the conviction that I have done all the hard going I need to, and that this summer we will go to

the New England coast. And then—about the first

of June there comes a day when I find myself going over the fishing-tackle unearthed by the spring house-cleaning and sorting out of inextricable confusion the family's supply of sweaters, old riding-breeches, puttees, rough shoes, trout-flies, quilts, ponchos, spurs, reels, and old felt hats. Some of the hats still have a few dejected flies fastened to the ribbon, melancholy hackles, sadly ruffled Royal Coachmen, and here and there the determined gaiety of the Parmachene Belle.

I look at my worn and rubbed high-laced boots, at my riding-clothes, snagged with many briars and patched from many saddles, at my old brown velours hat, survival of many storms in many countries. It has been rained on in

Summit of Dawson Pass,
Glacier National Park



Mrs. Rinehart in Glacier National Park

Flanders, slept on in France, and carried many a refreshing draft to my lips in my "ain countree."

I put my fishing-rod together and give it a tentative flick across the bed, and — I am lost.

The family professes surprise, but it is acquiescent. And that night, or the next day, we wire that we will not take the house in Maine, and I discover that the family has never expected to go to Maine but has been buying more trout-flies right along.

As a family, we are always buying trout-flies. We buy a great many. I do not know what becomes of them. To those whose lives are limited to the unexciting sport of buying golf-balls, which have endless names but no variety, I will explain that the trout do not eat the flies but merely attempt to. So that one of the eternal mysteries is how our flies disappear. I have seen a junior Rinehart start out with a boat, a rod, six large cakes of chocolate, and four dollars' worth of flies, and return a few hours later with one fish, one professor, one doctor, and one black moth minus the hook. And the boat had not upset.

June, after the decision, becomes a time of subdued excitement. For fear we shall forget to pack them, things are set out early. Stringers hang from chandeliers, quilts from door-knobs. Shoe-polish and disgorgers and adhesive plaster litter the dressing-tables. Rows of boots line the walls. And, in the evenings, those of us who are at home pore over maps and lists.

This last year, our plans were ambitious. They took in two complete expeditions, each with our own pack-outfit. The first was to take ourselves, some eight packers, guides and cooks, and enough horses to carry our outfit—thirty-one

in all—through the western and practically unknown side of Glacier National Park, in northwestern Montana, to the Canadian border. If we survived that, we intended to go by rail to the Chelan country in northern Washington and there, again with a pack-train, cross the Cascades over totally unknown country to Puget Sound.

We did both, to the eternal credit of our guides and horses. And it is of the first expedition that I am writing now.

The family, luckily for those of us who have the *Wanderlust*, is four-fifths masculine. I am the odd fifth—unlike the story of King George the Fifth and Queen Mary the other four-fifths. It consists of the head of the family, to be known hereafter as the Head, the Big Boy, the Middle Boy, the Little Boy, and myself. As the Big Boy is very, very big, and the Little Boy is not really very little, being on the verge of long trousers, we make a comfortable traveling unit. And, because we were leaving the beaten path and going a-gipsying, with a new camp each night in no one knew exactly where, the party gradually augmented.

First, we added an optimist named Bob. Then we added a "movie" man, called Joe for short and because it was his name. And a "still" photographer, who was literally still most of the time. Some of these pictures are his. He did some beautiful work, but he really only needed a mouth to eat with.

(The "movie" man is being unpopular with the junior

PHOTOGRAPH
BY A. J. BAKER



The trail
up Swift-
current Pass

members of the family just now, because he hid his camera in the bushes and took the Little Boy in a state of goose-flesh on the bank of Bowman Lake.)

But, of course, we have not got to Bowman Lake yet.

During the year before, I had ridden over the better known trails of Glacier Park with Howard Eaton's riding party, and when I had crossed the Gunsight Pass, we had looked north and west to a great country of

mountains capped with snow, with dense forests on the lower slopes and in the valleys.

"What is it?" I had asked the ranger who had accompanied us across the pass.

"It is the west side of Glacier Park," he explained. "It is not yet opened up for tourist travel. Once or twice in a year, a camping party goes up through this part of the park. That is all."

"What is it like?" I asked.

"Wonderful!"

So, sitting there on my horse, I made up my mind that sometime I would go up the west side of Glacier Park to the Canadian border.

Roughly speaking, there are at least six hundred square miles of Glacier Park on the west side that are easily accessible but that are practically unknown. Probably the area is more nearly a thousand square miles. And this does not include the fastnesses of the range itself. It comprehends only the slopes on the west side to the border line of the Flathead River.

The reason for the isolation of the west side of Glacier Park is easily understood. The park is divided into two halves by the Rocky Mountain range, which traverses it from northwest to southeast. Over it there is no single wagon-road of any sort between the Canadian border and Helena, perhaps two hundred and fifty miles. A railroad crosses at the Marias Pass. But from that to the Canadian line, one hundred miles, travel from the east is cut off over the range, except by trail.

To reach the west side of Glacier Park at the present time, the tourist, having seen the wonders of the east side, must return to Glacier Park Station, take a train over the Marias Pass, and get out at Belton. Even then, he can only go by boat up to Lewis's Hotel on Lake McDonald, a trifling distance. There are no hotels beyond Lewis's, and no roads.

Naturally, this tremendous area is unknown and unvisited.

It is being planned, however, by the new Department of National Parks to build a road this coming year along Lake McDonald. Eventually, this much needed highway will connect with the Canadian roads, and thus indirectly with Banff and Lake Louise.

The opening up of the west side of Glacier Park will make



The Little Boy



The Rinehart family and party in camp in Glacier National Park

it perhaps the most unique of all our parks, as it is undoubtedly the most magnificent. The grandeur of the east side will be tempered by the more smiling and equally lovely western slopes. And when, between the east and the west sides, there is constructed the great motor-highway which will lead across the range, we shall have, perhaps, the most scenic motor-road in the United States—until, in the fulness of time, we build another road across Cascade Pass in Washington.

Came at last the day to start west. In spite of warnings, we found that our irreducible minimum of luggage filled five wardrobe-trunks. In vain we went over our lists and cast out such bulky things as extra handkerchiefs and silk socks and fancy neckties and toilet-silver. We started with all five. It was boiling hot; the sun beat in at the windows of the transcontinental train and stifled us. Over the prairies, dust blew in great clouds, covering the window-sills with white. The Big Boy and the Middle Boy and the Little Boy referred scornfully to the flannels and sweaters on which I had been so insistent. The Head slept across the continent. The Little Boy counted prairie-dogs.

Then, almost suddenly, we were in the mountains—for the Rockies seem to rise out of a great plain. The air was stimulating. There had been a great deal of snow last winter, and the wind from the ice-capped peaks overhead blew down and chilled us. We threw back our heads and breathed.

Before going to Belton for our trip with the pack-outfit, we rode again for two weeks with the Howard Eaton party through the east side of the park, crossing again those great passes, for each one of which, like the Indians, the traveler counts a *coup*—Mount Morgan, a mile high and the width

of an army-mule on top; old Piegan, under the shadow of the Garden Wall; Mount Henry, where the wind blows always a steady gale. We had scaled Dawson with the aid of ropes, since snowslides covered the trail, and crossed the Cut Bank in a hail-storm. Like the noble Duke of York, Howard Eaton had led us "up a hill one day and led us down again." Only, he did it every day.

Once, in my note-book, I wrote on top of a mountain my definition of a mountain pass. I have used it before, but because it was written with shaking fingers and was torn from my very soul, I cannot better it. This is what I wrote:

A pass is a blood-curdling spot up which one's horse climbs like a goat and down the other side of which it slides as you lead it, trampling ever and anon on a tender part of your foot. A pass is the highest place between two peaks. A pass is not an opening, but a barrier which you climb with chills and descend with prayer. A pass is a thing which you try to forget at the time, and which you boast about when you get back home.

At last came the day when we crossed the Gunsight Pass and, under Sperry Glacier, looked down and across to the north and west. It was sunset and cold. The day had been a long and trying one. We had ridden across an ice field which sloped gently off—into China, I dare say. I did not look over. Our horses were weary, and we were saddle-sore and hungry.

Pete, our big guide, whose name is really not Pete at all, waved an airy hand toward the massed peaks beyond—the land of our dreams.

"Well," he said, "there it is!"

And there it was.

Getting a pack-outfit ready for a long trip into the wilderness is a serious matter. We were taking thirty-one horses, guides, packers, and a cook. But we were doing more than that—we were taking two boats! This was Bob's idea. Any highly original idea, such as taking boats where not even tourists had gone before, or putting eggs on a bucking horse, or carrying grapefruit for breakfast into the wilderness, was Bob's idea.

"You see, I figure it out like this," he said, when, on our arrival at Belton, we found the boats among our equipment: "If we can get those boats up to the Canadian line and come down the Flat-head rapids all the way, it will only take about four days on the river. It's a stunt that's never been pulled off."

"Do you mean," I said, "that we are going to run four days of rapids that have never been run?"

"That's it."

I looked around.

There, in a group, were the Head and the

Big Boy and the Middle Boy and the Little Boy. And a fortune-teller at Atlantic City had told me to beware of water!

"At the worst places," the Optimist continued, "we can send Joe ahead in one boat with the 'movie' outfit, and get you as you come along."

"I dare say," I observed, with some bitterness. "Of course we may upset. But if we do, I'll try to go down for the third time in front of the camera."

But even then the boats were being hoisted into a wagon-bed filled with hay. And I knew that I was going to run four days of rapids. It was written.



Looking south from summit of feet below summit

It was a bright morning. In a corral, the horses were waiting to be packed. Rolls of blankets, crates of food, and camping-utensils lay everywhere. The Big Boy marshaled the fishing-tackle.

Bill, the cook, was searching the town for the top of an old stove to bake on.

We had provided two reflector ovens, but he regarded them with suspicion. They would, he suspected, not do justice to his specialty, the cornmeal saddle-bag,

a sort of sublimated hot cake.

I strolled to the corral and cast a horsewoman's eye on my mount.

"He looks like a very nice horse," I said.

"He's quite handsome."

Pete tightened up the cinch.

"Yes," he observed; "he's all right. He's a pretty good mare."



A pack-train on the south side of Piegan Pass

tion, coffee, cocoa, and so on. Cocoa is the cowboy's friend. Innumerable blankets, "tarp" beds, and war-sacks lay rolled ready for the pack-saddles. The cook was declaiming loudly that some one had opened his pack and taken out his cleaver.

For a pack-outfit, the west side of Glacier Park is ideal. The east side is much the best so far for those who wish to make short trips along the trails into the mountains, although as yet only a small part, comparatively, of the eastern wonderland is open. There, one may spend a day, or several days, in the midst of the wildest



Pollock Pass, five hundred of Piegan Pass

The Head was wandering around with lists in his hand. His conversation ran something like this:

"Pocket-flashes, chocolate, jam, medicine-case, reels, landing-nets, cigarettes, tooth-powder, slickers, matches."

He was always accumulating matches. One moment, a box of matches would be in plain sight and the next it had disappeared. He became a sort of match-magazine, so that if anybody had struck him violently in almost any spot, he would have exploded.

Hours went by. The sun was getting high and hot. The crowd which had been watching gradually disappeared about its business. The two boats—big, sturdy river-boats they were—had rumbled along toward the wilderness, one on top of the other, with George Locke and Mike Shannon as pilots, watching for breakers ahead. In the corral, our supplies were being packed on the horses, Bill Shea and Pete, Tom Sullivan and Tom Farmer and their assistants working against time. In crates were our cooking-utensils, ham, bacon, canned salmon, jam, flour, corn-meal, eggs, baking-powder, flies, rods, and reels, reflector ovens, sunburn lo-



PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. BAUER

Howard Eaton on Piegan Pass

possible country and yet return at night to excellent hotels.

On the west side, however, a pack-outfit is necessary. There is but one hotel, Lewis's, on Lake McDonald. To get to the Canadian line, there must be camping facilities for at least eight days if there are no (Continued on page 145)

OVER the Middle West, fostering the corn belt and ripening it to figurative and literal gold, August descends in a kind of visible heat that quivers before the very eyes of the luckless beholder, and finally, agglomerating into a black ball, darts across the dizzy gaze and, gaining momentum, fells him into insensate sunstroke.

In cities, horses with wet sponges fastened inside awning-hats and with sides laboring, move crookedly through the soft-asphalt streets, often as not dropping in their traces. Dogs, with flies circling like vultures, drip constant saliva. The few pedestrians move slowly, wary of the dancing of the black balls.



"Hurry! Can't you see we'll get soaked? With your health, you got a fine right to be caught out in a wreck!"

In St. Louis, to this beating of August, with no smell of the sea or ocean board walk within a radius of twenty-four hours, and heat-waves rolling in like surf, Wasserman and Berlin

Avenues, Westminster Place, and the Windsor Family Hotel move northward, up to the winy breezes of Michigan, where summer comes filtered through pines and full of their pungency, where the American-plan summer hotel, perched like a huge packing-case at each boat-landing, opens its flimsy doors six weeks in the year to the Dolly and Bridge-whist Diets of the summer resourceful.

At Elkhorn Lake, a deeply quiet emerald studded into pine forest, the Hotel Pines, than which there could be no greater insurance risk, nestles on a crag above the green jewel of the lake—a long, barracks-like building with an outlying colony of cottages and an unpainted dancing-pavilion with an American flag festooned above the entrance.

America summers like that. All the discomforts of "back to nature" and no running water at thirty-five dollars a week. Forsakes the hair mattress for the hairless, and electric-irons its own handkerchiefs before going down to breakfast. Well, so did Marie Antoinette build a hamlet for respite from Versailles.

In Mrs. Emil Wolfner's well-ordered home in Westminster Place, St. Louis, a white-pillared veranda with a mosaic floor scoured to unerring whiteness ran across the front of the house, turning in a generous elbow and running back half-way. Flower-baskets hung at intervals and a swinging seat. Set about, rockers with white-linen covers and a wicker table with a potted plant.

The unpainted floor of the Hotel Pines was littered with the summer toys and beach-pails of children, the rows of wooden chairs, backs to lake, veterans of many summers and initial-scratched, yet Mrs. Emil Wolfner smiled as she rocked, her slightly rheumatic fingers darting from a box of infinitesimal beads to the design growing beneath her needle. The entire row of rockers, similarly occupied and identically engaged, rocked, too, but with the placidity of women who sew, not that they may reap but, killing time, would lay a crocheted gewgaw upon the bier of murdered hours. A breeze came flowing in cool from pine-tops and full of their scent. Mrs. Wolfner sniffed of it deeply.

"I wish I could bottle some of this to send home."

Mrs. Leo Nussbaum, prowling a forefinger in among her beads, reached out across the deep shelf of her bust.

"Leo wrote yesterday it was ninety-six in the shade on the corner of Sixth and Olive Streets. I wrote back I haven't got any sympathy with him; he should come up here. That business won't run away."

"Say, all men are alike. Do you think before Mr. Wolfner retired from business, it

Solitary

By Fannie

Illustrated by

Reaper

Hurst

T. D. Skidmore

you went into them, and will be after you go out of them."

"Ask my daughter, Mrs. Nussbaum, how easy it was to make her papa sell out. For two years before his operation, you can believe me or not, there wasn't a morning that man left the house I didn't cry tears. 'Ameal,' I used to say to him, 'all right if you think more of the People's Store than you do of your health, but enough regard you should have for your wife and daughter.' I always say his operation, terrible as it was, anyway was a godsend that it got him out of business."

"I said yesterday to Mrs. Feibleman, your husband is beginning to look his old self again."

"He ain't a well man yet, Mrs. Nussbaum."

"Say, when it isn't one thing, it's another. Look at me; you wouldn't think either I was a great sufferer. I could tell you tales! When it comes to operations, Mrs. Wolfner, there's nothing I can learn. For six weeks, with three doctors giving me up, I lay on my back in the Delmar Hospital until Doctor Raugh—"

"Nobody, Mrs. Nussbaum, can tell me anything about Doctor Raugh. If not for him, I am afraid to say if my husband would be alive and down fishing in the lake this minute."

The line of rockers slowed perceptibly, Mrs. Carrie Gold leaning out of it.

"Speaking of doctors, I hear young Doctor Dessauer is coming to the front. My sister-in-law, who had gall-stones, swears by him. They say he's fine on the stomach."

Mrs. Nussbaum leaned out across two laps.

"I don't see, Mrs. Gold, how you can compare a snip like

was so easy to get him away for a week in summer?"

"Anyway, though, Mrs. Wolfner, you got him out of business. Like I say to mine, 'Linen handkerchiefs, Leo, was a business before

popular on the stomach—no; not me! For two years, I suffered so with—"

"That Louis Dessauer is a great friend with Alex Tregor, so my Rosalee tells me."

At that Mrs. Gold leaned slyly out of line, her laid-on frizzed bangs well to the fore.

"I'm the last one to listen to *talkerci*, Mrs. Wolfner, but my husband writes me from home there's going to be a new fall engagement."

A shrug and lifted eyebrows from Mrs. Wolfner.

"Say, if it happens I ain't surprised, and if it don't happen, I ain't surprised."

"Alex Tregor's a fine boy, Mrs. Wolfner, and, with a nice girl like Rosalee, it's a sweet match. I'm the last one to talk, but Nettie Kraus would give her right arm to get him. Phil says he's the best dress-goods salesman in town."

"If Rosalee's papa is satisfied with Alex Tregor, you can take it from me he has got to be all right. I used to say, before Alex got attentive, my husband will have to have a man made to order before he can find one to suit him for our daughter. If I say it myself, I have never seen a father who wanted less his daughter should marry. 'It ain't right, Ameal,' I tell him; 'I love our daughter like you, but that I should stand in the way of the right man—it ain't right.'"

"Say, ain't it natural—an only child? Even when my fourth daughter was married, we felt the same way."

"But my Rosalee, Mrs. Nussbaum, ain't like other girls. Do you think that girl will go out with a boy her papa don't approve of? 'No, papa,' she says; 'I'd rather stay at home and play rummy with you than get you aggravated over something I don't care for neither myself.'"

"There goes Mr. La Monque down to the woods."

"He's got it easy up here, his board and room free."

Louis Dessauer with Doctor Raugh. He's forgot more than Louis Dessauer, with all his six months' studying in Vienna, can know in a lifetime. There's not a woman on this porch this minute, Mrs. Gold, don't know what a sick woman I was and when I lay for six weeks on my back with three doctors giving me up—"

"Say, Mrs. Nussbaum, I assure you I've had my operation, too; my appendicitis was published all over in a medical journal under Mrs. A. and for ten years there ain't been chicken-pox in our house right away my husband ain't on the telephone for Doctor Raugh. But to get excited right away when I hear there's a new young doctor



"I guess you think I like it, Gusta. the way you come down here with a scene just before they begin to bite"

"Just the same, the management has got good sense to have on the place a dancing-teacher. It gives the girls something to do with themselves. Irving says now, when he comes for the week-ends, he don't mind so much how I make him dance with Jeannie Lissman since she's had a few lessons in lightness."

"In Cleveland, I hear he had the swellest classes last winter."

"Yes?"

"Rosalee says he's grand on the hesitation waltz. She's studied five years with Mehrling, in St. Louis and, when she was a child, took a twenty-five-dollar fancy dance with him. Castanets we had to buy her. If she says La Monque is good, he's good."

"Maybe; but such conceit I never saw—with his white pants and slick hair. '*Richus ponum*' is written all over his face."

"Say, this ain't a religious Chautauqua; we don't care what he is, and he don't need to care what we are."

"There goes Adèle Feibleman by the pavilion. How she runs after that La Monque! If she was my daughter, I'd put a stop to it, no matter how much in fun such a flirtation is."

"That's just what I tell Rosalee. She should keep out of the pavilion except for lessons. The girls make a fool out of such a young man. He should know his place."

"Look at her! Light-pink silk in the morning! Irving says he can always pick out one of the Feibleman girls by the loudest color. They should wear less clothes and take better care of their poor old grandmother."

The morning heightened, sunlight breaking through into the green shade of the veranda, then receding. Through the trees, the lake had taken on a shimmer. The breeze had withdrawn, leaving a sirupy closeness. Whole schools of insects swam in the thickness.

"I wouldn't be surprised if we didn't have a little rain."

Mrs. Wolfner rolled her beaded hand-bag into a wad, poking it into a dried-grass work-basket.

"I guess I'll go down to the lake to call in my husband from fishing. When it storms, I like my family with me."

"If you see my Buster, Mrs. Wolfner, tell him if he don't come right up here away from the Schott boys, he gets a smack."

A knife-edge of lightning cut through the growing gloom. With a rustling of black taffeta, and her hippy figure accelerated and limping slightly, Mrs. Wolfner found out her own short cut through the pine grove and down an incline to the lake edge. A pier jutted out into it, a boat-house at the far end. She walked its length, calling through cupped hands to a small dot bobbing out mid-lake.

"A-meal! You-who-o-o! A-meal!"

The sun had receded now, leaving a frowning sky and a darkening, swelling lake.

"Captain, is that my husband's boat out there?"

An old back rose up slightly out of a boat-bottom.

"Aye, ma'am."

"He should come in by now; it's going to rain."

"Time a plenty, ma'am."

"A-meal! A man what ain't got any more regard for his wife! Look how rough it gets! I tell you I'm better off at home—at home on my front porch. Lots of pleasure I get



"You bring such talk to me from a low-life like him.
You hear me—where

out of summer trips, cooped up in a two-rooms cottage and only worry. A-meal! He hears me! It's meanness! He won't answer! If you don't come in right away, I send out Captain after you. A-meal!"

The black spot veered, neared, then came bobbing right merrily.

"Hurry! Can't you see we'll get soaked? With your health, you got a fine right to be caught out in a wreck! I tell you the pleasure I get out of my summer trips I don't wish to a dog. My husband out all day fishing in deep water, and my daughter I don't know where, how she disappears for hours at a time. Look how he wobbles just to make me nervous!"

The boat carved in through roughening water, a small boy

at the oars. In the stern, in waistcoat but shirt-sleeves, Mr. Wolfner sat, winding in a patent fishing-reel with a small, rotary motion.

"I guess you think I like it, Gusta, the way you come down here with a scene just before they begin to bite."

A not-to-be-contained redness seemed to inflate Mrs. Wolfner, puffing her outward.

"That's the thanks I get! Another woman would let her husband be soaked and boat-wrecked. I get heart-failure



and I—I'll kill him where he stands! he stands!"

running down here to get him in from the storm, and what do I get for it? Abuse!"

"Storm," said Mr. Wolfner, with a reiteration calculated to scorch, and digging down into a trouser pocket. "Storm," she hollers every time what the sun passes behind a cloud."

"I didn't live through the St. Louis cyclone for nothing, Ameal Wolfner, not to want my family off the water when a cloud comes up."

"Here, boy, is two bits. To-morrow, the same time, you row me out."

"I felt a drop."

"Bah!" said Mr. Wolfner, following her down the length of the pier. The droop of distemper was on his shoulders, the sateen back of his waistcoat quite rounding out, and his

head, with the horseshoe of baldness scaly from sunburn, thrust forward. A bagginess of flesh and garments hung about him as if the shrinkage of years had set in. All but the face—it had the eagle's contour, the center strong and the cheeks receding, but the wrinkles traced in the still soft flesh were laugh-wrinkles, upward strokes that lifted the expression.

"Where's Rosalee?"

"Where? When it ain't one craze with that child it's another. Last month, it was bangles for a friendship bracelet. This month, all of a sudden, she gets romantic for all day in the trees and woods."

Mr. Wolfner slid a hand from pocket to pocket.

"I got a letter here from the post-office she can make herself romantic over."

"A-meal—from Alex?"

"I don't say it is and I don't say it ain't. All I know is 'Tregor & Ganz, Cotton Voiles,' it says on the envelop."

"Two letters in two days! You can bet a level boy like Alex don't do that without he knows a reason why."

They were toiling, arm in arm, up the shelf of terrace that sloped down to the water, Mrs. Wolfner slyly sustaining.

"Not one thing have I got against Alex Tregor, but—"

"I know. I know. Keep always your daughter out of the marrying-idea and wish on me an old maid."

"Nowadays, Gusta, girls don't get to be old maids no more. Bachelor girls is—"

"Say—the only thing what can save a girl from being an old maid is a husband. All the fancy language in the world can't help it."

"All right; I'm done. All I can say is he's a lucky fellow."

"You think it would hurt, Ameal, you should drop him a line for sociability? How glad you are he is coming up to Elkhorn Sunday, and what a pleasure it is for Rosalee he thinks so much of her to make the trip."

"I should say not I will write such a letter. He should think I'm a *schnorrer* when he himself should have to schnorr his head off for such a girl!"

"All right. All what I'm good for is to nurse you through sickness. Don't do me a little favor; it might bring me some happiness. I ask my husband a little favor, and all what I get is abuse."

"I'm done, mamma. I'm done."

"Come up by the cottage then, Ameal; I got there pen and ink. A little sociability coming from the father never hurts."

They were in the park of pines grown suddenly dark and the tops waving.

"Hurry, Ameal! I wonder where that child is."

"Now begin to worry about her. She's got enough sense to go in out of the rain."

"Her pink organdy she had to wear and get soaked when a shirt-waist I begged her was good enough for the morning."

A three-jointed yardstick of lightning danced out, thunder immediately on it.

"Just in time, Ameal; hurry!"

Within the small two rooms, scant of furniture and that furniture scant, gloom had invaded, shrouding the camplike interior, two wardrobe-trunks standing grotesquely out. Rain was already beating a fine tin tattoo against the roof.

"Here—I'll bring the table over by the window. Here's a pen and ink. Begin it sociable, papa."

He drew up grudgingly beside the table, Mrs. Wolfner hovering from all sides.

"Bah, such a pen! Stub! That girl must write with a shovel."

"Here, Ameal—another."

"Don't breathe in my ear, Gusta; it's bad enough to have to write without that."

"Begin, Ameal, so: 'Dear Alex: Our Rosalee tells us that you will be up to Elkhorn Sunday to visit. We want to extend our—'"

A great ball of fire, exploding as it shot down through the trees and a man-cowing fusillade of thunder crashing after!



Miss Rosalee Wolfner cowered in the sheltering cove of Mr. Alvin La Monque's embrace

The air suddenly full of twisting tree-tops; rain that slanted from three directions and the sound of wind and water lashed to fury.

"O my God! A-meal! That struck! My child! Where is she? Rosalee!"

At that instant, in the open summer-house in the blacker heart of the more remote pine woods, her small face, the wet hair lashed to it and her pink dress beaten to the skin, Miss Rosalee Wolfner cowered in the sheltering cove of Mr. Alvin La Monque's embrace.

The clearing came timorously as a child, emerging from a passion, smiles between a hiccough of sobs. Conciliatory sunshine danced down through thinning rain, and half an arch of rainbow came out. The lake had relaxed to lapping. Then the rain ceased, and a great dripping set in and the clear noises of hills throwing off water. A smell came out, too—a thinner, cleaner pungency of pine. In the summer-house there on the rim of the lower edge of the lake, Miss Rosalee Wolfner, a small huddle on the initial-carved wooden seat, a coat much too large hanging loose-sleeved from her shoulders, looked up at the coatless figure beside her, her mouth quivering to cry.

"Alvin, what—must you think of me!"

He towered over her, his face approaching hers.

"I think you're the queen-spot of Elkhorn Lake," he said.

"I'll bet you think I'm the kind of a—a girl that always let's a fellow get—get spoony with her."

"I do not! That's the luckiest storm ever came my way."

She leaned from his nearness, her quivering face averted.

"It was the lightning, Alvin, scared me so. I—before I knew it, I— You know I'm not that kind of a girl, Alvin; you know."

He stood fingering the damp flounce of her sleeve.

"Do I! I've christened you 'Coldest Little Queen Spot!'"

"You—you're the cold one, Alvin; you never let a—a girl or anybody know how they stand with you."

"That was my lucky storm."

Tears came flowing over her words.

"I oughtn't to let you!"

"You didn't. I stole 'em."

"Oh! Oh!"

"If you don't watch out, I'll think you're crying to be kissed again. Pink's my color, and you're my girl"—making a feint toward her.

"No! No!"

"What's the matter, Rosie-posy? You know how you stand with me. Ace high!"

"Do I, Alvin; do I?"

"You just know you do."

"What about Adèle and all the rest?"

"Can't see 'em."

She looked up at him, her wad of handkerchief pressed in a fist against her lips.

"When why—I—I can't make you out, Alvin. If—if you think that much of me why—why—oh, I—I can't!"

"Say it! Say it!"

"Well if—when a fellow likes a girl the way you—you've been liking me all summer, and—and a girl likes a fellow, don't he—don't he—after he's kissed her, don't he—ask—her—to—"

"Don't he what, Rosie-posy?"

"Alvin, don't make me say it."

At that, Mr. Alvin La Monque, his silk shirt snapping in the breeze, emitted a long, low whistle, hands plunged into the pockets of his white-flannel trousers.

"And to think it took me all these weeks to get your little number!"

"I can't help it, Alvin; that is, if—if you like me as I like you!"

"Well, I guess I do! You had me bluffed, Rosie-posy, I thought you were like the rest of the sugar babies up here, tied to their mammas-papas, and here I was stepping on a live wire and didn't know it!"

"I—"

"I picked you from the start, but I never knew your speed. It's your old folks put me off the scent, and a fellow in my line has got to watch his step."

"I—what do you mean?"

"I read your meter wrong, little one! I thought you belonged to the mamma's-apron-string brigade up here. Now you and me can begin to understand each other. The sky's my limit, kiddie. What's yours? Ever been to Milwaukee?"

"Alvin, you mean—"

"Sure," said Mr. La Monque, stooping, scooping, and laying her head backward against his drying shoulder so that her small face, oval, even Persian, looked up at him fore-shortened. "It was your old folks threw me off. You were as strong as any of them on the mammas-papas stuff. A little stronger—never saw such gaff as you and your old man pull off together."

"I know it, Alvin. We've always been like that. Pals. He's a grand old man, Alvin. A girl never had a grander father than mine. That's why when we—when we tell him about us—he's got a temper, dear, but only for—"

A shade of red flowed up into Mr. La Monque's face even under the smooth yellow pompadour brushed shiningly backward and down the narrow rear of his head.

"Tell him what?"

"I'll break it, dear. I won't mind if he raves a little. It'll be the surprise and shock—that's all. You see, they—don't know."

"Girl, are you cr—"



DRAWN BY T. D. FRIDMORE

"Oh, papa, papa darling!" She had slid from the chair now, crouching beside him, with her cheek to his knee.

"I won't do it! You don't want it!"

"Leave it to me, darling, to clear the way, and then you can do the talking. I'll fix it up to-day, darling! Oh, Alvin, all—these weeks on the sly, it—it's been like heaven, and it's been like torture, not knowing how—where I stood with you!"

"My God!" said Mr. Alvin La Monque, stepping backward, his hand against a rustic railing and pulling violently at the small fuzz of blond mustache.

"Alvin darling, it won't be hard, I tell you, after the first ice is broken. It'll be pretty stiff at first, I admit. But it's always been a joke with everybody the way I can wrap my popsie around my little finger. He's up in a temper and then over it in a second. I'll clear the way, dear."

"Why, girl, we haven't been talking the same language!"

"You see, Alvin, when they know that—that I just can't live without my boy."

A clearing had taken in Mr. La Monque's face.

"You mean you've got marrying on the brain?"

"Yes, yes, dear. I hate long engagements."

"A moneyed old party like your pa! Why, he can't see me with specs!"

"Alvin, meeting you has made a new girl out of me!"

"Hold me tight; I must be coming out of ether," said Mr. La Monque.

"You hold *me* tight," said Miss Wolfner, edging into his embrace.

Above the impeccable flare of silk shirt, further clearing of expression took place.

"Good God!"

"He is good, darling, to send me my wonderful boy."

Within the boxlike interior of the Wolfner cottage, silence had descended—an almost tangible silence that pressed against the ear-drums and constricted breathing.

Her taffeta dress removed and a cotton-stuff kimono flung over her released, uncorseted figure, Mrs. Wolfner sat on the edge of the white-iron bedstead, her face straining to comprehend.

"You mean, Rosalee——"

"Sh-h-h-h, Gusta; let her finish."

Erect between one of the wardrobe-trunks and the flimsy oak dresser, Mr. Emil Wolfner, his coat and waistcoat removed, and collarless, his neck showing how cruelly time can ravage, thrust forward a face already terrible with slow comprehension.

"I mean, papa, that I want to be married to the finest fellow a girl ever had the luck to meet. When you get to know him, papa, you'll——"

"Rosalee, a dancing-school teacher; a *goy* who——"

"Shh-h-h, Gusta; let her go on."

"Oh, I knew you'd be against me! What if he does teach—Terpsichorean art?"

"What?"

"Does a man to amount to anything in your eyes have to be in a department-store business or in wholesale cotton voiles? Alvin La Monque has taught modern and classic dances to the finest elements. He's a graduate of the New York School of Terpsichorean Art. He's a fellow any girl can be proud to introduce. He loves me, and I love him, and—he's asked me to marry him, and if ever a girl had cause to be proud, it's me—me!"

A moan came shiveringly from Mrs. Wolfner, drawn with pain from the remotest cockles of her.

"O my God, Ameal; tell me that my ears don't hear right!"

"If you begin that, mamma, I'll run out—I'll run out and I'll stay out!"

Then Mr. Wolfner emerged from his corner, but with a quietude so leashed that only his hands trembled.



"Rosalee, don't talk so to your mamma! Come here!"

She was immediately on the verge of passionate tears, catching them in her throat before they formed to sobs.

"Well—she—shouldn't try to make up things against him. He's the finest—you're both against me—you——"

"Mamma has not said a word against him, Rosie. Come here on papa's lap."

He drew her down beside him on a white-pine rocker, she quivering with sobs and twisting her handkerchief to rope.

"Now, Rosie, let papa hear it again. Slow, this time."

"You heard it! I want to be married. You can't treat me all my life like a kid. I want to be married to the finest——"

"O my God!" broke in Mrs. Wolfner. "Now I see it! Them days in the woods. Her organdies in the mornings. The excuses for dancing-lessons. Out late at night——"

"Gusta!"

"Oh, Ameal, is this a trouble come to us, with a boy like Alex Tregor ready to——"

"Alex Tregor! I knew you'd throw him up to me! Why, I must have been crazy ever to think I could marry him with his lisp! I—I'm the luckiest girl in the world to have met Alvin just in time to wake me up. I was going to say yes to Alex because I didn't know any better. He was just one of the boys from home, who—who—papa, you can understand, can't you?"

"Your mamma, Rosie, has got a sense of humor it would fit in a thimble. Come, baby; stop fooling. It ain't so nice you should aggravate mamma with nonsense."

"Fooling! Papa, honest to God, it's Alvin! He's the only man in the world I——"

He slid her off his knee at that, rising with her and his sleeve, fallen open at the cuff, revealing a hairy forearm.

"That white-pants dancing man?"

"He's not——"

The hairy forearm shot forward, twisted, and with rope-like veins bulging out of it.

"You bring such talk to me from a low-life like him, and I—I'll kill him where he stands! You hear me—where he stands!"

"O my God, Ameal! Ameal!"

"Oh, you—my father to dare to talk to me like——"

"He should just come by me! A *goy* dancing man what ain't fit to wipe your shoes! Let him once try it! Rosie, my girl, you——"

"That's right, kill me—kill me! Oh, why was I ever born! Let me tell you this, papa: I'll marry Alvin La Monque or I'll never so long as I live——"

"A-meal, A-meal, that this trouble should come on us out of a clear sky!"

Globes of sweat had sprung out on his brow; he was wiping at them constantly.

"Rosie is excited, mamma. She—she's got me excited,



She sprang toward him, her palm to his mouth.

"Alvin, please!"

too. She's a chip off the old block, with her father's temper. She don't know what she's saying. Now we both get cool. Say, it ain't so awful she should have a little fascination with a man, *Gott sei dank!* she ain't never seen the like of before. It's just until she hears from her parents that it ain't right, and then it all blows over. Eh? Ain't it, papa's girl?"

"No! No! No!"

"Has it ever happened, Rosie, that you can mix oil with water? If such a man would be the one for our girl, would me and mamma be the ones to stand in your way? Eh? Does it ever happen that one in ten out of intermixed marriages turn out? Is a dancing man the kind for our girl, a child what your mamma and me have wrapped our whole lives around? You see, mamma, how when she hears it ain't right, how she listens! And then, next week, a fine boy like Alex comes and——"

"I tell you I won't! I'll kill myself first! I'm going to marry Alvin!"

"Not while I got a breath in my body!"

"Ameal, Ameal, don't holler! The neighbors!"

"What do you know against Alvin that——"

"A low-life what don't look you in the eye! A dude what lives around off summer resorts on dancing-school lessons and sits all day in white pants with the girls! A nix what don't wear a fifteen collar and what ain't got in him the same blood as you! Not while I got a breath in my body, so help me!"

"He's as good as we are! Better!"

"He ain't good enough for my child!"

"He's a gentleman!"

"I don't say he ain't, but he ain't the gentleman for——"

"He's got more refinement in his little finger than Alex has in his whole——"

"He maybe has got it in his little finger and in his dancing-toes, but he ain't got it where my girl's husband has got to got it! He ain't one of your kind of people; he don't fit in with nothing that belongs to you; he——"

"You mean he don't fit in with the old-fogy——"

"A girl that's been raised like her, Ameal! Every luxury that child has had—should marry a man with an income from dancing-lessons! A man what told me himself, one day in the pavilion, that not even life insurance does he carry! My child that can have Alex Tregor! You just watch how, with his nonsense, Nettie Kraus will grab him off of you. A goy what don't even come

from no town in particular—he told me himself—and sleeps in the same cottage with the life-saver! O my God, Ameal, tell me what to do!" Mrs. Wolfner fell to swaying as she sat on the bed-edge, tears washing wide paths down

her face. "Tell me what to do!"

"She will tell you, Gusta; won't you, Rosie? Go tell your mamma, Rosie, it's all right. You been shown by your parents what a nonsense it is, and to-morrow, to-night yet, we pack our trunks and I take you and mamma to a little trip to Thousand Islands."

"No! No! No! If you want to kill me, take him from me; but you can't! You can't! He's a fine fellow, and I love him! Other girls have married men their families didn't want, and I can be one of them. I'm going to marry Alvin. I love him! I can't live without him! You haven't got the right to ruin my life. Nobody has. I love him!"

And then Emil Wolfner leaped forward at his daughter standing there, her body drawn up Hellenic, his clenched arms raised over her and trembling to descend.

"A-meal, your child!"

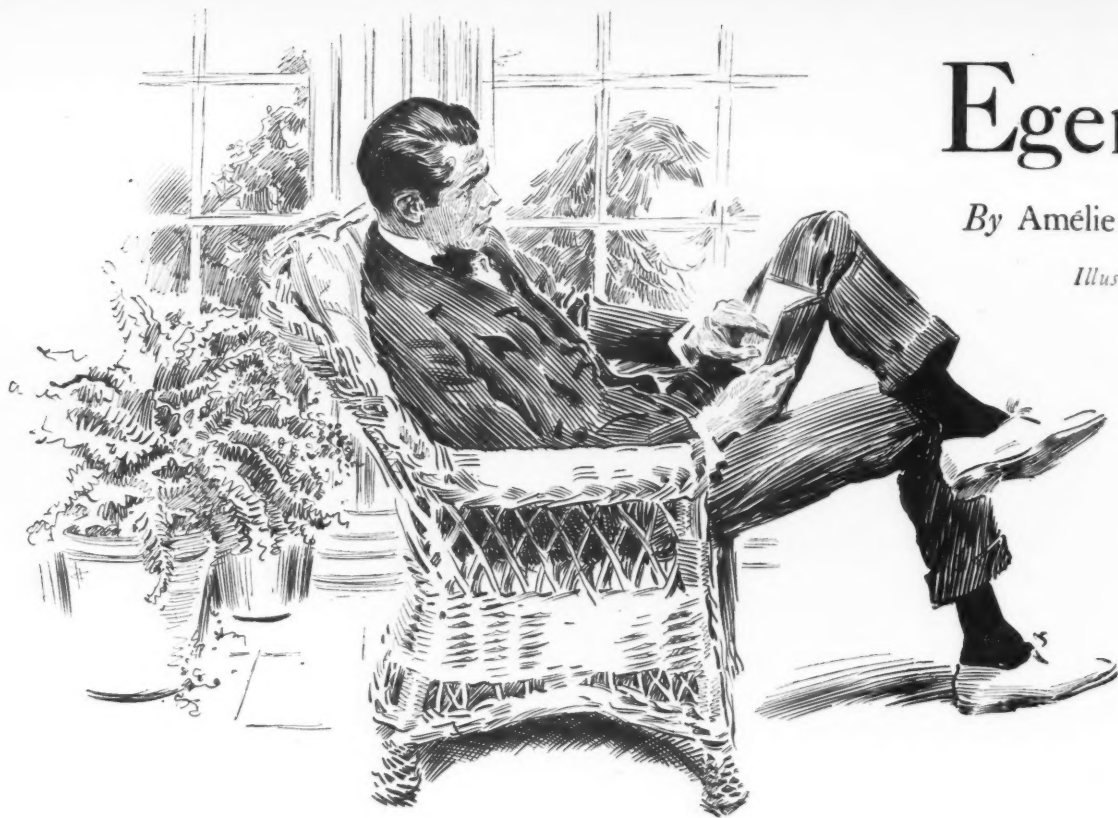
"Don't you dare to touch me! Father!"

"You—you bring into my house (Continued on page 104)

Egeria

By Amélie Rives

Illustrated by



Jacqueline Day, twenty-one, rescues Stuart Cleyden, thirty-eight, a poet, from what he calls a "beautiful"—although unsatisfying—relationship with Mrs. Hendley Warren, by the simple expedient of "wondering?" to him, one day, whether he would marry her (Jacqueline). Violet Warren is known in their circle as the poet's "Egeria," and their relation has been entirely that of the legendary one of Egeria and Numa Pompilius, who received only inspiration and instruction from the famous Camena, and not that of her later affair with Hippolytus, as related by Vergil. Jacqueline, who admires Cleyden's work immensely, believes that it is deteriorating on account of his purely spiritual worship, and hence her unconventional suggestion that he marry her, which he does. Mrs. Warren's wedding-gift is a beautiful gold-mounted crystal cup (one of Cleyden's poems written under the inspiration of "Egeria" was named "The Crystal Cup"); and the first time Jacqueline meets her after the marriage (about a year later), she informs her that she has accidentally broken it.

Cleyden feels the same sense of unfulfilment in the marriage state that he did in his spiritual intercourse with Mrs. Warren, and, fearful that she will discover this, he would prefer she did not see too much of Jacqueline or of himself. But when, in the spring, an invitation comes from the Warrens for a week-end—with no other guests—at their country place, High Hall, on the Hudson, he leaves the matter to his wife, and the invitation is accepted.

HIGH HALL was a lovely old place, with lawns sloping to a bluff above the river. Tall, tranquil trees, now misty with April green, guarded its seclusion on every side, and tempered the glare of the majestic water beyond, by the fine latticework of their branches. It was a place permeated by the spirit of its mistress. Even the crocuses, peeping from the soft turf, were just the shade of mauve that she best loved. There was not a yellow one among them. As if to accent the strange fact of her intrusion, Jacqueline wore a gown of burnt-orange, and her Phrygian-looking cap was crumpled by a bunch of golden grapes. She had also brought her tennis-racket with her. Hendley Warren was very keen on tennis, she informed Cleyden, and she *must* have some exercise.

The interior of the house was simply a translation of Mrs. Warren's subtle imagination into actualities. Its charm, wistfully elusive, lay in delicate combinations of

tone and substance—in a richness of simplicity which suppressed detail, only to reveal it at its highest in some shadowed corner, whence it emerged gradually, as one took in the charming room, like some quality in a rare, secretive character that one comes imperceptibly to realize.

Amid this rarefied beauty, Hendley Warren, ruddy, stout, and cordial, moving as host, seemed a little sheepish, a little overwhelmed, as Bottom might have seemed had Titania borne him off to her fairy palace and asked him to do its honors. He exclaimed with joy when he noticed Jacqueline's racket, and insisted on taking her at once to see the tennis-court, which was *his* particular pride.

"Extraord'nary—don't you know—such a woman as Vi'let married to a proposition like me!" he said to Jacqueline, with his hearty grin that showed both rows of teeth. "Go mad—quite loony—when I'm stopped up in a house more than half an hour—and can't tell purple from navy blue; while she can see more colors than there are in a rainbow—and loves to be indoors with 'em. Awfully queer—don't you know—how some women can live without exercise!"

"I can't," Jacqueline assured him, laughing.

"Good for you!" he retorted gleefully, and then and there they began a set.

Mrs. Warren and Cleyden were following leisurely at a pace set by the lady. She had thrown some white furs about her, and her small, pale face was like an anemone half-hidden by snow.

He remembered that he had called her "Anemone" sometimes—"the Wind-shaken." Certainly, such flaws as passion raised had shaken her but slightly. There was not so much as a petal of her frail beauty that had suffered change.

As they moved sedately along together, she explained her gardens to him, and how, a little later, this bed would be a mass of deepest purple, and that one a clear lilac, and the others all variations of the same mysterious color.

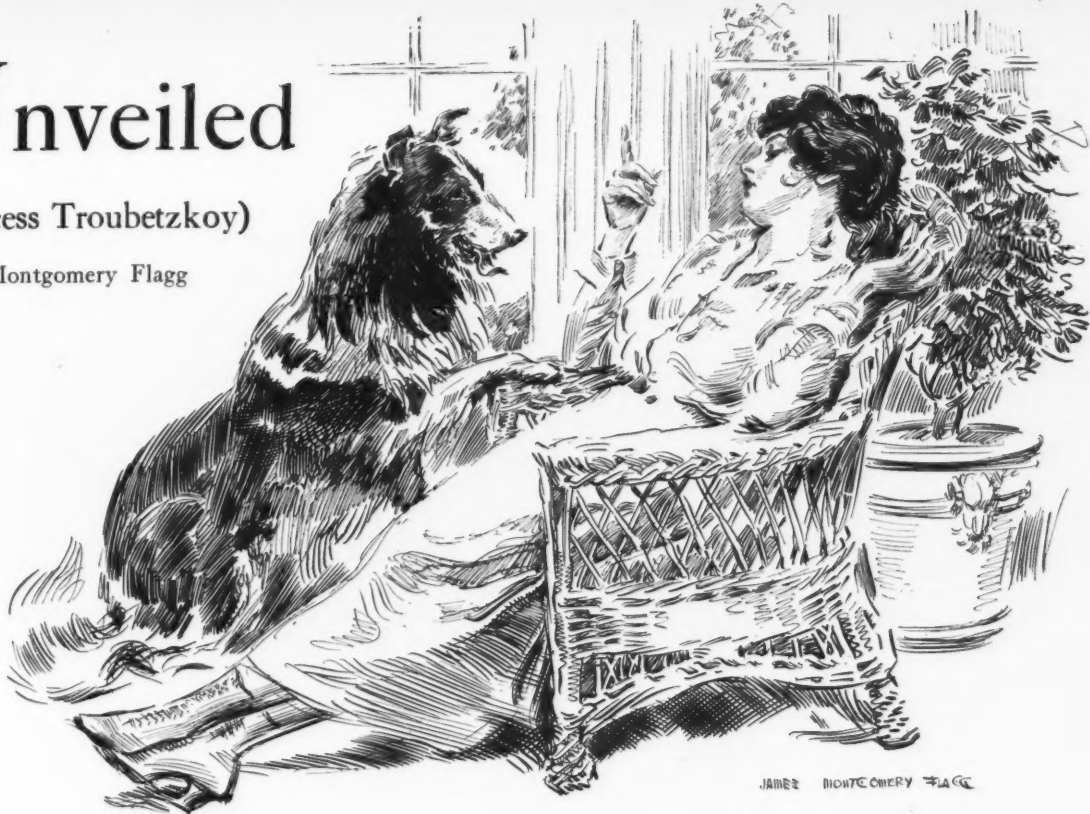
"It's so delightful to have that color even in my name," she ended, smiling, and he answered before he thought, "Yes—I know."

The conversation veered suddenly from that point, as by

Unveiled

(Princess Troubetzkoy)

James Montgomery Flagg



Even Neve couldn't win her from her serene listlessness, though he coaxed with eloquent paws and eyes

tacit consent, and as they watched the energetic players in the court below, she said again how wonderfully Jacqueline had "come out," and how happy he must be as master magician of this wonder. He replied gravely that he was indeed, that, even to him, Jacqueline was proving each day a revelation.

They all returned shortly to the house for tea, after which Jacqueline was to try the organ. Tea was served in a hall that ran along a wing of the house, and which had been altered, as Mrs. Warren said, smiling, to fit the "idea of the organ." With its arched roof, plastered and cunningly stained to reproduce the tone of time, its Gothic fireplace and woodwork, and sober arras of worn Genoa velvet, it looked more like a chapel than a hall. The organ was built in at one end, opposite a stained-glass window emblazoned with the arms of such princes as had been patrons of music. White Madonna lilies in a stone font completed this ecclesiastic impression, and their perfume was suggestive of incense.

Jacqueline, having drunk two cups of tea and devoured a muffin and a slice of cake with frank gusto, mounted the steps to the little balcony before the organ. As she took her place there, they could just see, above the railing her shoulders and small head, with its grapelike clusters of black hair.

That *bourdonnement* of an organ's magnificent bass, dully throbbing through the walls and floor, came as an almost incredible result of the slight fingers pressing the keys. The chord that she held, as it seemed to Cleyden, nerve-rackingly long, was a strange one—had in it a dissonance that plained for change into another. But the other did not follow. She merely lifted her hands, pushing in the great bourdon stop that controlled it, and sat in silence for a little, as if thinking what to play. The next moment, they were drowned in the most singular welter of sound possible to imagine—singular, but at times beautiful; at other times, sheerly diabolic. The organ moaned, raved, whispered; while in the treble there rose insistently a wild, mocking tremolo that Cleyden could only liken to the cry of the screech-owl prolonged into a sort of inhuman laughter. It was as if an angel with a high-pitched voice had gone into paroxysms of hysterical mirth over the helpless groans of

some basso devil pleading for reentry into heaven. And through the whole was woven, at times, a lovely, simple melody, that might have been crooned by a peasant, wholly oblivious of the heavenly and infernal duo crashing about her.

Jacqueline stopped at last, and, leaning on the railing, smiled down at the others.

"It's a perfectly beautiful organ," she said, addressing her hostess. "If I've never envied you before, I do now."

"What on earth, my dear child," returned Mrs. Warren, "was that astonishing thing you played?"

"Oh, just something I made up," said Jacqueline. "It's rather amusing, isn't it?"

"Well," pondered Mrs. Warren, "I shouldn't call it amusing. Queer—disturbing, rather. What do you really call it?"

"*La rencontre macabre*," smiled Jacqueline.

"And what the deuce is that, if I may be allowed to ask?" put in Hendley Warren. "What's it mean, I mean? I'm no good at French."

"I fancied a meeting," explained Jacqueline, "between the ghost of a woman and a man who had loved her. The man's still alive, but he doesn't love her any more—at least, not as he did before she was a ghost—"

"Ho! Very likely!" Warren interpolated, with his jovial laugh. "But do go on. Let's have the rest."

"The rest," said Jacqueline, "is just a sort of struggle between them. He doesn't want to be haunted, you see, and she's bent on haunting him."

"I say!" exclaimed Warren. "You do have rum ideas for a little lady that can play tennis like a breeze!"

"Oh, I can play the organ like a breeze, too," laughed Jacqueline, and, turning, she gave them some Bach, winding up with "The Cherubimic Hymn," by Musitchsky and part of Smolensky's "Easter Mass."

It did not solve Cleyden's difficulties in the least to recall vividly that evening the warning given him by Mrs. Day

not to take Jacqueline for granted. He had, in any event, taken her for better, for worse, and she seemed bent on emphasizing this "worse." What, he asked himself distressfully, was she "up to?" What had she meant by that afternoon's extraordinary performance on an instrument provided by her hostess? The inner meaning of that truly demoniacal parable, as explained serenely by her to the only person present who couldn't understand it, was nothing less than a smart slap administered to Mrs. Warren's unprepared cheek. And how—he groaned in spirit—would *she* take it? Could she—gracious heavens!—think that he had known or permitted it? As for "having it out" with Jacqueline, he had long since discovered that one couldn't possibly have anything "out" with her that she preferred to keep "in." If he had accused her of having such a meaning, she would simply and serenely have denied it.

But, as he recalled with a relief that was only on the surface, however, Mrs. Warren had not given the faintest sign, whether by look, tone, or manner, that she *had* understood. She seemed to regard the girl with a gently amused indulgence, not altogether devoid of real admiration. And yet—

Cleyden knew of old how completely, how exquisitely she could veil the emotions that she did not wish perceived.

VII

THEY had arrived on a Friday and were to leave the following Monday. On Saturday, Jacqueline spent the morning playing tennis with her host, and the afternoon in riding with him. Mrs. Warren did not care to ride; besides, as she explained, she would take that time to catch up with her correspondence. The others were not back for tea, so Cleyden had it, perforce, alone with her in a charming room that he only too well remembered, and that spoke of her to him as the print of Helen's head on the pillow spoke to Menelaus.

There was more said by their very avoidance than mere words could have said. He came from that strange *l'ête-à-l'ête* feeling as Orpheus might have felt if he had gone to find Eurydice with a living wife clinging to his arm. And yet, beyond a poignant, all-pervading distress, he could not make out to himself just what his feeling was. A cold, steady anger against Jacqueline was not an inconsiderable part of it.

On Sunday, he managed with determination that he and not Jacqueline should go off with their host (it was to be a

motoring-jaunt of a hundred miles this time), though he departed with some qualms as to what might transpire between the two women before his return.

Both Jacqueline and Mrs. Warren took their enforced companionship very lightly. They potted about the gardens for an hour—Jacqueline having declared that she "loved digging things up and setting things out"—then had luncheon together, and after luncheon settled down in



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"If you don't do it for me," Jacqueline called

the library to read. The remarks exchanged between them up to that moment had been friendly, bland, and unimportant to a degree.

It was when Mrs. Warren, in searching for a book which she thought Jacqueline might enjoy, came upon an envelop of newspaper clippings between its pages, that a dialogue of more interest occurred.

"I suppose, of course," she said, unfolding one of the

clippings, "that you've read Grenling Wraxton's review of your husband's poems?" On Jacqueline's assenting, she asked, "And what did you think of it?"

"I thought it awfully good—so true."

Mrs. Warren's eyes were running over the printed slip in her hand.

"Didn't it strike you," she then remarked, "that some of his praise was of—not faults exactly, but of a certain

Mrs. Warren was still scrutinizing the slip of paper.

"Why, what he calls here a poet's 'high delight in the actual world'—her eyes traveled down the slip—"the ecstasy of his return to earth.' Don't you think"—her eyes were now raised to Jacqueline's—"that it's just *that* a finer critic might deplore in them?"

"You mean," said Jacqueline, still with her greatly interested air, "that they're 'too of the earth earthy'?"

Mrs. Warren smiled in depreciation.

"That's not *quite* my meaning," she said gently. "It's not so clear—so positive. What I feel in them, despite their undeniable beauty, is an absence of something his earlier poems had so wonderfully."

Jacqueline smiled back, showing her pretty, strong young teeth.

"Since I interpret you too bluntly, won't you explain what you mean yourself?" she suggested.

Mrs. Warren's eyes were now fixed on the cloud-whitened river behind the fretwork of trees. Her voice came softly, as if from the distance in which her thought was plunged.

"It was the spiritual quality in his other poems that made them so—apart, so exquisitely above the heads of critics like Wraxton," she murmured.

"Oh, I see!" Jacqueline cried brightly. "You're thinking of 'The Crystal Cup.'"

"I confess," admitted Mrs. Warren, "that I find it—how shall I say?—rarer, more unusual, than 'Rhea Victrix.' You see," she qualified, "Rhea has conquered so many, but so few have been privileged to drink from 'The Crystal Cup.'" Before Jacqueline could speak, she added quickly, "Have you read it lately—I mean that poem in particular?"

"No," said the girl, giving her full rein, wondering almost delightedly what was coming next.

"Then," exclaimed Mrs. Warren, rising, "do read it over now—and compare it in your mind with the poem in 'Rhea Victrix' called

'Hippocrene'—the one that has Keats' lines for heading:

"Oh, for a draught of vintage that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth!"

The expression with which Jacqueline's eyes fixed on her slight back while she went toward the book-shelves, one would have thought must produce a sensation there as of the concentrated spot of light from a burning-glass. But she seemed quite unconscious, and returned with a



after him. "I'll never speak to you again"

quality in the poems that a subtler critic mightn't have admired so much?"

Jacqueline, looking highly interested, pushed aside a bowl of crocuses that she might see the other's face more clearly. They were seated near one of the windows, and a sky full of white clouds threw a pale, vivid light into the room.

"A certain quality? What quality?" she inquired, as if deeply anxious to hear.

copy of "The Crystal Cup," open at the poem in question. She placed it on the table, saying, before she took her hand from the pages which it pressed apart:

"And when you come to the last lines—please have the ones he's added, in your mind, too. Beautiful as it is here, it just misses the touch of completion which they give."

"Lines Stuart has added to it?" asked Jacqueline, her brows lifting. "What lines? When?"

Mrs. Warren's face fell a little.

"Oh," she breathed remorsefully, "hasn't he showed them to you yet? I'm afraid I've blundered on something he wanted to tell you himself."

Jacqueline's brow had composed itself again to a clear calmness.

"We're not at all sentimental about such things," she said. "*You* tell me."

"You're sure he wouldn't be annoyed?" hesitated Mrs. Warren.

"Not the least in the world!" Jacqueline assured her cheerfully.

"Then," she replied, "I'll fetch them. I think I left them in my sitting-room yesterday, where he wrote them—or they *may* be up-stairs in my portfolio. You don't mind waiting a few minutes while I look?"

"Of course not," said Jacqueline.

She sat quite still, her elbow on the open book, her chin in her hand, gazing out at the pearl-white river until Mrs. Warren returned.

"I found I'd carried it up-stairs with me," she explained, laying a sheet of mauve-gray paper on the table. "When you've read it, I'm sure you'll agree with me that it ought to be printed in the next edition."

Jacqueline read the poem as it was published, then, placing the sheet of paper over it, read the new lines. Cleyden's small, compact handwriting made her feel as if she listened to his voice. The poem without their addition was merely the description of the mysterious cup of crystal and the magic vintage with which it brimmed. The added lines ran as follows:

Yet should I break the cup, Egeria,
Its magic halves would swiftly reunite,
The mystic vintage fill it as of old
With beauty from the birth of time foretold,
With ecstasy as of a quenchless light,
Aware of its own essence. Ah, with all
That keeps my violent humanhood in thrall,
That makes my thirst divine, Egeria!

Jacqueline read these lines over several times; then she looked up and said, as if tasting the expression and not liking the taste,

"Don't you think 'violent humanhood,' rather forced—affected?"

"No; it hadn't struck me so," answered Mrs. Warren. "The beauty of the idea is so great that I never thought of picking it apart word by word."

"Well," said Jacqueline, "I suppose I've got into that habit from working so much with Stuart, word by word, literally."

"But you must think those lines beautiful as a whole?" Jacqueline shook her head.

"They don't seem to me up to what I should call Stuart's 'mark,'" she said thoughtfully. "On thinking it over, I quite hate 'violent humanhood,' and 'thirst divine' is just a crib from 'Drink to me only with thine eyes.' No," she ended decidedly; "I honestly can't say I'd like to see them added to the poem."

"Ah, well," sighed Mrs. Warren, smiling, "I'm sorry you don't like them as much as I do. But I suppose, in the end, he'll decide the question for himself."

"Oh, of course he will!" said Jacqueline, with ready assent. "I wouldn't interfere with his final decision for worlds. You see, it's just his deciding for himself that gives it value."

The conversation after this trailed off into a general

discussion of poets, both major and minor, and then the two ladies separated until tea-time. Cleyden was much relieved to find them on his return, lapped in an atmosphere of serene amenity.

"By George," exclaimed Hendley Warren, when, on the next morning, the couple took their departure, "that's the rippingest girl I've seen in a month of Sundays!"

"She's certainly the most amazingly self-controlled one," his wife replied thoughtfully.

Warren gaped, but said nothing. He was quite used, after fifteen years of wedded life, to hear his Violet praise people for qualities that he had never suspected, and which, in the abstract, he did not particularly admire.

VIII

ONE result of this visit—at least, what Cleyden couldn't help thinking a result—was a certain pensive attitude on Jacqueline's part that showed itself in long silences, during which he would look up to find her eyes fastened on him with what seemed a grave surmise in their depths. But when he asked her, as he sometimes did at first, "What on earth, Jack, my dear, are you thinking of?" she would invariably reply, "I really don't think I was thinking at all, Stuart."

These absences of mind, however, were accompanied by absences of body that struck him even more. It was only when he came in, day after day, to find her gone, that he realized how acutely he missed her glowing presence. If only, he told himself, in these hours of unwilling solitude, they could have married when he was younger. Yet that idea had a droll sting in it, for, as Jacqueline was now only twenty-two, to have had his wish and loved her, say, at thirty—would have involved her then being only thirteen. It was a most wretched sensation—this belated and remorseful acknowledgment of the fact that he had indeed been a "selfish beast" thus to bind to him for life a young creature absolutely ignorant of what might mean the love between man and woman. He gazed with abject eyes on the muddle that, as he had once told her, he had made of things, not then foreseeing that her own brilliant young life was just the one thing that he would muddle most hopelessly. Such was the mournful conclusion to which he had come.

To add to this conviction of general "muddleness," there occurred, about two weeks after their visit to High Hall, a startling and shocking event that touched him nearly, though not as nearly as it would once have done. Coming down rather late, one morning, for his cup of coffee, which he always had with Jacqueline, he found her gazing at the day's paper with a queer, somber look. When he asked her what she had seen in it to make her look like that, she replied, by handing him the paper, with the remark,

"I suppose it shocked me more because I've seen him so lately—but it's a horrible thing, anyway."

Cleyden was in his turn staring at the head-lines, which had sprung at him with the effect of a sharp blow.

TRAGIC DEATH OF PROMINENT MILLIONAIRE HENDLEY WARREN DASHED TO DEATH IN HIS OWN CAR

He somehow knew that Jacqueline's eyes were now fixed on him with the same look with which she had regarded those head-lines, and, though he put forth all his will, he was dismayed to feel how, in spite of it, the blood rushed to his face, then ebbed as suddenly.

He knew, as he sat there, reading the horrid, gloating description, that he must show in every line of his face some, at least, of the intense emotion it aroused. And it was at this juncture that Jacqueline made a remark that shocked him almost as much as the news of Warren's death.

"She'll look perfectly lovely in black," was what she said.

Cleyden didn't comment on what seemed to him the crude heartlessness, almost commonness, of this singular observation. He couldn't have spoken if he had wanted to, and he



DESK BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Now suddenly, behind a mass of lichened granite, he came upon her. She was seated on the brown fir-needles, her violin, like a sleeping baby, across her knees, her eyes, vague and unfocused, gazing before her

very much didn't want to just then. It was all assailing him in short, rough waves that gave him no breathing-intervals—the past, his barren love, what was at that moment, what might have been. And, under this merciless assault from the deep of feeling, he was striving with all his might to maintain the appearance of a man who, from a secure refuge on dry land, watches, not unmoved but with composure, a storm at sea.

Jacqueline jerked out suddenly, with rancor, "Life is *hideous!*" then rose and left the table. At the door, she paused, however, to say in a milder tone: "It brings it home to me so—our having played tennis together only two weeks ago. He was a good sort. I liked him."

Her voice had a girlish gulp in it over these last sentences. She went out abruptly, closing the door behind her.

The ultimate effect on him of this event was to fill him with a hungry craving for more of the affection to which, as one stupidly says, he "had a right." Having burned his bridges, he didn't purpose sitting on the bank of an unfordable stream, bestrewn his head with their ashes. He determined that, if there were a key to Jacqueline's strange heart, he would find it. If not—why, he had the pride, peculiar to some men, which forbids them to force even symbolical locks, or to enjoy the methods of the Magyar in love.

And still she kept up her long absences—returning often so tired out that, while he read aloud to her after dinner, she would fall fast asleep. At these times, her unconscious face looked thin and haggard. Her eyebrows would lift piteously, as if under the unbearable sadness of her dreams. He would wake her with a kiss, and she would smile, yawn, stretch, and go off to bed, saying that she must have a long sleep, as she wanted to get to work very early next morning.

On one of these occasions, after watching her intently for some time, Cleyden put aside the book he had been reading, and going over, laid his hand on hers. It twitched away from him, and she sat up, her eyes confused and startled. Then, with a disconcerted little laugh, she exclaimed:

"Was I asleep again? I'm so sorry! I can't imagine what makes me so stupid."

"My dear girl," replied Cleyden, "you're not stupid. You're simply worn out, and I'm going to insist on a few days' rest at Fair Winds."

He looked obstinate as only an anxious man can look, and Jacqueline, whose first impulse had been to refuse sharply, smiled suddenly after a pause, and said:

"Very well. I don't mind a day or two off. I'll confess, too, that I've been rather pining for a sight of Neve."

Neve was her collie, and he stayed always at Fair Winds, the Days' place on Long Island.

They went there the next afternoon, but during the three days that followed, Cleyden found himself no nearer the inmost Jacqueline than he had been in New York. She was all

a smooth, bright surface, her real center as hidden from him as the center of a silver ball.

She talked very little, in spite of her cheerful air of acquiescence, saying that he wanted her to rest, and that one couldn't rest and talk at the same time.

Even Neve couldn't win her from her serene listlessness, though he coaxed with eloquent paws and eyes.

When they returned to town, at once she withdrew again into her work, and when he ventured to complain that he never saw her from morning until night, she only said that she had to make up for those three days of idleness.

The mere human missing of her became so great, finally, that he decided, one afternoon, to hunt her down in what she called her "lair"—the place where, of late, she had taken to spending such long hours together. Her reason—her "excuse," he sadly named it in his heart—was that she was working out a musical idea which haunted her and which she couldn't quite catch. This "lair" was a room that she had used as a studio since she was eighteen, and which her father, much amused at what he called her "artistic airs," had leased for her in Forty-seventh Street. It contained a grand piano, an organ, a Jacobean refectory-table, and a few other articles of furniture equally severe. Oddly contrasting with these was a little wheeled table for five-o'clock tea, and a cottage bookcase, filled with music and the books that she had most loved since she was six years old.

At the door of this retreat, Cleyden humbly knocked one afternoon toward the middle of June. Jacqueline herself opened to him, with a petulant snapping-back of the latch that made him know how she resented the interruption.

When she saw who it was, her color flared, though she had been noticeably pale before. She had nothing for him in the first few seconds but that leap of scarlet—not an exclamation, not a greeting. It was like the silent stare of one suddenly confronted with an apparition.

"Do forgive me if I've interrupted a 'mood,'" he pleaded, a little shamefaced. "The fact is, I missed you *too* horribly this afternoon. I thought you must be nearly through—that we might have tea together."

She had quite recovered her usual composure by now, and said:

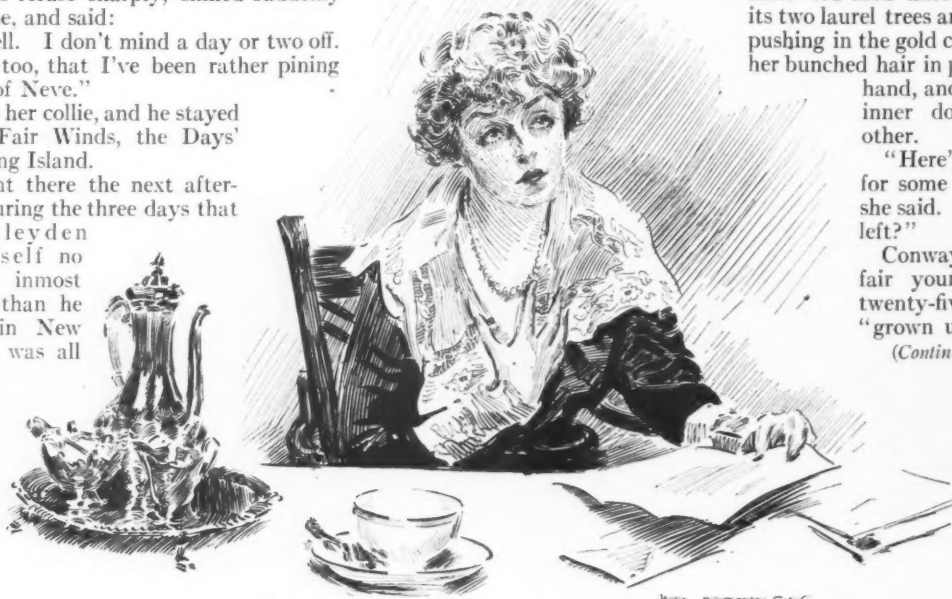
"Oh, it's all right! Do come in—but I'm sorry about tea. I've just had it with Conny Brett, and I'm afraid we took the last leaf from the caddy."

She went before him across the little red-tiled antechamber with its two laurel trees and stone table, pushing in the gold comb that held her bunched hair in place with one hand, and opening the inner door with the other.

"Here's Stuart come for some tea, Conny," she said. "Is there any left?"

Conway Brett, a big, fair young fellow of twenty-five, who had "grown up" with Jac-

(Continued on page 135)



A fortnight later, Mrs. Warren received the unpublished lines to "Egeria," with the correct date on which they had been written typed above them

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How Many Eileens are There Here?



EILEEN PERCY'S exploits naturally give rise to such a question, for her name appeared last winter on two New York programs at the same time. But even this did not limit the activities of this ambitious young woman, for she also was busy posing for Harrison Fisher, Howard Chandler Christy, and Penrhyn Stanlaws



A Child Actress Grown Up

MOLLIE KING, who plays the star rôle in the Pathé serial, "The Mystery of the Double Cross," is only nineteen, but can claim the stage experience of one twice her years, for her first appearance was at the age of two. She grew up through musical comedy and vaudeville to great success in motion pictures.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS, 535 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Dorothy's Change of Art

DOROTHY KELLY effected a quick change of art when she gave up her work as an illustrator to become a photo-play actress. As the adventuress, Madame Savatz, in the big Vitagraph serial, "The Secret Kingdom," she had to do things that scared her nearly to death, but pluckily went through her difficult part.

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dim. *D.C.*

BELLE STORY is a recent accession to the ranks of our concert singers, having decided to do more artistic things with her highly cultivated soprano voice than musical comedy permitted. To her repertoire she has now added a new and charming waltz-song, "Blue Bird." Miss Story is an American girl, and comes from the Middle West

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS, 538 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Beyond

A Drama of Heart's Counseling

By John Galsworthy

Author of "The Dark Flower"

Illustrated by
John Alonzo Williams



"I'm afraid—afraid of love, Bryan." At that first use of his name, Summerhay turned pale and seized her hand. "Afraid—how—afraid?" Gyp said, very low: "I might love too much. Don't say any more now."

John Alonzo Williams

WHEN Ghita (or Gyp, as she nicknamed herself when a baby, and as she is called by her friends) was eight years old, her real father, Major Charles Clare Winton, decided that she should henceforth bear his name. This is shortly after the death of the country squire who thought himself the little girl's parent. His wife, Gyp's mother, had died at the birth of her and Winton's child, and the heart-broken lover was just then recalled to his regiment for active service. He did not see Gyp until she was seven, and the child became devotedly attached to him. The squire, never suspecting the reason, was grateful for Winton's interest in the child and made him her guardian and trustee. Winton took the girl to his hunting-box at Mildenhamp, and there she was brought up, with a governess and her old nurse, Betty, developing into a sympathetic, lovable girl, with a great fondness for hunting and for music. She spent part of the year with her aunt Rosamund, Winton's sister, in London. When she was nineteen, the girl, overhearing some gossip, went to Winton, and he told her the truth about her parentage. Her only comment was, "I'm glad," and she refused to take more than the eight thousand pounds of her mother's estate.

At the age of twenty-three, Gyp, against her father's wishes and not at all sure of her own love, married a Swedish violinist, Gustav Fioren, and soon found that her husband could never possess her heart. He proves to be selfish, irritable, and jealous, and sometimes drinks to excess. He owes money, which the conscientious Gyp pays. In fact, he seems to have no sense of responsibility whatsoever, and usually behaves like a child. His protestations of love and constancy to Gyp are frequent, but as she comes to know his

true character, she puts little faith in their sincerity. Altogether, she realizes that she has made a bad bargain, but is determined to keep to it.

A baby girl is born at Mildenhamp in November, and mother-love finally triumphs in Gyp's heart, although her feeling toward Fioren had at first made the thought of bearing his child unwelcome. The following summer, Gyp learns that the result of an affair of her husband with Daphne Wing, a music-hall dancer, whose real name is Daisy Wagge and whose father is an undertaker, will be a child, which, however, is born dead. Fioren, protesting that his soul is faithful, begs forgiveness, which Gyp grants, but, in the autumn, his jealousy of little Gyp becomes so great that the mother, after one experience, fears for the baby's safety, leaves him and goes to Mildenhamp. She rejects the pleas of her father and aunt that she try for a divorce. Dread of the publicity and the difficulty of obtaining freedom under the present existent British laws make her refuse.

Returning to her father's home in London the following June, Gyp occupies a compartment in the railway-carriage with a young man from a neighboring village—Bryan Summerhay, now a London barrister, whom she has once met on the hunting-field and been attracted to. The journey to town is pleasantly spent; a friendship springs up, and Summerhay is soon deeply in love. When they part for the August holidays—Summerhay is going to shoot grouse in Scotland, and Gyp to spend August at the seashore—he asks her if she loves him. "If you can't love me, I've got to break away," he adds. Her reply is a request to wait the month. "When we come back, I'll tell you; I promise!" she says.

THE verandaed bungalow on the South Coast, built for himself by an artist friend of aunt Rosamund's, had a garden, of which the chief feature was one pine tree which had strayed in advance of the wood behind. The little house stood in solitude, just above a low bank of cliff, whence the beach sank in sandy ridges. The veranda and pine wood behind gave ample shade, and the beach all the sun and sea air needful to tan little Gyp, a fat, tumbling soul, as her mother had been at the same age, incurably fond and fearless of dogs or any

kind of beast, and speaking words already that required a glossary.

At night, Gyp, looking from her bedroom through the flat branches of the pine, would get a feeling of being the only creature in the world. The crinkled, silvery sea, that lonely pine tree, the cold moon, the sky dark corn-flower blue, the hiss and sucking rustle of the surf over the beach-pebbles, even the salt, chill air, seemed lonely. By day, too—in the hazy heat when the clouds merged, scarce drifting, into the blue, and the coarse sea-grass tufts hardly

quivered, and sea-birds passed close above the water with chuckle and cry—it all often seemed part of a dream. She bathed, and grew as tanned as her little daughter, a regular Gipsy, in her broad hat and linen frocks; and yet she hardly seemed to be living down here at all, for she was never free of the memory of that last meeting with Summerhay. Why had he spoken and put an end to their quiet friendship, and left her to such heart-searchings all by herself? But she did not want his words unsaid. Only, how to know whether to recoil and fly, or to pass beyond the dread of letting herself go, of plunging deep into the unknown depths of love—of that passion whose nature for the first time she had tremulously felt watching "Pagliacci"—and had ever since been feeling and trembling at! Must it really be neck or nothing? Did she care enough to break through all barriers, fling herself into midstream? When they could see each other every day, it was so easy to live for the next meeting—not think of what was coming after. But now, with all else cut away, there was only the future to think about—hers and his. But need she trouble about his? Would he not just love her as long as he liked?

Then she thought of her father—still faithful to a memory—and felt ashamed. Some men loved on—yes—even beyond death! But, sometimes, she would think: "Am I a candle-flame again? Is he just going to burn himself? What real good can I be to him—I, without freedom and with my baby, who will grow up?" Yet all these thoughts were, in a way, unreal. The struggle was in herself, so deep that she could hardly understand it; as might be an effort to subdue the instinctive dread of a precipice. And she would feel a kind of resentment against all the happy life round here these summer days.

To the one post each day she looked forward terribly. And yet his letters, which began like hers: "My dear friend," might have been read by anyone—almost. She spent a long time over her answers. She was not sleeping well; and, lying awake, she could see his face very distinct before her closed eyes—its teasing, lazy smile, its sudden intent gravity. Once she had a dream of him, rushing past her down into the sea. She called, but, without turning his head, he swam out further, further, till she lost sight of him, and woke up suddenly with a pain in her heart. "If you can't love me, I've got to break away." His face, his flung-back head reminded her too sharply of those words. Now that he was away from her,

would he not feel that it was best to break—and forget her? Up there, he would meet girls untouched by life—not like herself. He had everything before him; could he possibly go on wanting one who had nothing before her? Some blue-eyed girl with auburn hair—that type so superior to her own—would sweep, perhaps had already swept him, away from her! What then? No worse than it used to be? Ah, so much worse that she dared not think of it!

Then, for five days, no letter came. And, with each blank morning, the ache in her grew—a sharp, definite ache of longing and jealousy, utterly unlike the mere feeling of outraged pride when she had surprised Fjorsen and Daphne Wing in the music-room—a hundred years ago, it seemed. When on the fifth day the postman left nothing but a bill for little Gyp's shoes, and a note from aunt Rosamund at Harrogate, where she had gone with Winton for the annual cure, Gyp's heart sank to the depths. Was this the end? And, with a blind, numb feeling, she wandered out into the wood, where the fall of the pine-needles, season after season, had made of the ground one soft, dark, dust-colored bed, on which the sunlight traced the pattern of the pine boughs, and ants rummaged about their great heaped dwellings.

Gyp went along till she could see no outer world for the gray-brown tree-stems streaked with gum-resin, and, throwing herself down on her face, dug her elbows deep into the pine dust. Tears, so rare with her, forced their way up, and trickled slowly to the hands whereon her chin rested. No good—crying! Crying only made her ill; crying was no relief. She turned over on her back and lay motionless, the sunbeams warm on her cheeks. Silent here, even at noon! The sough of the calm sea could not reach so far; the flies were few; no bird sang. Cloud-fleeces drifted slowly over the blue. There should be peace—but in her there was none!

A dusky shape came padding through the trees a little way off, another—two donkeys loose from somewhere, who stood licking each other's necks and noses. Those two humble beasts, so friendly, made her feel ashamed. Why should she be sorry for herself, she who had everything in life she wanted—except love—the love she had thought she would never want? Ah, but she wanted it now, wanted it at last with all her being!

With a shudder, she sprang up; the ants had got to her, and she had to pick them off her neck and dress. She wandered back toward the beach. If he had truly found some one to fill his thoughts and drive her out, all the better for him; she would never, by word or sign, show him that she missed and wanted him—never! She would sooner die!

She came out into the sunshine. The tide was low, and the wet foreshore gleamed with opal tints; there were wandering tracks on the sea, as of great serpents winding their ways beneath the surface; and away to the west the archwayed, tawny rock that



He came up to the veranda and stood looking up at her

cut off the line of coast was like a dream-shape. All was dreamy. And, suddenly, her heart began beating to suffocation, and the color flooded up in her cheeks. On the edge of the low cliff bank, by the side of the path, Summerhay was sitting!

He got up and came toward her. Putting her hands up to her glowing face, she said:

"Yes; it's me. Did you ever see such a gipsified object? I thought you were still in Scotland. How's dear Ossy?" Then her self-possession failed, and she looked down.

"It's no good, Gyp. I must know."

It seemed to Gyp that her heart had given up beating. She said quietly, "Let's sit down a minute," and moved under the cliff bank where they could not be seen from the house. There, drawing the coarse grass blades through her fingers, she said, with a shiver:

"I didn't try to make you, did I? I never tried."

"No; never."

"It's wrong."

"Who cares? No one could care who loves as I do. Oh, Gyp, can't you love me? I know I'm nothing much." How quaint and boyish! "But it's eleven weeks to-day since we met in the train. I don't think I've had one minute's let-up since."

"Have you tried?"

"Why should I, when I love you?"

Gyp sighed—relief, delight, pain? She did not know.

"Then what is to be done? Look over there—that bit of blue in the grass is my baby daughter. There's her—and my father—and—"

"And what?"

"I'm afraid—afraid of love, Bryan."

At that first use of his name, Summerhay turned pale and seized her hand.

"Afraid—how—afraid?"

Gyp said, very low:

"I might love too much. Don't say any more now. No; don't! Let's go in and have lunch." And she got up.

He stayed till tea-time, and not a word more of love did he speak. But when he was gone, she sat under the pine tree with little Gyp on her lap. Love! If her mother had checked love, she herself would never have been born. The midges were biting before she went in. After watching Betty give little Gyp her bath, she crossed the passage to her bedroom and leaned out of the window. Could it have been to-day she had lain on the ground with tears of despair running down onto her hands? Away to the left of the pine tree, the moon had floated up, soft, barely visible in the paling sky. A new world, an enchanted garden! And between her and it—what was there?

That evening, she sat with a book on her lap, not reading; and in her went on the strange revolution which comes in the souls of all women who are not half-men when first they love—the sinking of "I" into "Thou," the passionate, spiritual subjection, the intense, unconscious giving-up of will in preparation for completer union.

She slept without dreaming, awoke heavy and oppressed. Too languid to bathe, she sat listless on the beach with little Gyp all the morning. Had she energy or spirit to meet him in the afternoon by the rock archway, as she had promised? For the first time since she was a small and naughty child, she avoided the eyes of Betty. One could not be afraid of that stout, devoted soul, but one could feel that she knew too much. When the time came, after early tea, she started out; for if she did not go, he would come, and she did not want the servants to see him two days running.

This last day of August was warm and still, and had a kind of beneficence—the corn all gathered in, the apples mellowing, robins singing already, a few slumberous, soft clouds, a pale-blue sky, a smiling sea. She went inland across the stream, and took a footpath back to the shore. No pines grew on that side, where the soil was richer—of a ruddy brown. The second crops of clover were already



She could see all the workings of his face—passion, reverence, above all, amazement

high; in them humblebees were hard at work; and, above, the white-throated swallows dipped and soared. Gyp gathered a bunch of chicory flowers. She was close above the shore before she saw him standing in the rock archway, looking for her across the beach. After the hum of the bees and flies, it was very quiet here—only the faintest hiss of tiny waves. He had not yet heard her coming, and the thought flashed through her, "If I take another step, it is forever!" She stood there scarcely breathing, the chicory flowers held before her lips. Then she heard him sigh, and, moving quickly forward, said,

"Here I am!"

He turned round, seized her hand, and, without a word, they passed through the archway. They walked on the hard sand, side by side, till he said,

"Let's go up into the fields."

They scrambled up the low cliff and went along the grassy top to a gate into a stubble field. He held it open for her, but, as she passed, caught her in his arms and kissed her lips as if he would never stop. To her, who had been kissed a thousand times, it was the first kiss. Deadly pale, she fell back from him against the gate; then, her lips still quivering, her eyes very dark, she looked at him distraught, drunk on that kiss. And, suddenly turning round to the gate, she laid her arms on the top bar and buried her face on them. A sob came up in her throat that seemed to tear her to bits, and she cried as if her heart would break. His timid, despairing touches, his voice close to her ear: "Gyp, Gyp! My darling! My love! Oh, don't, Gyp!" were not of the least avail; she could not stop. That kiss had broken down something in her soul, swept away her life up to that moment, done something terrible and wonderful. At last, she struggled out:

"I'm sorry—so sorry! Don't—don't look at me! Go away a little, and I'll—I'll be all right."

He obeyed without a word, and, passing through the gate, sat down on the edge of the cliff with his back to her.

Gripping the wood of the old gray gate till it hurt her hands, Gyp gazed at the chicory flowers and poppies that had grown up again in the stubble field, at the butterflies chasing in the sunlight over the hedge toward the crinkly foam edging the quiet sea till they were but fluttering white specks in the blue.

But when she had rubbed her cheeks and smoothed her face, she was no nearer to feeling that she could trust herself. What had happened in her was too violent, too sweet, too terrifying. And going up to him, she said:

"Let me go home now by myself. Please let me go, dear! To-morrow!" Summerhay looked up.

"Whatever you wish, Gyp—always!"

He pressed her hand against his cheek, then let it go, and, folding his arms tight, resumed his meaningless stare at the sea. Gyp turned away. She crossed back to the other side of the stream, but did not go in for a long time, sitting in the pine wood till the evening gathered and the stars crept out in a sky of that mauve-blue which the psychic say is the soul-garment color of the good.

Late that night, when she had finished brushing her hair, she opened her window and stepped out onto the veranda. How warm! How still! Not a sound from the sleeping house—not a breath of wind! Her face framed in her hair, her hands, and all her body felt as if on fire. The moon behind the pine-tree branches was filling every cranny of her brain with wakefulness. The soft shiver of the well-nigh surflless sea on a rising tide, rose, fell, rose, fell. The sand cliff shone like a bank of snow. And all was inhabited, as a moonlit night is wont to be, by a magical Presence. A big moth went past her face, so close that she felt the flutter of its wings. A little night beast somewhere was scruttling in bushes or the sand. Suddenly, across the wan grass, the shadow of the pine-trunk moved. It moved—ever so little—moved! And, petrified, Gyp stared. There, joined to the trunk, Summerhay was standing, his face just visible against the stem, the moonlight on one cheek, a hand shading his eyes. He moved that hand, held it out in supplication. For long—how long!—Gyp did not stir, looking straight at that beseeching figure. Then, with a feeling she had never known, she saw him coming. He came up to the veranda and stood looking up at her. She could see all the workings of his face—passion, reverence, above all, amazement; and she heard his awed whisper:

"Is it you, Gyp? Really you? You look so young—so young!"

VII

If the giving of herself was wrong, as she had said, Gyp was not conscious of it now that the river was crossed and her boats burned. Her struggle with the fear of love had been too long and fierce. From the moment of surrender,

she passed straight into a state the more enchanted because she had never believed in it, had never thought that she could love as she now loved. Days and nights went by in a sort of dream, and when Summerhay was not with her, she was simply waiting with a smile on her lips for the next hour of meeting. Just as she had never felt it possible to admit the world into the secrets of her married life, so now she did not consider the world at all. Only the thought of her father weighed on her conscience. He was back in town. And she felt that she must tell him. When Summerhay heard this he only said, "All right, Gyp; whatever you think best."

And two days before her month at the bungalow was up, she went, leaving Betty and little Gyp to follow on the last day. Winton, pale and somewhat languid, as men are when they have been cured, found her when he came in from the club. She had put on evening dress, and above the pallor of her shoulders, her sun-warmed face and throat had almost the color of a nectarine. He had never seen her look like that, never seen her eyes so full of light. And he uttered a quiet grunt of satisfaction. It was as if a flower which he had last seen in close and elegant shape had bloomed in full perfection. She did not meet his gaze quite steadily, and all that evening kept putting her confession off and off. It was not easy—far from easy. At last, when he was smoking his "go-to-bed" cigarette, she took a cushion and sank down on it beside his chair, leaning against his knee, where her face was hidden from him, as on that day, after her first ball, when she had listened to his confession. And she began,

"Dad, do you remember my saying once that I didn't understand what you and my mother felt for each other?" Winton did not speak; misgiving had taken possession of him. Gyp went on, "I know now how one would rather die than give some one up."

Winton drew his breath in sharply.

"Who? Summerhay?"

"Yes; I used to think I should never be in love; but you knew better."

Better! In disconsolate silence, he thought rapidly: "What's to be done? What can I do? Get her a divorce?"

Perhaps because of the ring in her voice or the sheer seriousness of the position, he did not feel resentment as when he lost her to Fjorsen. Love such as had overtaken her mother and himself! And this young man? A decent fellow, a good rider, comprehensible! Ah, if the course had only been clear! He put his hand on her shoulder and said,

"Well, Gyp, we must go for the divorce, then, after all."

She shook her head.

"It's too late. Let him divorce me, if he only will!"

Winton needed all his self-control at that moment. Too late? Already! Sudden recollection that he had not the right to say a word alone kept him silent. Gyp went on: "I love him with every bit of me. I don't care what comes—whether it's open or secret. I don't care what anybody thinks."

She had turned round now, and if Winton had doubt of her feeling, he lost it. This was a Gyp he had never seen. A glowing, soft, quick-breathing creature, with just that lithe, watchful look of the mother cat or lioness whose whelps are threatened. At last, he said,

"I'm sorry you didn't tell me sooner."

"I couldn't. I didn't know. Oh, dad, I'm always hurting you! Forgive me!"

She was pressing his hand to her cheek that felt burning hot. And he thought: "Forgive! Of course I forgive. That's not the point; the point is—"

And a vision of his loved one talked about, besmirched, bandied from mouth to mouth, or else—for her what there had been for him, a hole-and-corner life, an underground existence of stealthy meetings kept dark, above all from her own little daughter. Ah, not that! And yet—was not even that better than the other, which revolted to the soul his fastidious pride in her, roused in advance his fury

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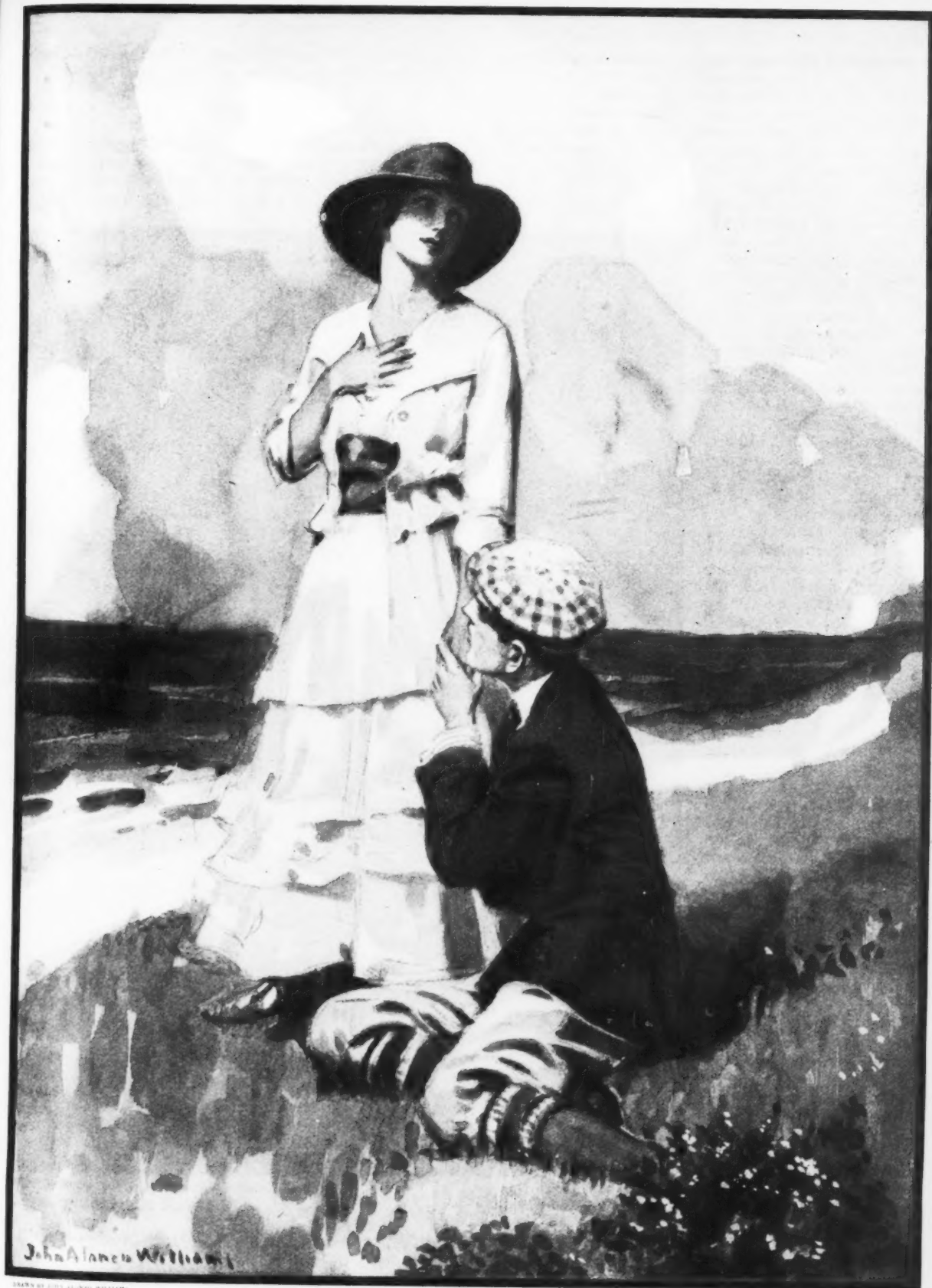
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What had happened in her was too violent, too sweet, too terrifying. And going up to him, she said: "Let me go home now by myself. Please let me go, dear! To-morrow!"

against tongues that would wag, and eyes that would wink or be uplifted in righteousness? Summerhay's world was more or less his world; scandal, which—like all parasitic growths—flourishes in enclosed spaces, would have every chance. And, at once, his brain began to search, steely and quick, for some way out; and the expression as when a fox breaks covert came on his face.

"Nobody knows, Gyp?"

"No; nobody."

That was something! With an irritation that rose from his very soul, he muttered:

"I can't stand it that you should suffer, and that fellow Fiorsen go scot-free. Can you give up seeing Summerhay while we get you a divorce? We might do it, if no one knows. I think you owe it to me, Gyp."

Gyp got up and stood by the window a long time without answering. Winton watched her face. At last, she said:

"I couldn't. We might stop seeing each other; it isn't that. It's what I should feel. I shouldn't respect myself after; I should feel so mean. Oh, dad, don't you see? He really loved me in his way. And to pretend! To make out a case for myself, tell about Daphne Wing, about his drinking, and baby; pretend that I wanted him to love me, when I got to hate it and didn't care really whether he was faithful or not—and knowing all the while that I've been everything to some one else! I couldn't. I'd much rather let him know, and ask him to divorce me."

Winton replied,

"And suppose he won't?"

"Then my mind would be clear, anyway; and we would take what we could."

"And little Gyp?"

Staring before her as if trying to see into the future, she said slowly:

"Some day, she'll understand—as I do. Or perhaps it will be all over before she knows. Does happiness ever last?"

And, going up to him, she bent over, kissed his forehead, and went out. The warmth from her lips and the scent of her remained with Winton like a sensation wafted from the past. Was there, then, nothing to be done—nothing? Men of his stamp do not, as a general thing, see very deep, even into those who are nearest to them; but to-night he saw his daughter's nature more fully perhaps than ever before. No use to importune her to act against her instincts—not a bit of use! And yet—how to sit and watch it all—perhaps for many years? And the old vulgar saying passed through his mind: "What's bred in the bone will come out in the meat." Now she had given, she would give with both hands—beyond measure—beyond!—as he himself, as her mother had given! Ah, well, she was

better off than his own loved one had been. One must not go ahead of trouble or cry over spilled milk.

VIII

Gyp had a wakeful night. The question she herself had raised—of telling Fiorsen—kept her thoughts in turmoil. Was he likely to divorce her if she did? His contempt for what he called 'these bourgeois morals,' his instability, the



When the door was shut, she retreated against
while her heart throbbed as if it

very unpleasantness, and offense to his vanity—all this would prevent him. No; he would not divorce her, she was sure, unless, by any chance, he wanted legal freedom, and that was quite unlikely. What, then, would be gained? Ease for her conscience? But had she any right to ease her conscience if it brought harm to her lover? And was it not ridiculous to think of conscience in regard to one who, within a year of marriage, had taken to himself a mistress, and not even spared the home paid for and supported by

his wife? No; if she told Fiorsen, it would only be to save her pride, wounded by doing what she did not avow. Besides, where was he? At the other end of the world, for all she knew.

She came down to breakfast, dark under the eyes and no whit advanced toward decision. Neither of them mentioned their last night's talk, and Gyp went back to her room to busy herself with dress after those weeks away. It was past noon when, at a muffled knock, she found Markey outside her door.

"Yes."

"Shall I have a try to shift him, m'm?"

With a faint smile, Gyp shook her head.

"Say no one can see him."

Markey's woodcock eyes, under their thin, dark, twisting brows, fastened on her dolefully; he opened the door to go. Fiorsen was standing there, and, with a quick movement, came in. She saw Markey raise his arms as if to catch him round the waist, and said quietly,

"Markey—if you'd wait outside, please."

When the door was shut, she retreated against her dressing-table and stood gazing at her husband, while her heart throbbed as if it would leap through its coverings.

He had grown a short beard, his cheeks seemed a little fatter, and his eyes surely more green; otherwise, he looked much as she remembered him. And the first thought that passed through her was: "Why did I ever pity him? He'll never fret or drink himself to death—he's got enough vitality for twenty men."

His face, which had worn a fixed, nervous smile, grew suddenly grave as her own, and his eyes roved round the room in the old half-fierce, half-furtive way.

"Well, Gyp," he said, and his voice shook a little; "at last! May I kiss you?"

The question seemed to Gyp idiotic, and suddenly she felt quite cool.

"If you want to speak to my father, you must come later; he's out."

Fiorsen gave one of his fierce shrugs.

"Is it likely? Look, Gyp! I returned from Russia yesterday. I was a great success, made a lot of money out there. Come back to me! I will be good—I swear it! Now I have seen you again, I can't be without you. Ah, Gyp, come back to me! And see how good I will be. I will take you abroad, you and the *bambina*. We will go to Rome—anywhere you like—live how you like. Only come back to me!"

Gyp answered stonily,

"You are talking nonsense."

"Gyp, I swear to you I have not seen a woman—not one

fit to put beside you. Oh, Gyp, be good to me once more! This time I will not fail. Try me! Try me, my Gyp!"

Only at this moment of his pleading, whose tragic tones seemed to her both false and childish, did Gyp realize the strength of the new feeling in her heart. And the more that feeling throbbed within her, the harder her face and her voice grew. She said:

"If that is all you came to say—please go. I will never come back to you. Once for all, understand—*please!*"

The silence in which he received her words, and his expression, impressed her far more than his appeal; with



her dressing-table and stood gazing at her husband, would leap through its coverings

"Mr. Fiorsen, m'm." Gyp beckoned him in and closed the door. "In the hall m'm—slipped in when I answered the bell—short of shoving, I couldn't keep him out."

Gyp stood full half a minute before she said,

"Is my father in?"

"No, m'm; the major's gone to the fencin' club."

"What did you say?"

"Said I would see. So far as I was aware, nobody was in."

one of his stealthy movements, he came quite close and, putting his face forward till it almost touched her, said:

"You are my wife. I want you back. I must have you back. If you do not come, I will kill either you or myself."

And suddenly she felt his arms knotted behind her back, crushing her to him. She stifled a scream, then, very swiftly, took a resolve and, rigid in his arms, said:

"Let go; you hurt me. Sit down quietly. I will tell you something."

The tone of her voice made him loosen his grasp and crane back to see her face. Gyp detached his arms from her completely, sat down on an old oak chest, and motioned him to the window-seat. Her heart thumped pitifully; cold waves of almost physical sickness passed through and through her. She had smelled brandy in his breath when he was close to her. It was like being in the cage of a wild beast; it was like being with a madman. The remembrance of him with his fingers stretched out like claws above her baby was so vivid at that moment that she could scarcely see him as he was, sitting there quietly, waiting for what she was going to say. And, fixing her eyes on him, she said softly:

"You say you love me, Gustav. I tried to love you, too, but I never could—never from the first. I tried very hard. Surely you care what a woman feels, even if she happens to be your wife." She could see his face quiver, and she went on: "When I found I couldn't love you, I felt I had no right over you. I didn't stand on my rights—did I?" Again his face quivered, and again she hurried on: "But you wouldn't expect me to go all through my life without

ever feeling love—you who've felt it so many times?" Then, clasping her hands tight, with a sort of wonder at herself, she murmured: "I *am* in love. I've given myself."

He made a queer, whining sound, covering his face. And the beggar's tag: "'Ave a feelin' 'eart, gentleman—'ave a feelin' 'eart!'" passed idiotically through Gyp's mind. Would he get up and strangle her? Should she dash to the door, escape? For a long, miserable moment, she watched him swaying on the window-seat, with his face covered. Then, without looking at her, he crammed a clenched hand up against his mouth and rushed out.

Through the open door, Gyp had a glimpse of Markey's motionless figure, coming to life as Fioren passed. She drew a long breath, locked the door, and lay down on her bed. Her heart beat dreadfully. For a moment, something had checked his jealous rage. But if, on this shock, he began to drink, what might not happen? He had said something wild. And she shuddered. But what right had he to feel jealousy and rage against her? What right? She got up and went to the glass, trembling, mechanically tidying her hair. Miraculous that she had come through unscathed!

Her thoughts flew to Summerhay. They were to meet at three o'clock by the seat in St. James's Park. But all was different now—difficult and dangerous! She must wait, take counsel with her father. And yet if she did not keep that tryst, how anxious he would be—thinking that all sorts of things had happened to her; thinking perhaps—oh, foolish!—that she had forgotten, or even repented of her love. What would she herself think, if he were to fail her at their first tryst after those days of bliss? Certainly that he had changed his mind, seen she was not worth it, seen that a woman who could give herself so soon, so easily, was one to whom he could not sacrifice his life.

In this cruel uncertainty, she spent the next two hours till it was nearly three. If she did not go, he would come on to Bury Street, and that would be still more dangerous. She put on her hat and walked swiftly toward St. James's Palace. Once sure that she was not being followed, her

courage rose, and she passed rapidly down toward the water. She was ten minutes late, and seeing him

there, walking up and down, turning his head every few seconds so as not to lose sight

of the bench, she felt almost light-headed from joy. When they had greeted with that pathetic casualness of lovers which deceives so few, they walked on together

past Buckingham Palace, up into the Green Park beneath the trees. During this progress, she told him about

her father; but only when they were seated in that comparative refuge, and his hand was holding hers under cover of the sunshade that lay across her knee, did she speak of Fioren.

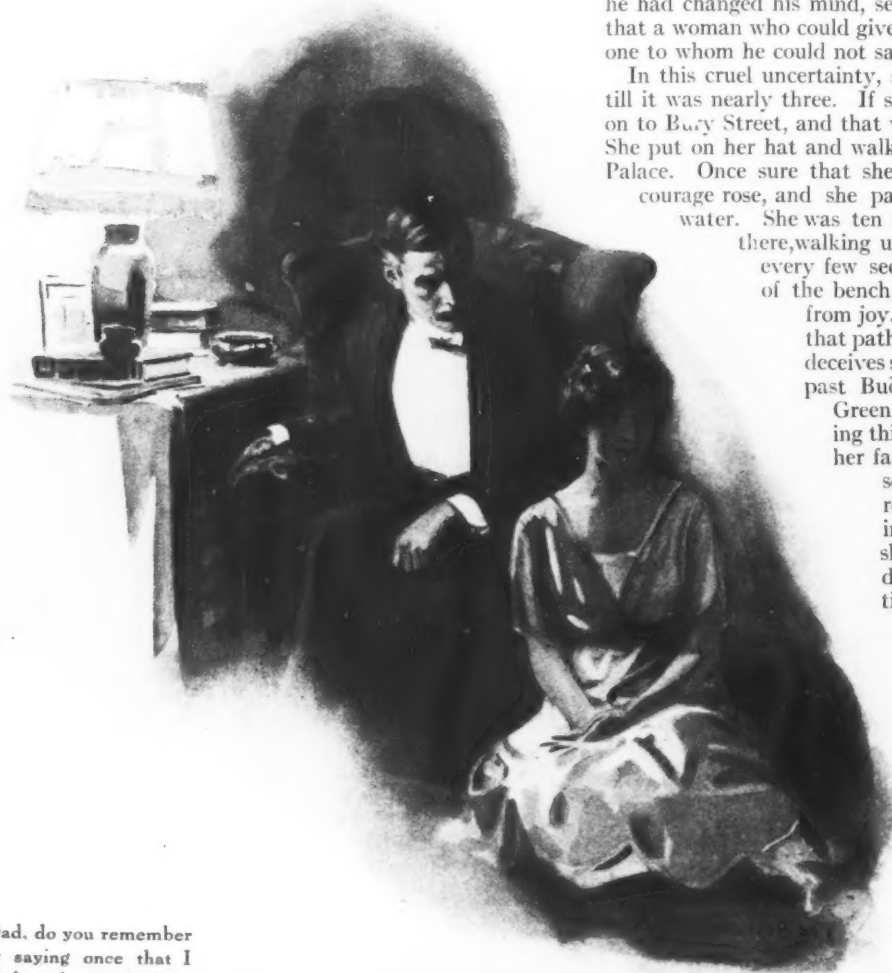
He tightened his grasp of her hand, then, suddenly dropping

it, said, "Did he touch you, Gyp?"

Gyp heard that question with a shock. Touch her? Yes! But what did it matter?

He made a little shuddering sound, and, wondering, mournful, she looked at him. His hands and teeth were clenched. She said softly:

"Bryan—don't! I wouldn't let him kiss me."



"Dad, do you remember my saying once that I didn't understand what you and my mother felt for each other?"

He seemed to have to force his eyes to look at her.

"It's all right," he said, and, staring before him, bit his nails.

Gyp sat motionless, cut to the heart. She was soiled, and spoiled for him! Of course! And yet a sense of injustice burned in her. Her heart had never been touched; it was his utterly. But that was not enough for a man—he wanted an untouched body, too! That she could not give; he should have thought of that sooner, instead of only now. And, miserably, she, too, stared before her, and her face hardened.

A little boy came and stood still in front of them, regarding her with round, unmoving eyes. She was conscious of a slice of bread and jam in his hand, and that his mouth and cheeks were smeared with red. A woman called out: "Jacky! Come on, now!" and he was hauled away, still looking back, and holding out his bread and jam as though offering her a bite. She felt Summerhay's arm slipping round her.

"It's over, darling. Never again—I promise you!"

Ah, he might promise—might even keep that promise. But he would suffer, always suffer, thinking of that other. And she said:

"You can only have me as I am, Bryan. I can't make myself new for you. I wish I could—oh, I wish I could!"

"I ought to have cut my tongue out first! Don't think of it! Come home to me and have tea—there's no one there. Ah, do, Gyp—come!"

He took her hands and pulled her up. And all else left Gyp but the joy of being close to him, going to happiness.

IX

FIORSEN, passing Markey like a blind man, made his way out into the street, but had not gone a hundred yards before he was hurrying back. He had left his hat. The servant, still standing there, handed him that wide-brimmed object and closed the door in his face. Once more he moved away, going toward Piccadilly. If it had not been for the expression on Gyp's face, what might he not have done? And, mixed with sickening jealousy, he felt a sort of relief, as if he had been saved from something horrible. So she had never loved him! Never at all? Impossible! Innumerable images of her passed before him—surrendering, always surrendering. It could not all have been pretense! He was not a common man—she herself had said so; he had charm—or, other women thought so! She had lied; she must have lied to excuse herself!

He went into a café and asked for a *fine champagne*. They brought him a carafe, with the measures marked. He sat there a long time. When he rose, he had drunk nine, and he felt better, with a kind of ferocity that was pleasant in his veins and a kind of nobility that was pleasant in his soul. Let her love, and be happy with her lover! But let him get his fingers on that fellow's throat! Let her be happy, if she could keep her lover from him! And suddenly he stopped in his tracks, for there on a sandwich-board just in front of him were the words: "Daphne Wing. Pantheon. Daphne Wing. Plastic Danseuse. Poetry of Motion. To-day at three o'clock. Pantheon. Daphne Wing."

Ah, she had loved him—little Daphne! It was past three. Going in, he took his place in the stalls, close to the stage, and stared before him, with a sort of bitter amusement. This was irony indeed! Ah—and here



There followed a long moment

she came! A Pierrette—in short, diaphanous muslin, her face whitened to match it—a Pierrette who stood slowly spinning on her toes, with arms raised and hands joined in an arch above her glistening hair.

Idiotic pose! Idiotic! But there was the old expression on her face, limpid, dovelike. And that something of the divine about her dancing smote Fiorsen through all the sheer imbecility of her posturings. Across and across she flitted, pirouetting, caught up at intervals by a Pierrot in black tights with a face as whitened as her own, held upside down, or right end up with one knee bent sideways, and the toe of a foot pressed against the ankle of the other, and arms arched above her. Then, with Pierrot's hands grasping her waist, she would stand upon one toe and slowly twiddle, lifting her other leg toward the roof, while the trembling of her form manifested cunningly to all how hard it was; then, off the toe, she capered out to the wings, and capered back, wearing on her face that divine, lost, dovelike look, while her perfect legs gleamed white up to the very thigh-joint. Yes; on the stage she was adorable! And raising his hands high, Fiorsen clapped and called out, "Brava!" He marked the sudden roundness of her eyes; a tiny start—no more. She had seen him. "Ah! Some don't forget me!" he thought.

And now she came on for her second dance, assisted, this time, only by her own image reflected in a little weedy pool about the middle of the stage. From the program, Fiorsen read, "Ophelia's Last Dance," and again he grinned. In a clinging sea-green gown, cut here and there to show her inevitable legs, with marguerites and corn-flowers in her unbound hair, she circled her own reflection, languid, pale, desolate; then, slowly gaining the abandon needful to a full display, danced with frenzy till, in a gleam of limelight, she sank into the apparent water and floated among paper water-lilies on her back. Lovely she looked there, with her eyes still open, her lips parted, her hair trailing behind. And again Fiorsen raised his hands high (Continued on page 110)



She was a little out of the group, in the shadow

The Counter-irritant

An Episode of

The Loves of Henry the Ninth

By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

the opera committee and the hospital board, whatever his motives, was far from unsound in trying, as he insistently did, to impress on the committee, and particularly on the chairman, William B. Snow, that Henry was far too inexperienced for the burden he was carrying. "There's sure to be things happen at the last minute," that canny insurance man would say. "'Tis a shrewd man that can handle a flock of amateurs. And what shall we do with that kid in command? Why, he may wreck everything! He may easily work harm to the hospital that years won't patch up."

NOT for years and years had there been so mad a bustling-about in the town of Sunbury as during the days that led up to the performances of "Iolanthe" for the benefit of the local hospital—perhaps not since the Lady Lansdowne went to the bottom of the lake in a November gale off Pennyweather Point and the entire community was impressed in the work of rescue and resuscitation.

There was a wide-spread, frantic sewing on costumes. The committee on decoration was at it night and day, beautifying the canvas walls and the entrance of the enclosure in Thompson's Grove. The stage committee suffered endless hours of despair supervising the work on the outdoor scenery and the constructing and assembling of innumerable small and large stage-properties. The committee on printing was struggling miserably with the page of sample proof-corrections in the back of Webster's Dictionary. There was continuous hammering, painting, darting-about on bicycles, talking in a high key, selling and buying of tickets. To the rehearsing there was no limit—full chorus and cast in the evenings; special numbers, mornings and afternoons.

And not a day or evening passed that various groups of flustered adults failed to ask the director of rehearsals, Henry Calverly, 3d, his precise attitude regarding this or that. They stopped him in the streets. They ambushed him at the country club before and after rehearsals. They hunted him out late and early at Mrs. Wilcox's boarding-house in Douglass Street, where he lived with his mother. They were all perceptibly worn as to nerves—these honest folk struggling with unaccustomed tasks against the inexorable rush of time. They presented a moving picture of swiftly forming and dissolving cliques. They bore tales recklessly. Certain ladies wept. And all this confusion, since the eighteen-year-old Henry knew nothing of delegating work and had no tact whatever, settled down upon his none-too-broad shoulders and wore his own nerves to the breaking-point.

Everything considered, I think John W. MacLouden, of

I think myself that if Henry had once stopped, during these last days, to look at himself—and, normally, he would have been looking at himself much of the time—and to consider all those committees, that big chorus, the cast made up of great singers from Chicago, self-important local favorites, and frightened amateurs, he would have turned white, refused food, and locked himself in his attic room with alternating nervous chills and nausea. In which event, harm would certainly have resulted; for they were, as Henry Harper Hispeth, the famous tenor and our Lord Tololler, had said on an occasion, doing the thing Henry's way.

If, that is, he had stopped to think. As the luck ran, however, he didn't stop. And he couldn't think, in the circumstances. So it fell out that the great moment, the one big success in Henry's early life, went through with every rag flying. The details, as quite unknown to old MacLouden or Mr. Snow or Mrs. Arthur V. Henderson or any of them, follow.

Take him on the Sunday evening, August 20th. It was the very threshold of the perhaps fatal week. The performances were to begin on the Wednesday evening and continue through the Saturday. Distracted committee-ladies were at the moment scouring the town for Henry. But that very young man was seated quietly enough in a shadowy corner of Mary Ames' front porch. Quietly enough to the casual eye; but his fingers were tapping against the sides of the willow chair, and at intervals he bit his lip. Before him, in the hammock, in chairs, on the railing, were other boys and girls—Mary Ames herself; one Fanny Wilson, from across the tracks (a soprano in the chorus); Bancroft Widdicombe, business-manager of the opera; Art Clifton, and the tall, complacent Elberforce Jenkins. All these were in bright, bantering good humor, talking the jargon of their crowd and their moment. But Henry's eyes, anything but merry, were fixed on the slim little person of Ernestine Lambert, curled up in the big chair on the farther side of Elberforce Jenkins' comfortably relaxed figure. She, like himself, was a little out of the group, in the shadow. She, like himself, was silent.

He couldn't see her distinctly—just the fluffy outline of her light hair, shining like spun gold against the light of the front doorway, and the shadowy, delicately oval face beneath it, and one little hand resting on the arm of the chair. He was wondering tempestuously if her thoughts were of himself. He strained his eyes in the effort to make out whether she was looking at him. He couldn't be certain. More likely, when her head turned that way, she was looking at the complacent youth in the chair next to hers. She never seemed to find difficulty in looking at him. Henry knew definitely, positively, that he hated Elbow Jenkins—just the way he stretched his long legs out and lolled back and laughed lazily. Once he thought Mary Ames glanced rather soberly from the silent, shadowy Ernestine to his equally silent, shadowy self; which suggestive action might be interpreted as a point in his favor.

The bantering ran on:

"Let's have some opera!" cried Art Clifton. "Ernestine and Henry can sing, and Mary and Ban and Fanny'll be the chorus."

"Me? Nothing doing! Got a cat in my *gorge*!" said Ban, who had taken French in high school.

"Ernie," observed Mary, again thoughtfully eying her sometimes baffling if nearly always charming little house-guest, "you and Henry could do the 'Iolanthe' duet."

"Shucks!" said Elbow Jenkins. "Start something we can all sing."

Henry thought Ernestine stirred in her chair. He slid forward in his. His hungry eyes tried to catch hers—the large, heavily fringed brown eyes that, from the day Ernestine came to Sunbury, nearly a month ago now, had stirred in him, whenever they met his, so extraordinarily vital a sense of contact. One of her tiny feet (she was sitting on the other) projected a little way into the light. Henry wondered if there could be, anywhere in the world, another pair of feet as daintily beautiful as hers. He thought of Cinderella and of far-off Arabian princesses. Then he thought of the fairy Iolanthe who was to find herself, beginning on Wednesday evening, appearing before all Sunbury in the very person of this same small Ernestine.

Henry, in fact, was in a rather serious condition. Reason, never strongly represented among his psychological processes, had lately fled him in despair. The little person yonder in the willow chair was to him no longer just a girl, with possible parents and teachers and boy friends, with human virtues and faults; she had unwittingly become the queerly unreal embodiment of his own dream-nature. She was the answer to something painfully like the prayer of his being. Just to think of her, of the way she walked or spoke, just to be here on Mary Ames' porch and see her sitting in a willow chair actually like the one he was sitting in, yet not a mixed-up, difficult human creature like himself but a fairy princess hovering

in his perilously bubblelike little paradise, stirred within him a thrill that bordered on the unbearable. He tried to tell himself that he must be careful, that the others must not know how he felt, what he was going through. *Did* they know? He couldn't help it; but *did* they? They knew, of course, that he and Elbow were fighting over her.

And that sober glance of Mary's provoked contradictory thoughts. Mary was hostile. Her folks, he had thought lately, were hostile, too.

All this in a mad moment of whirling thoughts.

Still that empty banter, mocking the great poetry, the hero-stuff, in his soul.

"Guess I'll sing myself." This from Art Clifton. It was accepted as humor.

"You and I might do that duet, Art"—from the rather harsh-voiced Ban Widdicombe.

"And everything *was* so pleasant!" murmured Fanny Wilson; at which even the thoughtful Mary smiled.

Ernestine, slowly, as if she had heard none of this, got out of her chair.

"What is it, child?" asked Mary rather quickly.

"My bracelet—I just noticed—it's gone!"

"Oh, no, Ernie; not that lovely gold chain! Where do you suppose—"

"I thought of the tree—perhaps when we were all out there—"

"Oh let *me* look!" cried Ban. Which was wit.

Henry, the last shreds of any sense of contact with reality that may, at moments, have been his now hopelessly gone, sprang up to his feet and walked through the group, past Ernestine, to the steps.

"You'll need matches," remarked Fanny Wilson dryly.

"Not they!" put in Ban. "Not they!"

This bit of infelicity brought about a rather awkward silence. But Henry appeared unaware. And Ernestine, as if in a dream, moved toward the steps.

Henry's mind had seized on the idea of matches. Without a by-your-leave to Mary, he rushed into the house. He could be seen rummaging about the mantel in the parlor. He came out with a box in his hand. And then he and Ernestine, without a word, for all the world as if they had planned it, went down the steps, wandered off under the oaks and maples, and disappeared from view.

Ban Widdicombe broke the hush with a soft whistle.

"Well," he remarked, apparently addressing Elberforce Jenkins, "it looks as if you'd *have* to sing."

At the edge of the Ames property, half a hundred yards from the house, stood an immense, low-spreading oak, in the gnarled branches of which had been built, when Mary was a child, a platform with seats and a railing around



He sat on a rail fence, and stared out over the prairie.

it. Henry, curiously out of breath, his hand none too steady, lighted a match for Ernestine, then followed her up the ladder. He blew out the match. Then he heard her say, "Light another one."

He obeyed. The bit of gold chain lay on the boards at their feet.

"Better put it on," he said huskily; "so you won't drop it again."

"I—I think the catch is broken."

"Oh, that's too bad! I'm awfully sorry."

"It can be fixed. But I'm glad we found it."

"I didn't know—I sorta thought——"

"What? Tell me."

"Well—that maybe you hadn't really lost it. You know, just——"

"Henry, you didn't think I'd fib like that!"

"Oh, no, of course; but——"

"We must go back."

Henry dropped on a seat.

"Oh, Ernie—" he broke out.

"Sh! Not so loud, Henry!"

"What are we going to do? You know how it's going to be this week. There won't be a minute. Most likely there won't be another chance after to-night. All the time I'll be seeing you—at the rehearsals, the performances—I'll have to carry all that burden and try to act natural and—oh, Ernie, I just can't stand it! I don't know what to do!"

There was more than the hint of a sob in his voice. His head dropped on his hands. She could see him—there was a little light from the sky. She moved impulsively toward him, hesitated, then came quite close.

"You—your mother's coming—I heard Mary say so to-day."

"Yes!" breathed Ernestine.

"And that'll make it worse. I'll never see you then. Ernie, she's going to take you back."

"Oh, Henry, I couldn't bear to tell you——"

"When?"

"Next—next Sunday."

"Has she heard about—us?"

"I don't know. I'm afraid—Mrs. Ames—I've thought once or twice——"

"But, Ernie, what'll we do?"

She leaned very lightly against his shoulder. Then, as if in a desperate effort to be matter of fact, she seated herself beside him and began speaking rapidly.

"Listen Henry: I don't know how to say it. I do get frightened. I'm not like the other girls. I don't know what it is, but——"

"Ernie dear, that's why——"

They were silent for a long moment. Never before in Henry's life had he used that word "dear" in its present meaning and emphasis. The sound, as the word passed his lips, awed him. Again he felt her shoulder lightly touching his. It seemed to him that flames were leaping up around the edges of his brain.

Then Ernestine, very resolute, went on,

"Now Mary is so steady, Henry——"

"Shucks—Mary!"

"But she's an awfully nice girl, Henry. And she's done . . . got to!"

me good. She just never has these queer Gipsy feelings that get me all unsettled. Henry, I am a Gipsy!"

"So'm I!"

She felt him turn, and stopped. She folded her hands in her lap and looked down at them. The silence was long, this time. She could feel his eyes on her. They seemed to be drawing hers up to meet them. He whispered,

"I love you."

"O—oh!" she breathed.

It was the first time he had said those words in earnest to a girl. Always, in the cases of the other girls that had come and gone, even in previous stirring moments with Ernestine herself, he had dodged back. He had never told Martha Caldwell that he loved her, or Bessie Alston, or Janet Bulger, or Clemency Snow. But now he had said it. And, on the instant, he was turning cold. An imp popped up among his disordered thoughts and whispered that he



"It would be ——" She sighed. "What, dear?" he whispered

was caught; his foot was in the trap at last. Regrets even came, a swift little swirl of them, like dead leaves caught up by a twisting gust of wind.

Dimly, as if from a mile away, he heard the chattering of voices and a snatch of song from the porch.

"We ought to go back," she whispered.

"Do you love me?"

"Oh, I—Henry, I think so; but mother——"

"When does she get here?"

He was deliberate, solemn. She thought, "He is very strong."

"Oh, Henry—to-morrow!"

"You can't go back with her, Ernie."

"But—but——"

"We must do something. Can't you see, Ernie? We've got to!"

"I know; but——"

"I won't let you go back with her."

"O—oh, Henry!"

"Think—back there to New York state! It's a thousand miles. There'd be other people—all sorts of things. I couldn't stand it! If you go, that means that this probably is our last talk, right now."

Ernestine leaned back on the railing and studied the leaves overhead.

"But, Henry, suppose I didn't—go, what could we——" He cleared his throat. She went on, hurriedly: "Oh, no; it's impossible! You don't know how it is with a girl. They take care of me so hard that they drive me crazy. Why, think, Henry—I've never been left to run around the way I've done with you! It's been wonderful, but—oh, no! They'll just pack me up and bundle me off. You don't know. Mrs. Ames'll be in it—and Mr. Ames. They'll have me all talked over—even Mary. I'll be alone."

"You'll have me."

"I know; but——" she pressed her lips together and slowly shook her head—"I'll have to do just what they tell me. That's the worst of it."

"Ernestine——" His voice failed him. Timidly, hesitantly, he took her hand. He cleared his throat again. He felt as if a million little pointed hammers were beating at his skull. Yet he knew that he was going on with it. An unseen force was dragging him on. "Ernestine——"

Her lips moved. Faintly she whispered,

"Yes?"

"Dear, we—we've got to—to elope."

"O—oh!"

"We've got to! We can't let them take you home like this."

"I know. It's dreadful."

"They don't understand us."

"That's it—they don't! They've never understood me. Father and mother have been awfully good to me—it isn't that——"

"You can't go! I couldn't stand it! Ernie, I couldn't! I need you so!"

They were still for a time. She shivered a little.

"Are you cold, Ernie?"

He thought she shook her head.

"Comfy?"

"Yes. Are you, Henry?"

"Oh, yes!"

"I was just thinking——"

"What?"

"Do you think we could really be happy?"

"Oh, yes!"

"I'm afraid I—I'm pretty expensive, Henry."

"What do we care? I want you to be. I'm going to have you always look nice. And we'll travel—interesting places. Maybe——" there was the hush of dreamland in his voice—"maybe we'll go to Switzerland and—and Holland—and the North Cape." He filled out his chest, threw up his chin. "It's easy for me to make money, Ernie. I have that gift, I think. I didn't use to

think so, but lately everything comes to me. And other people notice it. They offer me credit everywhere—charge-accounts—more than I want. I can have everything——"

"I can be economical——"

"Of course we might have to be at first. Most young couples do; but——"

That phrase, "most young couples," thrilled them both. They were still again.

"Henry?"

"What, Ernie?"

"I'm afraid I—it—well, I get frightened."

"We'll take the boat over to St. Joe," he said boldly.

"We can get married there. You don't have to have a license in Michigan or Wisconsin."

"I'm afraid we're not very sensible."

"We might have to stay around Chicago, just at first—where I am known." He produced a little roll of newspaper clippings in a rubber band and lit a match to show it.

"These are all about me—Chicago papers, too!"

"It's perfectly remarkable, Henry! Everybody says so."

"We might have to stay around—so's we could save up for Europe, you know."

"I wouldn't mind."

"No; we'd be together. We just wouldn't care. You see, I'd get a good choir job in Chicago. It wouldn't be hard now. And I could do things like this—putting on operas and such—for a while. There's a lot of money in it."

"And I wouldn't need any clothes for a while—oh, even a year or two! I've got lots."

"We'll have to plan—about getting your trunk away, and everything. I can plan it. There'll be chances to talk—a little now and then—during the performances. It'll have to be Sunday."

Her face was resting against his shoulder. He slipped his arm behind her. His chin was still high; his eyes were on the stars.

"Henry?"

"Yes, Ernie?"

"It will hurt mother—and—father."

"I know." He thought, in some confusion, of his own mother. She had been ailing of late.

"I wonder if it doesn't always hurt people when their children get married, Henry?"

"Of course."

"It would be——" She sighed.

"What, dear?"

he whispered.

There was a sudden outburst of laughter, not two rods off, among the trees.

"Oh—Henry—what shall we do?"

"They haven't heard. Never mind." He withdrew his arm.

"I don't want you to go."

"I won't—not right away. It'll be hard—this week—so busy——"

"It'll be dreadful!" She

There was a sudden outburst of laughter, not two rods off, among the trees



pressed her hands to her face. "They mustn't see me like this. I'm all flushed."

"So'm I. Never mind. We'll walk back slowly. And I'll plan and tell you what to do."

"Oh, Henry—I'm afraid——"

There were voices now, and more laughter.

"Found the bracelet yet?"

"Have another match, Hen?"

Ernestine's hand was on his.

"Don't say anything," she whispered.

Slowly, with dignity, they descended the ladder and returned with the others to the porch.

Henry stayed until after eleven. But Elbow Jenkins and Art Clifton stayed later. Even Henry finally became aware that Mary must have asked them to sit him out. At last, beside himself, his secret burning within his breast, he said good-night.

When he drew near to the dark boarding-house on Douglass Street, his thrilling self-absorption slowly opened to the fact that some one was sitting on the top step—a forlorn figure of a boy, rather plump, with an unconvincingly assertive chin and doglike eyes. Henry needed only the dim outlines, as revealed by the corner street-light, to add these details. It was Alfred Knight.

There was hardly another boy in Sunbury who could, by merely sitting on that top step at midnight, on this particular evening, have stirred such discomfort in Henry's feelings. For Alfred had played, during the spring and summer, a rather peculiar part in Henry's life. Readers of earlier episodes in this series will perhaps recall the details. Alfred had been the devoted slave of Clemency Snow just before the succession of Henry to that far-from-inconspicuous position in the Lake Shore crowd. Shortly after this blow, Alfred had countered on Henry with a pretty relative in Borea, up the railroad, had gone to the pains to exhibit her to Henry, only to find himself the bewildered third member of a quite new triangle of youthful susceptibilities.

Henry had never known what had started him in that queer little flirtation with Janet Bulger. She had attractions, of course; she was ripely pretty, with a silent, disquieting sort of experience in such affairs, and she could sing—had, in fact, been greatly liked in the Borea performance of "Iolanthe," as Leila. Henry had sung Lord Mountarat for the first time then. It had been a flurried, half-shamefaced little attachment, over as suddenly as it had begun. He didn't like to think about it. It was a rather confusing incident in a deeply confusing year. He had managed, in a way, to forget about it, even when trying to be nice to Janet. For he felt, vaguely, a little responsibility. That she had flirted widely, in her quiet way, he knew; but that made no difference. She was to be Leila in the Sunbury performance, too.

Henry paused, a foot on the bottom step. He felt the hot color mounting his cheeks. Ever since the little difficulty over Clem Snow began, and until just lately, Alfred had hung around.

He wished he could stop flushing like this. And his hands, in his coat pockets, were clenched tight. "No sense in my minding him," he thought. "I'm not the fellow I was. Didn't know Ernie then. I'm all different. I've grown up since that nonsense. I'm a man." He said,

"Hello, Al!"

"Hello!"

Now that he had found his voice, Henry began to feel sorry for Alfred—an ineffectual youth, with no particular gift of hand or brain. The boy sat there, chin on hand, quite still. His eyes, even more evasive than usual, looked off toward the sizzling, sputtering arc-light at the corner.

"How's the show going?" Alfred asked now, in an aimless voice.

"Oh—why, fine! Awful job—thank the Lord it's most over. I'm dead."

"I s'pose so. Well, guess I'd better trot along."

Instead, after descending the steps, Alfred stood digging with his toe in the dirt at the edge of the plank walk.

"Where you been lately?" asked Henry politely. "Haven't seen you around so much."

"Oh—been over at Borea some, and going back and forth with Janet." Alfred raised his chin now with a touch of defiance, but continued to avoid Henry's eyes. There was a pause. Then: "Well, I'll trot along. Ta-ta!"

The next morning, while dressing, Henry thought of Alfred. "What was he doing here that time o' night? Why didn't I have sense enough to ask him? Funny thing!"

Before noon he learned. He whirled up to the Knight's house on Rufus Bowes' bicycle. Alfred was reported in his room. Up the stairs, hot, dripping, out of breath, pounded Henry.

Alfred was sitting before a card-table, a stamp album spread open, a cup of flour paste, and small heaps of loose stamps. He called, "Come in!" without changing his position. He was staring out the window. His color was bad. Even the preoccupied Henry could see that.

"Say," cried that young director of opera, "where's Janet?"

"S-sh!" said Alfred.

"She was to have been here at ten for a rehearsal of the 'Don't go' number. Mr. Hispeth came out from Chicago specially. And all the girls' chorus were there. It's the limit!"

"Shut the door! Don't talk so loud! Ma'll hear you."

"I don't care. Where's Janet?"

Al shut the door himself, then went over to the window, leaned limply there. He seemed to be swallowing repeatedly.

"She must 'a' forgot it," he said.

"But I need her here! She'd have to be on hand, anyway, at four."

Without looking around, Alfred said, in a breathy voice,

"I'm in an awful scrape, Hen."

"But it ain't a matter of you! Janet——"

"She's in it, too. Fact is, we—yesterday afternoon—we—we got married."

"Go on! You're fooling!"

"No, I'm not. We were out driving, and we went over the Wisconsin line and got married."

"But she's your cousin, Al!"

"She ain't a first cousin." Alfred gulped. "You don't know how I feel, Hen. Ma doesn't know about it. I can't think why we did it. It seems to me now I must have been crazy. If her father finds out, Hen, he'll kill me!"

Henry dropped into the chair by the table and studied the album. He even sorted out a little pile of British Colonial issues for closer observation. He felt that he must be sympathetic, but found difficulty in arranging a sentence that would sound right. Then, quite suddenly, Janet's small share in the opera took first place in his mind, and he remarked, with some anxiety,

"Can't you keep it secret?"

"I don't know. And I don't know if she can. Hen, it's awful! She's waiting for me over there now. I never felt so. We were both sort o' scared. We just drove back, and I caught the train." His voice broke.

"I suppose," said Henry wearily, "that there'll be somebody in the chorus that could do Leila. It ain't a big part." He sighed and rose. "I can't just sit around, Al. I'm rushed to death. You've no idea!"

Henry got as far as the door, stood there, one hand on the knob. Alfred hadn't even looked round. He was still leaning against the wall by the window.

"Say, Al," Henry heard his own voice saying, "it's fierce! I'm sure I feel almost as bad as you do yourself. Well, I guess I can make Grace Hamilton sing Leila. Well—I've got to run. So long!" He rode away on Rufus Bowes' bicycle, feeling like a murderer.

As he pedaled out Simpson Street, just beyond the tracks he was hailed by one Peony Smith, the colored hackman,



SCENE BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

He saw now that she was softly crying, and became even more excited. "Oh, Henry," she murmured, "I don't know what to say——" "Ernie! You're not giving up? You can mail me the check for the trunk. The post-office is open Sunday mornings"

from the front seat of a tattered station surrey. Peony, like the surrey, was tattered, but beamed with a wide white smile across the lower half of his glistening black face. The rear seat of the vehicle was occupied by a large, round woman, an impressive woman, and, beside her, his long legs twisted uncomfortably in the cramped quarters, John W. MacLouden, of the opera committee.

Henry leaned on his wheel beside the surrey, removed his hat, and mopped his dripping face. Mr. MacLouden, in his whispery voice, introduced Miss Handley—Miss Heliotrope Handley—of Chicago.

The name was familiar. A well-known soprano, an oratorio singer. Commanded big pay.

"I was setting out to find you, Henry." Thus Mr. MacLouden. "We were near a disaster—verra near. Anne Mayer Stelton was taken to the hospital this morning for an operation—appendiceetus. It was a stroke of luck that I found Miss Handley and fetched her right out. She will do Phyllis."

Henry looked coldly at the lady, knit his brows. Mr. MacLouden leaned out and laid a long hand on Henry's shoulder a mottled, freckled hand, bearing a growth of sandy hair.

"I took it on myself to speak for the committee. A special arrangement will be made—in the emergency."

A shiver ran through Henry's boyishly athletic frame. A flush spread over his cheeks. His usually pleasant gray eyes grew dark.

There are personal crises in which almost any passion will serve, if only it is strong enough. The passion of anger came to Henry now as a sort of perverted blessing. It surged through his overwrought nervous system with an almost soothing power. It broke the frightful strain of trying to think. It was a relief, a luxury.

"Wonder they wouldn't let me know!" he thought, glaring at the patronizingly tactful Scot in the surrey.

"Who's director of this show, anyway? What right's he got butting in—old goat? I won't have that fat grin!"

"When is the next rehearsal?" asked Mr. MacLouden.

"Four o'clock," Henry snapped.

"I'll see that Miss Handley gets there."

"Oh, you will, will you?" thought Henry. By way of reply, he inclined his head, perhaps an inch.

They drove on. Henry looked after, thinking savagely that something might be done with Peony Smith—in a minstrel show, say. He had funny legs—and that grin!

Henry's next act was unpremeditated and, in view of all that was happening about him and of the pressure of real work on him, not uninteresting. It was not, as he had planned, a brief call at Grace Hamilton's. Suddenly, he knew that all he had to say to her could be said in two minutes at the rehearsal. It was the way to handle her, too—not give her a chance to get frightened. Nor did he seek Ernestine. No; what he did was to ride out over the one small hill in Sunbury, out just beyond the fringe of houses that marked the western limit of the town. There he dismounted, sat on a rail fence, and stared out over the prairie.

He thought he was thinking about old MacLouden. He muttered boyishly unrepeatable comments on that gentleman's nature. But he was not thinking at all. He was feeling. The best of Henry came that way. It was all his life to come that way—sharp, emotional stimulus working out in what we call the mind. The result of this process was known in his secret heart of hearts as the Power. It came, really, only when he was stirred too deeply to think at all. His thoughts, of course, his ideas, were no more than the usual superficial patchwork of things he had been told and things he had read—a smattering of second-hand notions, altogether valueless. An odd fact about the other, deeper, side of him—"the Power"—was that either elation or pain could bring it on. Within the past twenty hours he had experienced both in a new intensity. He was shaken to his foundations—nearly off them. He was caught in a tidal wave of feeling on which the second-hand structure of his

conscious thoughts, torn to small pieces, was no more than the broken boards and bits of furniture that float on a river flood.

The Power was the interesting thing about Henry Calverly. It is the reason I am writing about him instead of about Alfred Knight or Elberforce Jenkins or Rufus Bowes. Not, however, that Henry was the only interesting member of that generation in Sunbury. Bancroft Widdicombe would make a fascinating study of a wholly different sort. His later financial operations had about them a rather delightful tang of buccaneering, and his early death was dramatic. And others. One in particular—Clemency Snow. I have regretted more than once, while writing these narratives, that Clemency played so fleeting and episodic a part in Henry's life. We shall hear of her again before we are through with Henry; for many of his chickens were yet



That night, later, for one the shadows, while Ernestine and her mother and the

coming home to roost. But her life lies, in the main, off our path.

Another young person who presents a case of considerable interest to the student of the small Middle-Western town as a social organism was this Janet Bulger, who had twisted her life so casually with Alfred Knight's. Janet, I think, was a true type. As I recall small-town life in the 'Nineties, there were Janets everywhere playing a large if secret part in the lives of many plastic boys. Henry's own queer, sudden little flirtation with her was a typical instance. Her unaccountable marriage with Alfred was another. She was attractive; some thought her beautiful. In her singing, she was competent to give pleasure out of all proportion to the small training her voice had received. In the little amateur affairs that now and then caught her up, she exhibited an ease and a purely physical effectiveness that were often downright captivating. I think now that, in her slow, fringed, glances, her demure silences, her occasional remarks that never had meaning or point, her good-humored evasiveness, she was keeping quiet in fear of unwitting revelations. Behind those provocative eyes, she must have

been clear as to what she wanted. Among her quietly managed passing relationships with boys and men, she must have bordered on a fairly wide variety of adult experience. Yet, whatever her literal conduct may now and then have been, Janet can't be classified as what we call "bad." She was not destined to run away with a burlesque company or with a traveling salesman. She never completely and for all broke the hearts of her invalid mother or her rather ineffectual country-editor father. She later married a hardware merchant, became a mother, and, so far as I know played, perhaps is now playing, her own small share of carrying along the burden of civilization that rests on each

mad moment he waited, skulking in nestine, her arms full of flowers, and Amess went out to their carriage

generation in its turn. And I doubt if the hardware man dreams that he is her second husband. It is possible that she hardly recalls it herself, excepting once in a long while, as you recall, in an odd little flash, some capricious, incomprehensible act of your own, years and years back, when you were quite another person.

But this, too, is off our path.

Henry could not have been on that rail fence longer than ten or fifteen minutes. The next thing he did was to spring on the bicycle and ride like mad back to Alfred Knight's house. Alfred, a strained, puzzled look about his dull eyes, was still at his table, pasting stamps into his album. However long Henry was there, I am certain that he and Alfred took the twelve-forty-eight to Borea.

They walked rather briskly up the main street of Borea, past the county court-house and the stores and the Wilson House with its wide windows and its row of lounging traveling men tipped back in the yellow armchairs, straight to the shop window just beyond that bore, on its frosted surface,



the faded legend in what had once been black-and-gold lettering—*The Borea Banner*. And all the way Henry firmly held Al's upper arm, gripped it like a sheriff with a prisoner. It was a rather painful fact that Al let him hold it. Al was all to pieces, leaning limply on Henry's guidance. Not until they paused at the door of the *Banner* office did Alfred hang back. He seemed to be shivering, and, for a moment, whimpering. Henry had almost to hold him up.

Henry opened the door and marched in.

Mr. Bulger sat in a little inner office at an old roll-top desk. The door stood wide open, with dusty old heaps of circulars and unopened exchanges piled against it. The desk was heaped with papers; the dingy pigeonholes were crammed with them. Mr. Bulger himself was a small man (Janet must have caught her vividness from her mother, or perhaps from a casual ancestor) or, at least, a short man, with a round face, a paunch, over which his shabby office coat wrinkled as of long habit, and short, fat legs. He wore his eyeglasses far down his nose, the springs fitting in little red grooves in the skin.

A pimply youth, who sat at the outer counter folding circulars, looked up inquiringly;

but him Henry hardly saw as he dragged Alfred straight through the wooden gate.

Alfred was whispering:

"Leggo! Leggo me!"

Mr. Bulger, pen in hand, looked up over his glasses.

"Can we close the door?" asked Henry politely. "It's very important."

The editor's gaze strayed to the dusty heaps of circulars and unopened exchanges.

"Not very well," he said.

Henry glanced back toward the pimply youth. Then he relaxed his grip on Alfred's arm and leaned confidently over the desk.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Bulger now, considering Alfred.

"It's a misunderstanding. I'm Henry Calverly——"

"Yes; I know."

"I'm director of the 'Iolanthe' down at Sunbury this week."

"Yes, yes!" Mr. Bulger tapped his pen on the desk. "I gave you a notice last week."

"Oh, that was nice!" said Henry. "I didn't see it."

"Well, what can I do for you?"

(Continued on page 12.)

NEW YORK city is thrown into a frenzy of excitement over the murders of four prominent capitalists, Hastings, Deewald, Warren, and Coleman, by an agent or agents of the Society for the Redistribution of Surplus Wealth which, under threat of death, is trying to compel men of vast wealth in the city to surrender to it one-half their fortunes. Hastings's murderer is identified as Robert Allaire, a rising young lawyer, but he has no difficulty in establishing an alibi. Allaire receives a letter from the society regretting the annoyance to which he has been put and enclosing a thousand dollars to recompense him for any loss of practise. It also states that he will hear from the society again. A telephone-message is received at police headquarters before the other financiers are killed, and an operator who saw the man who used the wire identifies him as Police Commissioner Blake. Also, the slayer of Warren and Coleman was effectually disguised as Blake. Evidently some genius at impersonation is at work, and a large reward for his capture is offered.

Blake, who is an expert on police organization but no detective, is removed by the mayor and replaced by Heenan, a famous detective and head of an agency. Heenan, a brusque and brutal man, at once applies methods of rounding up criminals and putting them through severe questioning, but is unable to gain a single clue. Furthermore, a man who saw Deewald's murderer declares that it was none other than Heenan himself. A note written by the murderer of Warren and Coleman is a clever forgery of Allaire's handwriting; so one thing in the mystery seems certain: the perpetrator of the deeds is some one who knows the lawyer well. Consequently, Heenan has him and his friends carefully shadowed.

Meanwhile, Allaire and Blake determine to do detective work on their own account. They agree that the murderer knows Allaire, that he is a clever impersonator as well as a forger, that, in his various disguises, he must have worn at least one wig. Allaire goes to a newspaper office to look over files and clippings to seek the record of the arrest of some actor for forgery; Blake sets out to visit the various wig-makers of New York. Allaire is engaged to Allison Courtney, a well-to-do orphan, who makes her home with her uncle, Peter Courtney. She is unswerving in her loyalty to her fiancé, but Courtney objects to his coming to their home until the notoriety acquired by Allaire in the affair has been forgotten. So the young lawyer agrees to keep away.

ALLISON COURTNEY was of a peculiarly just nature, rare in all youth, and possibly rarer in the gentler sex than in the alleged sterner. She was not tremendously fond of her uncle, though, feeling it her duty to love him, she tried to do so. He was her father's brother and her guardian, and had been good to her. But affection is not a matter of the will; Allison could not warm toward this cold man who, courteous, kind, and always fair and generous, had yet held himself aloof from her, even in the efflorescent days of girlhood, when, motherless, fatherless, without other relatives, she had wished to make her uncle the repository of those confidences and hopes so dear to childhood.

So the budding affection of the girl had been chilled. Kindness she returned by obedience, courtesy by good manners. But their relations were not close. The blood-tie had become so thinned that it was almost dissolved. Allison, at luncheon, shortly after Allaire's departure, mused on these things. She thought of the many times when she had longed to bring some childish trouble to her uncle, but



The Gray

A Mystery Story By

Illustrated by

had known better than to expect sympathetic understanding from the frosty gentleman who sat at the other end of the table.

So different from that warm-hearted father who had died in Allison's tenth year—so different from her father's tales to her of his brother! But the East had changed uncle Peter. Allison remembered now, for the thousandth time, how different uncle Peter had seemed in the flesh from the mythical—it must be that—uncle Peter who, following a trivial quarrel with his father, had run away from home and never been heard of again until shortly after the simultaneous deaths of Allison's father, Thomas Courtney, Junior, and his father, Thomas, Senior.

Allison had been ten at the time. Her father and grandfather had gone into New Hampshire to visit a mill which they contemplated buying. There had been a railroad wreck, and they had been killed. There had been the funeral, to which Allison had gone, happily hardly understanding her tragedy as yet. Allison inherited all her father left; the grandfather had divided his estate between Allison's father and the other son, who had left home at twenty, some fifteen years before, who had never communicated with his well-to-do father again, but who had never ceased to be mourned, wild, hot-tempered, harum-scarum youth though he had been, and whose death old Thomas refused to believe in.

There had been the convent-school, to which Allison, now an orphan—her mother had died when she was but a year old—had been sent by the executors of her father's will. Then had come the day when this frigid gentleman now opposite her had called at the convent, told her that he was her uncle come back from his wanderings in the East, and took her away from the rigid school which she disliked to place her at the foot of the table in his home in the Murray Hill section of New York city.

At first, Allison had been overjoyed. But Peter Courtney had been rendered hard by the fires of experience. From what little he let fall, Allison learned that he had not made a success of life, and that only pride had kept him from returning home years before he did. He had been a sailor, had prospected in Africa for gold and diamonds. In fact, it was in Africa that, in an old New York paper, he had read of the deaths of brother and father, and had at once

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Arthur Somers Roche

George Gibbs

abandoned his lat-
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and returned to
the city of his birth.

He had sold out the paper business which his father had founded to the trust, and had invested Allison's funds so wisely that on coming of age, a year before this time, she found that her fortune had increased almost a hundred per cent. How her uncle's affairs had prospered, she did not know, although she believed that he speculated in Wall Street. But he kept up the Murray Hill house in good style, and indignantly refused her plea to share in the expenditure. He still insisted on paying for her clothes and on giving her a generous allowance.

Yes; he had been good to her in a fleshless, spiritless sort of way—good, so far as keeping her in luxury and disdaining her money. But as for the other goodness, the companionship, the understanding that she had craved with all her emotional, though repressed, nature—they had been as far apart as the poles. And now Allison, looking at him, prematurely aged in manner, though still youthful-enough appearing at forty-five or thereabouts, frosty-eyed and grim-lipped, wondered how long a negligible duty would hold her back from the path of love.

For, just to the core of her, she felt that Peter Courtney had been extremely unjust in his attitude toward Allaire. She owed her uncle a lot, despite his coldness, his aloofness. But how much did she owe him? Had there been the claim of affection satisfied, she would hardly have asked herself this question. She would have felt it her stern duty to acquiesce, temporarily at least, in her uncle's demand that she see nothing of Allaire. But all that her uncle had granted her could be measured in terms of money—even this providing her with a home. The debt she owed him was not to be measured against the claims of love. As she looked up from the paper that he habitually read at breakfast and luncheon, she caught his eye.

"Uncle," she said, "I think we ought to have an understanding. I didn't wish Bob to leave here thinking that you and I were at odds. He has trouble enough at present without worrying over my happiness."

Courtney put down the paper and looked at her.

"Yes?" he said.

"I can't let you think," said the girl, "that I intend to desert Bob at this time."

"I never imagined such a thing," he protested. "I didn't think you'd cease to love a man merely because he finds himself unpleasantly in the public eye. I merely thought that you'd use ordinary precautions to save your name from being smirched."

"That's tomfoolery, uncle, and you must know it!" she blazed.

"How could it smirch my name—to have Bob call here?"

"The notoriety," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

"I'm not unduly sensitive," she answered. "I

dislike the thought of notoriety; but—I guess I can stand it if I have to. But let's not quarrel about it, uncle. I merely want to tell you that if Bob needs me, or if I think he needs me, in any way at all, I shall either send for him or go to him. If that is offensive to you, I will move to an apartment-hotel this afternoon."

Courtney colored faintly. But his voice was cool and composed as he replied:

"Hardly that, my dear. My dislike—for your sake—of notoriety is not so great that I would deny my own niece the shelter of my home.

But I trust that Allaire will see what you do not—the inadvisability of his continuing to call for the present."

"But I've told you that I'll go to him if he needs me!" she cried.

He bowed.

"Very well, my dear; but I hope that you will be certain of his need before attracting unpleasant public attention."

"You understand, though, that I don't feel bound by anything I may have said a while ago while he was here—that I'll feel free to see him."

"I understand," he said. He rose from the table and bowed once more. "I am sorry not to be able to be home for dinner, my dear. An engagement—"

"Very well," she told him.

He left the room, and Allison had an uncomfortable feeling of having been worsted in a battle of wits—not exactly that, perhaps, but as though she had failed to make the slightest impression upon her uncle, try as she had. He was cold-blooded; not one word had he said of sympathy for her lover or for herself.

Then she roused herself from contemplation of his lack of loveliness. He was her uncle. In his way, he had been kind; in his way, he was undoubtedly trying to act for the best now. She tried to forget his coldness.

The girl shrank from seeing any of her friends. She spent the afternoon alone, and dined alone, waited upon by the discreet maid who looked the sympathy that her station forbade her to express, despite the scene which she had witnessed in the hall that morning.

She had not noticed
how close were his
fingers to the elec-
tric-light switch

But I trust that Allaire will see what you do not—the inadvisability of his continuing to call for the present."



The Gray Hair

Allison read the afternoon papers after dinner. She devoured every line bearing on the mysterious killings. She tried with every bit of her brain and feminine intuition to read some answer in cold print to the riddle that had probably ruined her lover. The mystery itself fascinated her. She put the papers down, wishing that there had been more. Then she noticed that they were not the last editions. These might be found at the Martinette, just around the corner. She felt the inaction of the past hours chafing her. Allaire had been out, undoubtedly, doing something to ferret out the mystery. She, to whom the solution was just as important, was doing nothing. She felt the need of air, and the late editions to be found at the news-stand outside the Martinette afforded an excuse. True, it was after dark, and she ought to send a servant, but a woman of twenty-two ought to be able to walk down to the corner without coming to harm. She left the library and donned hat and coat. She slipped quietly out of the house and turned west toward the Martinette.

She bought all the latest editions and recrossed Madison Avenue, on which street was the Martinette. Her uncle's house was on East Thirty-sixth Street, on the north side of the block, half-way between Madison and Park Avenues. As she crossed the avenue, she saw a familiar figure going north toward Thirty-seventh Street. It was her uncle. Why he should have passed his own street, she did not know; indeed, she did not stop to consider. She only knew that, despite his coldness, she would like to talk to him and get a masculine opinion of the tangle that she had seen from a glance at the head-lines, and which was not only still unraveled but more perplexing than ever. She sped up the street after her uncle.

He turned into Thirty-seventh Street. Evidently he'd walked past his street in preoccupation. She turned the

corner thirty yards behind him. Her gait increased; she caught up with him in the middle of the block. She touched his arm.

"Well, uncle, you made me hurry to catch you," she laughed. Then her laugh died away as the man whom she had taken, by reason of his walk and figure and black overcoat and dark hat, to be her uncle, turned an alien face upon her.

"I beg pardon," said the stranger, in a harsh voice.

Allison crimsoned.

"Oh," she said breathlessly, "I beg pardon! I thought you were my uncle. You—why even your face is like his!" she gasped. "Not really like, but suggesting his. But excuse me, I—" Her voice trailed away in embarrassment.

"Not at all; the apologies are mine for leading you astray. I wish that I might have been your uncle. Fortune would then have been kind to me." He lifted his hat as he spoke, and the silver hair that gleamed in the light of an arc-lamp offered the excuse of age for what might have been impertinence in youth.

Allison inclined her head in recognition of the bow.

"I think I'm stupid, or my eyes are failing me," she said, smiling. Then she passed by the courteous stranger and walked on.

As she reached Park Avenue, to turn south and complete the circuit of the block which would bring her home, she looked back. The elderly stranger, whose gait was so like that of her uncle, had been left a score of yards behind her. A faint doubt came to her. Then she tried to shake it off. The stranger's walk and build were similar to her uncle's; his face was vaguely familiar. Yet the features were different. The resemblance was merely passing; also, the hair and voice were totally different. Her uncle's hair was black, and his voice was smooth and deep. The stranger's voice was harsh and high.

"I'm a silly," she told herself. "It wasn't uncle—I know that—and yet—"

She felt relief when she had entered her home. She saw her uncle's hat and coat on a stand in the hall. And then he called to her from the library.

"Why, Allison; where have you been?"

She joined him before the open fire. Then a new thought came to her—an idea that made her shudder.

"Uncle," she cried, "has the Society for the Redistribution—you know—has it ever threatened you?"

He raised his eyebrows.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I just saw a man; he looked like you, and I thought he was you until he spoke, and—oh, I don't know why, but there's so much impersonating going on—he seemed a harmless old man, but—I don't know. Tell me," she ran on: "It didn't seem like you, independent of the world, to mind what people said to-day—your not letting Bob come here—tell me!"

"I didn't want to, Allison, but—yes; I have been threatened. But don't be alarmed, my dear!" he cried, as she grew white. "No demand has been made upon me yet. I'm merely one, I suppose, of scores who have been told to get ready to cash one-half their fortune and turn it over to the society. I got



"I can't let you think," said the girl, "that I intend to desert Bob at this time"

my letter a week ago. And I was told that I would be notified in ample season of when to send my contribution and where. They'll hardly move against me when I haven't refused their demands as yet. And even if they should, my dear, there is no cause for alarm. Did the man look exactly like me?"

"Oh, no!" She told him how vague was the resemblance.

"Mere chance," he said. "This affair is on your nerves, Allison."

She shuddered.

"I can't help it."

He smiled.

"But there is no need for alarm. To-day I telephoned Heenan, the famous detective, who has just been made commissioner of police. If you were to cross the street, Allison, you would undoubtedly find two of his men hiding in areas, watching this house. I'm safe. But now, perhaps, you understand why I didn't want Allaire to come here. But I tried to keep this from you to save you alarm."

How she had misjudged him—this cold, aloof man had kept the secret of his danger from her even through the fearsome news of the day! Most elderly men, she judged, would have been panic-stricken with fear after the killings of the past twenty-four hours. But her uncle! He had thought of her, first, last and all the time!

Her head was on his breast as she gave way to tears. He patted her hair.

"There, there, my dear! There, there, my dear!"

XI

ALLAIRE, after leaving Blake, bolted some chops at a restaurant on Park Row, drank some black coffee, and then made his brief way to the *Star* office.

The night editor ordered the office-boy who presented the lawyer's card to usher him in at once. They were acquaintances of long standing; graduates of the same college, though not of the same class, they had known each other casually for half a dozen years. The night editor shook Allaire's hand.

"I thought you'd be dodging us chaps," he laughed. "But we men of the old college stick together. I suppose you came in to give me a 'beat.' Got the best photographer in town, Allaire—take a picture of you that will make you proud."

"Look here, Jenkins," replied Allaire: "I know you'll insist on having something from me, and the easiest way is to give it to you now. Here are the facts: I don't know who killed Hastings or the others. I haven't the slightest idea. I never heard of the Society for the Redistribution of Surplus Wealth before to-day. So far as I know, I haven't an enemy in the world. I can imagine no reason why I should have been selected as the victim of the murderer's impersonation. Now, then, that's all I can tell you."

"Oh, but, I want a three-column interview!" protested Jenkins.

"Your bright young men could make three pages out of that," laughed Allaire. "And they have my permission to do so. Furthermore, you may run a signed story by me, telling how it feels to be arrested for murder and grilled by the police. You know. I'll sign the thing—on conditions."

"And they are?"

Allaire hitched his chair closer to the night editor.

"Jenkins, you can realize, without my telling you, what a serious affair this is to me. I have a theory, vague, wild, inchoate. But there may be something in it, and I want a chance to work it out by myself. If there is anything in it, I promise that the *Star* shall have it exclusively, if that is possible."



He lifted his hat
as he spoke

"A little criminology, eh?"

"Maybe," said Allaire. "I want to look in your 'morgue'—undisturbed. If you'll let me, I'll stand for the signed story I mentioned."

Jenkins was a good newspaper man. He realized that a story alleged to be written by Allaire and signed by him would jump the *Star's* circulation. And he didn't believe that Allaire had any theory worth a hang. If he should have, why, the *Star* had Allaire's promise that he would give it to that paper first.

"You're on," said Jenkins. "Though how you're going to find out the murderer from our 'morgue'—go to it! Here's a note to the man in charge. I'll have a man elaborate the 'interview' you've just given me, and I'll turn one of the sob-squad loose on your own signed story."

"Not too slushy," warned Allaire.

"Oh, you can read it," laughed Jenkins. He gave Allaire the card he had written. "By the way, old man, one of our editorial writers is going to pan the police for not listening to your story when first arrested. I got him to do it. For, of course, I knew you weren't guilty."

"Thanks," said Allaire. "But let Blake down easy; he's all right."

"Oh, the idea is just to impress the public that this sheet knows you're innocent," explained Jenkins.

"Thanks again," said Allaire. Then he left the night editor and managed to find the clipping-room, cheerfully known as the "morgue." He gave the card Jenkins had written to the attendant in charge, and asked for the index on "Forgers."

The *Star* has the most complete "morgue" in the world. It is as well indexed, too, as any public library. But its indices are not subdivided. The actor-forgers were not grouped together. And it is surprising what a number of people have found the cost of living so high that they've felt compelled to write other persons' names on bank-checks.

It is also surprising how few actors have been guilty of that particular crime, considering how much we hear of disbanded troupes. It took Allaire over an hour to go through the list of names of forgers, picking out and noting on a piece of paper those whose occupations—aside from forgery—had to do with the stage. Then he returned the index to the attendant, and, consulting his list, asked for the envelop containing the clippings relating to one Charles Conover, the first upon his list.

He read the clippings. He put them back in the envelop. This actor's crime consisted in signing some one else's name to a check in the year of 1888. He was then, according to the worn clippings, fifty years of age. He would now be seventy-six. No man that age was the active murderer of the four financiers. Allaire consulted the next name—Peter Firkins.

Firkins' crime was of later date—1900. He was a one-legged acrobat. Allaire read no further; he wasn't interested in the details of Firkins' offense against law and order. He looked up the third name on his list. But John Crantley had been adjudged insane and had died in an asylum in 1904. And Robley Johnson had died in jail in 1906. Allaire turned to the last of his list—Stillman Overton. Overton had been a vaudeville player; he had delineated "great men, past and present." But, in 1897, he had been convicted of forging a check for one hundred thousand dollars. He had been convicted in Chicago, but escaped from Joliet Prison in 1898. Allaire read this last clipping with excitement. A man who was not only an actor, but a man who made up to look like many different types of men, a forger, a desperate criminal—Overton had shot two guards in making his escape. He turned to later clippings. These told of the chase for Overton and the failure to recapture him. Allaire's heart was beating fast as he picked up the last clipping. And then his wild hopes faded. Stillman Overton, according to this clipping, which contained a brief cable-despatch and a column of obituary, had been killed in a drunken brawl in Johannesburg, South Africa. Papers found upon the body had identified him as the actor-forgery so earnestly wanted by the state of Illinois. His death had occurred in 1901.

And this was the last of the list. Undoubtedly, other actors had been forgers and been arrested and jailed, but they had kept their profession a secret. There was no way of tracing these. And, anyway, it had been a foolish quest. Allaire had another idea. The murderer of the millionaires was undoubtedly an anarchist. He might find some actor who was a professed anarchist and thus— But it swept over him suddenly what a waste of time it all was. There were hundreds, possibly thousands, of men who had never appeared on the stage, and who yet could disguise themselves, could impersonate other people. His foolish obsession of the past few hours had not let him anywhere except deeper into the maze of bewilderment. He would do better to forget all silly theories and bend his energies toward watching his friends, among whom must be the murderer. He would study them all, find out which one possessed histrionic ability, and then— He yawned; suddenly fatigue swept over him. He had been up all the previous night, subjected to tremendous mental strain—let the murderer go hang! (Allaire hoped he might, smiling grimly.) But, at the moment, Allaire wanted sleep. He left the "morgue," shook his head when Jenkins asked him if he'd discovered anything, signed a column written in the first person and purporting to explain the feelings of a man unjustly accused of murder—it was extremely good stuff, and Allaire felt sorry that the author might not receive public credit for the work—and took the subway up-town.

Jim, the night elevator-man, was as glad to see Allaire as had been Henry. Allaire thanked him, tipped him, refused to talk to the newspaper men, and was taken to his apartment. He flung himself into a chair and rested there a moment, staring desperately, blankly, at the wall. Then he pulled himself together and began undressing. The

wall telephone-bell rang. It was Blake, down-stairs, asking permission to come up. Allaire granted it, and the ex-commissioner of police entered the little apartment a moment later. One glance at Allaire's tired, discouraged face told him that the lawyer had learned nothing by his pursuit of his far-fetched theory.

"Find anything?" Elaire asked perfunctorily.

Allaire briefly related the results of his search in the "morgue" of the *Star*.

"And you?" he inquired.

Blake sat down.

"Allaire," he said gravely, "I'm almost afraid that this society is too many for us."

The lawyer smiled faintly.

"Did you think anything else? What did you do?"

"I went to Jepner's," answered Blake. "His is the biggest wig, make-up, and theatrical costuming-place in the city. So I thought I'd try him first, and, if I failed there—well, I didn't fail there. That is, I—Jepner and I happen, fortunately, to belong to the same fraternal order. He was wearing his button, and I gave him the grip and it was plain sailing after that. He summoned his clerks, threatened them with the loss of their jobs if they didn't keep their mouths shut, and let me question them. Well, here's what I learned: Ten days ago, a man of about my build, or yours, or Hastings', or the taxi-chauffeur's, for that matter—we're all tall and slender—came in and bought a red wig. Heenan has red hair. Yesterday, the same man bought a brown wig. Your hair is brown. Last night, about ten, the same man bought a blond wig, straw-color. They showed me a similar one; it's the same color as the hair of the rightful chauffeur of the taxi the murderer used last night. There's no mistake; the same man bought all three. The clerks remember him distinctly. They can describe his figure fairly well, but his face—beyond that his eyes, they thought, were gray; his hair—"

"Black, of course," said Allaire. "Your hair is black, and he bought no wig for your impersonation."

"Of course," said Blake. "Well, the clerks vow that they could recognize the man, but as far as describing him—I don't suppose it would do any good, anyway. He probably wasn't using his regular face when he bought the wigs." And Blake essayed a feeble smile.

"That all?" demanded Allaire.

"No; there's more. I got farther along than that. It seemed that the last wig the man bought—the chauffeur's wig—didn't fit well. He said that he couldn't wait; he wanted it sent to him at once—as soon as it was altered; that is, you see, he told Jepner's people that he was a 'movie' actor, and his requiring wigs didn't seem out of the way to them, not even his buying two on the same day. 'Movie' actors have to play so many different parts—well, anyway, he gave the name of Otis Fenno, and his address as 150 East Twenty-first Street, just off Gramercy Park. He wanted it sent to him by messenger at once it was altered. And it was sent there at midnight last night."

"Yes?" Once again excitement banished Allaire's exhaustion. "And you went to that address and—"

"Found that Mr. Samuel Fenno was a traveling salesman who rented the room about a week ago. He had never slept there, didn't have any of his things there. But he'd told the landlady that he wanted a voting-residence in New York city, and also some place to which he could send things while on the road; and he paid in advance. Well, the package from Jepner's came last night. The landlady received it; a little later, Mr. Fenno came in and asked for the package. She gave it to him and he left, telling her that he was to take a midnight train. I hardly imagine that he'll ever go back there."

"Nor I," said Allaire gloomily. "He had the room planted in the event of need arising. He's probably got a dozen other places—or *they* have." He thought a moment.

"No," he went on; "the society is one man. That's all."

"Why do you say that?"

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"They'll never get it by blackmail if they come to me with murder in their hearts and guns in their hands. There ain't much blue blood in me"—and he sneered at the rich men, who scowled at him—"but there's plenty of red blood."

"Would the murderer have needed to take such risks as he did this morning, impersonating the real chauffeur of the taxi in the court-room if he'd had accomplices who could have informed him of all that happened? For some reason, he wished to be in that court-room, probably to study you, most likely to note how you were dressed; he undoubtedly had studied your face before. The only way he could be sure of getting in there and getting a look at you was by being there as a witness. And, as he was there, that proves he works alone and has no accomplices."

"You forget that the man who *did* drive his taxi last night knew of the killing of Hastings, must have been an accomplice," said Blake.

"By George, you're right!" cried Allaire. "Then why—why didn't that chauffeur, unsuspected—no one saw his face—why didn't *he* act for the slayer, visit the court-room and—"

"Oh, don't ask me," said Blake. "My head's dizzy. I don't understand anything about the affair. I only know that we haven't learned a single thing."

"We are pretty sure that the murderer has black hair," said Allaire.

"Not much in a city where there are probably hundreds of thousands of black-haired men," said Blake. "No, Allaire; as theorists, I'm afraid that you and I are failures. Reasoning from the facts to the person will never get us anywhere. We ought to reason from the person to the facts. We ought to take, singly, each person that you know and use the method of elimination. We ought, first, to find out what friend of yours has ever been on the stage or possesses impersonative ability and—don't fit the facts to the person—it would take forever—fit the person to the facts. Let's begin by—"

"Getting a night's rest, Blake," protested Allaire. He groaned with weariness. He yawned. The act was infectious; Blake yawned, too.

"Come around for breakfast, Blake," invited Allaire. "But now—if the murderer were coming around in half an hour to kill me, I'd just leave a note for him asking him to be quiet about the job and not wake me up."

"I feel about the same," said Blake. "Till the morning, then."

He left the apartment. Allaire managed to undress before falling asleep; but once his head touched the pillow, he was as one drugged.

XII

THERE is certain work that the police can do well; they can round up, through their informers, every known crook in the city in a short space of time, provided the crooks, having committed no crimes in the immediate past, feel that they have nothing to fear from the law and are not in hiding. But the average criminal—professional—has his society as have the denizens of the upper world. He has his own cafés, his own resorts that might be called clubs, his own companions. And these are all known to the police, and many of the resorts are but a stone's throw from police headquarters. So it was that, within a quarter of an hour after the inspectors left the new commissioner's presence, officers began "turning up" the members of that class which defies the law.

Heenan quizzed the first to be brought in himself. But, as has been said, he soon gave it up in disgust, convinced that, despite what he had told the inspectors, he was facing something altogether new in crime, and must look for its perpetrator to some one altogether unknown in criminal annals.

Shut in his private office, Heenan brought to bear upon the situation all the knowledge that years of experience had given him. But at the end of some hours, he was just as far

from even the beginning of the right trail as before the first murder had been committed. He must wait until his agency operatives had turned in reports to him at his home.

Of course, he had not been able to devote his whole time to thought. The ten financiers who had asked his protection this morning, and who had been instrumental in causing Mayor Phinney to place him at the head of the force, feeling that this would make for their own safety, had each telephoned him in panic. Four of them had even called at headquarters, but Heenan had pointed out to these the fact that two of his operatives trailed them, and that they were as safe as men could be. Further, he assured them that he was on the trail of the murderer. The same with the telephonic inquirers—one and all, he assured them that he, Heenan,



"Honest, Chief, I don't know a blessed thing," said the informer

was now in absolute command of the situation and that they had nothing to fear. Moreover, he added to all these frightened ones, the society had thus far killed no one without due warning. And as none of these ten financiers had received any requests as yet, but merely been told that they would be called upon in future for contributions, there was really no need for alarm.

And so he got rid of their importunities. But, needless to state, he was not so assured as he appeared. In fact, for the first time in his career of detection, Heenan was alarmed. The man lacked personal cowardice to an immense degree, but he feared for his reputation as some men fear for their lives. But his conceit was too great for him to advise these clients to flee the city. If he did that, his great reputation would be pricked as a bubble. Heenan had no conscience—none at all. He preferred that the lives of these men should be risked rather than that the Heenan fame should be clouded ever so slightly.

So the hours passed; criminal after criminal was examined and denied all knowledge of the mysterious society and

before the... until his... his home... whole time... protection... causing... ce, feeling... each tele... d at head... fact that... y were as... at he was... telephonic... Heenan,

his doings, save what was contained in the day's papers. And their denials were made known to Heenan. But that same super-bulldoggedness that had stood him well in the past, that made him turn to a new trail, yet not give up the old, brought results to-night. For, at about ten o'clock, a "stool" gave forth information which the inspector, quizzing him, thought worthy of being brought to the commissioner's attention. He brought the cringing informer directly to Heenan.

"Well, give me the straight of this," said Heenan threateningly, after the inspector had told his purpose in bringing the man there.

"Honest, Chief, I don't know a blessed thing," said the informer. "I only tells the inspector here that Casey Red is blowin' a wad o' coin and talkin' outa the side of his mouth about a big job he turned last night."

Heenan pursed his lips.

But the inspector was out of the office, dragging the luckless "stool" after him. Heenan paced nervously up and down the office floor. It paid, this following the trails that seemed no good. Once this Casey Red was in his clutches, he'd talk. Heenan knew how to make him talk.

But he caught himself. This was not like him—to walk nervously about. He wondered, as he sat down and tried to compose himself, if he'd wished for too much when he'd wished to face something new in crime. He'd never been nervous in his life before that he could remember, and it was a new and unwelcome sensation. He tried to forget this sudden lead up an old trail, and devoted himself to that concentration along the new trail, which alone would bring results. But his centering of thought upon the side of the mystery which was being covered by his own private agency was not very successful, for he was able to bring himself out of his study and back to the ex-prize-fighter the second that the inspector returned.

"Well, you got him?" demanded the commissioner. The inspector's eyes were frightened; he licked his lips.

"Yes, Commissioner; we got him—found him in his room on Pell Street. He'd been hittin' the hop there; found a regular layout alongside his bed, and the pipe was on the floor—"

"Well, where is he?"

"Dead."

Heenan held his subordinate with his eyes.

"Dead? Murdered?"

"The gas was turned on; it was goin' full-blast when we got there," replied the inspector. "It's a shabby joint. It ain't a regular smokin'-place, but lots of hopheads hang out there and cook their own pills. Most of 'em are out around somewhere this time o' night—house almost deserted. Them that was there was dopey with the stuff, and, as the chinks in the door of Casey Red's room was stuffed with rags, they hadn't noticed the smell of gas. The woman that runs the dump didn't know when Red had come home or if he came home alone. It's either suicide or murder, all right;

and it don't look like suicide, for Casey had been drinking hard, according to the 'stool,' and it don't seem like he'd had enough life

in him even to cook his pill, much less stop up the door with rags, and—"

"He was murdered—of course," said Heenan. He sat a moment in deep thought. "Round up all his pals. Find out where he was drinking, and with whom. Trace him down to his last drink. You know—if anything big breaks out of it, let me know. I'm going home."

The inspector saluted and departed. Heenan gathered together all the reports that had come to himself or Blake during the day, put them in a bag, and left the office. He was studying these, in the seclusion of his apartment, at eleven o'clock, when Dexter arrived and gave to him the brief *dossiers* of several of Allaire's friends. Phelan's, Swinton's, and Lane's were among them, and Heenan read these first. But they were all innocent enough—a most harmless trio of middle-aged gentlemen.

Indeed, when other operatives, later in the evening, brought in more *dossiers*, Heenan found them of as small value. The gentlemen who comprised the Maple Club, and who seemed to be Allaire's closest friends, were all men of some standing whose lives seemed to (Continued on page 163)



"Casey Red?" he said, musingly.

"Ex-prize fighter—got a stand-in with Alderman Klitsky," put in the inspector. "Belongs to a gang. Tough nut, but never been jailed. Thought I'd go slow about grabbin' him because he's got no record."

Heenan's eyes flashed angrily; this was a fine time to be thinking about political pull and going slow! He glared at the informer.

"You must know more. Spill the rest of it!"

"Well, Casey, he usta be a chauffeur," whined the "stool." "Lost his license for joy-ridin' and bustin' up a car. But last night he was out drivin'. Anyway, he talked about this big trick he helped turn, and about how he went up the street at fifty miles, and—"

"Any other taxi-stuff pulled last night?" demanded Heenan of the inspector. The inspector shook his head.

"Round up Casey Red!" snapped Heenan. "Get him! If you don't—"

Myself and Others

By Lillie Langtry (Lady De Bathe)

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mrs. Langtry is one of the famous women of the time. The whole world has done homage to her beauty. She is one of the prominent personalities of the English-speaking stage; her mental and social graces have always attracted to her the favored of wit and talent and birth in whatever society she has moved. Her life-story is, therefore, one of very exceptional interest, and our readers are to be congratulated that Mrs. Langtry has been induced, in favor of *Cosmopolitan*, to overcome a hitherto persistent objection to writing her own account of a notable social and artistic career. The following initial instalment of her delightfully frank autobiography deals with a joyous childhood spent in one of the quaintest and most picturesque spots of Europe.

Girlhood

MY name is really Emilie Charlotte—a dreadful one, to my thinking—but this having been also my mother's, I was called "Lillie" very early in life, and that sobriquet has clung to me ever since. An only daughter, with six brothers, named respectively Frank, William, Trevor, Maurice, Clement, and Reginald, I ranked youngest



Mrs. Le Breton, mother of Mrs. Langtry



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A manor-house on the

but one, coming in between the last two mentioned. My mother was a Miss Martin, whom my father met, fell in love with and married during his incumbency of St. Olive's, Southwark, London. At the age of thirty-four, my father, William Corbet Le Breton, became dean of Jersey, my birthplace. The appointment had been offered him at the early age of twenty-nine, but, acting under the advice of his father, who thought him too young for so serious a responsibility, he preferred to remain for a further period

Lillie Langtry (Lady De Bathe)

in the curacy of St. Olive's. Five years later, the deanship was bestowed on him, and he left for the island of his birth, where he remained until his death, in 1888. On leaving St. Olive's, his parishioners presented him with a silver salver which was lengthily inscribed, one portion of the inscription alluding to his zeal and solicitous care for the poor, "whereby he has endeared himself to all who know him."

My father was educated at Winchester, at that time an eight days' journey from Jersey, where, as a freshman, he had been fag to Lord Selbourne, who, I believe, once rapped him unmercifully over the head with a frying-pan for not cooking his bacon properly. So I imagine the culinary art was not one of his minor accomplishments. His roommates at Winchester were Cardwell, Lowe, and Randal Palmer, who afterward, oddly enough, became ministers in the same Cabinet. From Winchester, he went to Oxford, where he became scholar of Pembroke and fellow of Exeter. He was a remarkably handsome man, and widely adored for his geniality and charm of disposition. His hair turned white at a very early age. Indeed, I never remember it otherwise. His eyes, very blue, looked one through and through. He was over six feet in height and of majestic

cognita, I am sure, to most people. As a matter of fact, it is surprising to find how little even the average Briton knows of Jersey. To him, it is generally no more than an unimportant speck on the map, and even of its exact location he is very hazy indeed. He also seems quite uncertain as to whether its inhabitants are English or French. I may say at once that they are pure Nor-

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Island of Jersey

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throughout his life.
Perhaps the follow-
ing little anecdote
will convey a bet-
ter idea of his
appearance than
anything I can
say.

At one of
Queen Victoria's
levees, General
Sir John Penne-
father, after re-
garding the dean
attentively for some
moments, walked up
to him and said,

"Do you know, sir, that
when you joined the Church,
there was a deuced fine sergeant-
major spoilt!"

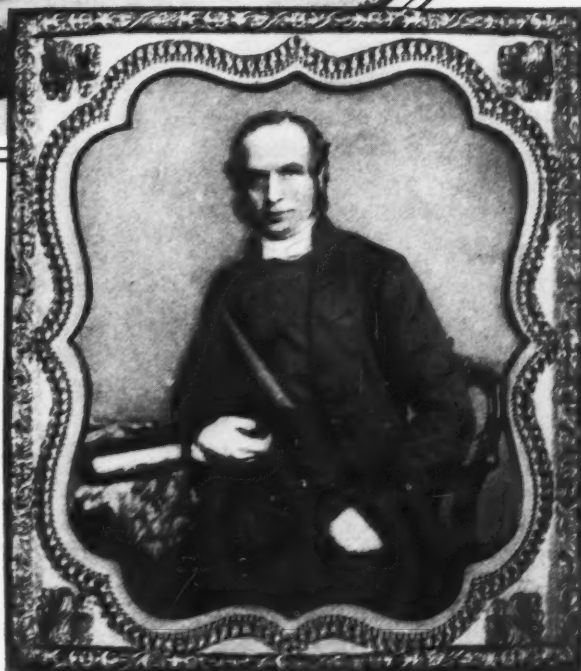
Notwithstanding Sir John's
words, I am convinced that
the stage suffered a greater
loss than the army, for my father had the true histrionic
gift, and his dramatic talent would undoubtedly have made
him a very fine actor. He had an extraordinarily retentive
memory, which he trained so assiduously by committing a
certain amount of poetry every day that it became a diffi-
cult matter to find any English or Latin verse which he
could not recite verbatim the instant it was suggested.

Poetry must have been a fondness of my mother's, also,
in her youth; and I have in my possession a book filled with
extracts from the poets, selected for her by Charles Kings-
ley, who was a friend of the Martin family. Personally,
my mother was petite and lovely, with blue eyes, a perfect
complexion, auburn hair, and a most fascinating smile.
Being extremely fond of an open-air life, she rode, drove,
and walked a great deal, also devoting much of her time to
gardening, for she was passionately fond of flowers; and I
think it must have been the healthy outdoor life she led
which enabled her to retain her beauty to the end.

And now something about my birthplace, an island
where many quaint customs still survive, and a terra in-



Rectory of St. Saviour's Church,
Jersey, birthplace of
Mrs. Langtry



Mrs. Langtry's father, the Very Reverend William
Corbet Le Breton, Dean of Jersey



Alane in Jersey

man, the islands, which are Great Britain's possessions, being now all that remain to her of the duchy of Normandy.

The island has its own jurisdiction as well as its own assembly, or local parliament. This assembly or States, as it is termed in Jersey, consists of the lieutenant-governor, bailiff (the civil head), the dean (the ecclesiastical head), twelve jurats (aldermen), twelve rectors, twelve constables (connetables), and fourteen deputies. It also includes the Crown officers, who are allowed to speak but not to vote.

The official language of the States and, indeed, of the churches and law-courts was, until two years ago, French, and we natives speak a patois which so nearly resembles the Norman patois of the present day that, when traveling in Normandy recently, I found little difficulty in making myself intelligible to the peasants.

The law of Jersey still continues full of picturesque and feudal customs. One of the most curious of these sanctioned survivals is the *Clameur de Haro* (the Outcry of Haro). Although long since abolished in Normandy, the *Clameur* may still be raised by any Jerseyman who thinks his rights are challenged or his property threatened. If he wishes to avail himself of this ancient form of protection, he falls upon his knees and, in the presence of two witnesses, cries aloud three times: "*Har! Haro! Haro! A l'aide, mon prince; on me fait tort!*" (Haro! Haro! Haro! Help, my prince; I am being wronged!) This invocation stays any proceedings on the part of the supposed or real oppressor until the case comes before the court, and as that local body has a tantalizing method of pigeonholing cases *au greffe* (in the registry office)—in other words, of postponing them indefinitely—it is apt to result



Rollo, conqueror and first duke of Normandy, to whom the "cry for justice" *Clameur de Haro*, is raised

in no benefit either to oppressed or oppressor.

The "*Haro*" appealed to is Rollo, first duke of Normandy, and I once saw the *clameur* put into practise myself. Viscount Ranelagh, years ago, bought a very pretty cottage overlooking one of the bays and divided by a lane from a Jerseyman's farm. Finding this passage in very bad condition, and regarding it as a joint property, Lord Ranelagh magnanimously commenced to improve it; but to this the Jerseyman offered violent opposition, claiming the lane as his own ground. He preferred it with its deep cart-ruts; and as often as Lord Ranelagh filled them up, the Jerseyman redug them, finally outwitting the Englishman by digging a deep trench across the debated road during the night. In the morning, falling on his knees, he raised the *Clameur de Haro*, and thus made repairs impossible. Probably the chasm he dug remains to this day, though both disputants have long since been in their graves.

The island of Jersey is studded with old, gray stone manor-houses, which carry with them the title of *seigneur*. Many curious rents were exacted by the *seigneurs* in olden days, one being the picturesque payment of a chaplet of roses on St. John's day. Another still more airy one is chronicled in an old book as having been paid on pain of imprisonment, viz., a dozen butterflies. What a dainty tribute! Many of these singular tithes still exist, and even Sieur Le Breton has every year to pay four shillings and threepence, the equivalent of a "cart-load

ashes," while another family pays four and sixpence a year in lieu of the presentation of eighty eels!

The climate of Jersey is so mild that ixias, camellias, palms, and geraniums flourish in the open air throughout the winter. The sky is as blue and sea as sapphire as the Mediterranean. Indeed, Jersey, with its indented shores fashioned by nature into numberless small and beautiful bays, its country lanes with their cool, green aisles of arching trees, its apple orchards, its fine cattle and pretty milkmaids in native costume, all help to make the place one of the most attractive spots of the world.

Of the smaller Channel Islands, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark, I know very little except for a passing visit, as the inhabitants of each are clanish, keeping aloof from the rest of the group and very seldom intermarrying. The genealogy of many of the Jersey families can be traced back an extraordinarily long way. My ancestors were *seigneurs* of Noirmont, and one of them was among the Jerseymen who followed William the Conqueror and fought in the battle of Hastings. He figures in the Bayeux Tapestry, and this fact incited me recently to inspect the famous fabric for the purpose of tracing in the features of this distinguished person a resemblance to myself, but the result was not very satisfactory. He also appears to have had some dispute regarding the boundary of the *seigneurie*, and took his grievance to Rouen, Normandy, where the facts are chronicled in the archives of that ancient city.

Another Le Breton was a distinguished bishop under Edward I., and in the same king's reign my family contributed a Judge Le Bre-

ton, who seems to have run through all his money and to have become so hard up that the king graciously presented him with his robes. I only hope he served his majesty especially well in consequence. But my favorite hero is Raoul le Breton, a man after my own heart, an adventurous spirit, who, in King John's reign, fought his way up the Seine with five hundred retainers to take Paris. I love Raoul for his pluck and enterprise, and I cordially endorse his taste in desiring to possess so fascinating a city. He pushed his way to the very gates of the citadel, but, needless to add, his ambitious designs were there checked, and he and his bold followers captured. I am bound to add

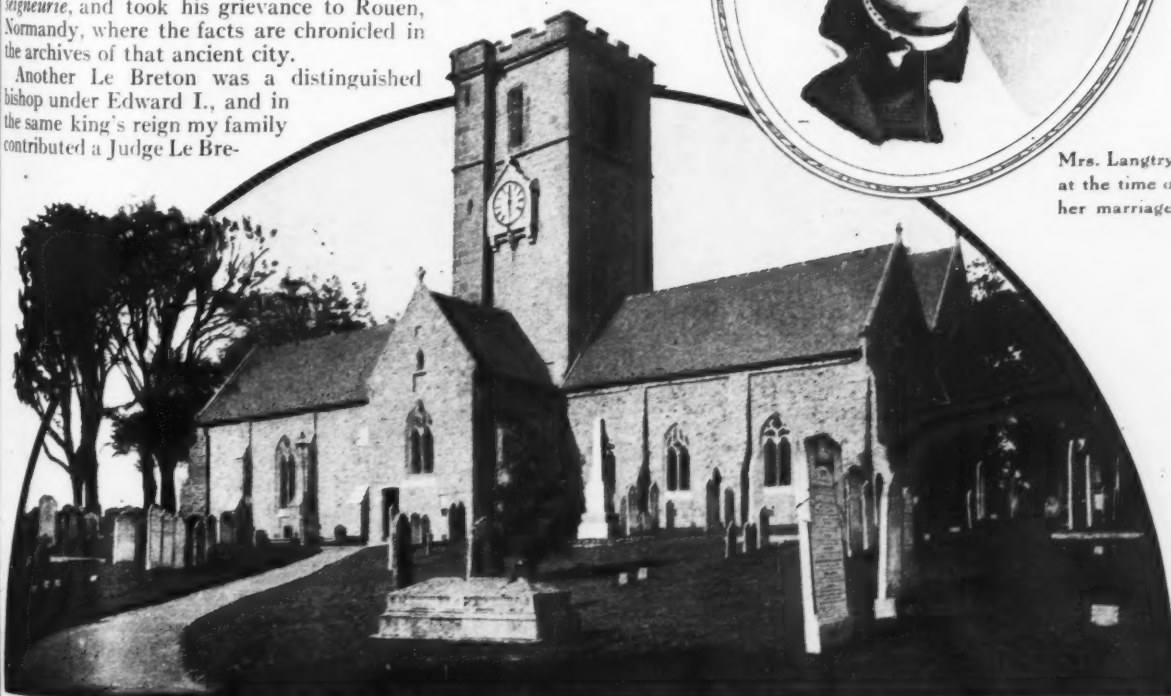


Thomas Le Breton

Portrait of Sir Thomas Le Breton (great-uncle of Mrs. Langtry) by Sir Thomas Lawrence



Mrs. Langtry at the time of her marriage



St. Saviour's Church, St. Helier's, Jersey, of which Mrs. Langtry's father was incumbent, and where she was married to Edward Langtry



Victorien Sardou, the French dramatist, whom Mrs. Langtry consulted on the subject of spiritualism

These appear to me to be the more interesting of my progenitors, and the only ones about whom I remember details, though a shameful Le Breton helped to murder the saintly Thomas à Becket and another fought gallantly under Lord Howe and was one of the bearers of the news of victory. He died of his wounds and is buried in Salisbury Cathedral. Yet another ancestor was the first bishop of Ely.

I had almost forgotten to mention one who was dean of the island in the Cromwellian period, who was cast into a dungeon in the feudal castle, Mont Orgeuil, for his Royalistic plotting, and found a means of escape by lowering himself with a rope into a waiting boat. The "Flat-iron Building" on Broadway, New York, being reminiscent of the seaward side of his political prison, it was undoubtedly a bold undertaking.

To come to later days, a great-uncle of mine, Sir Thomas Le Breton, was a distinguished scholar who received the *Odyssey* and *Iliad* of Homer as a prize for the best Latin poem of

the deplorable fact that Seigneur Raoul is insultingly referred to in French histories as "The Channel Islands Pirate."

I think it must have been this same Le Breton who gave a service of communion plate to the Church of St. Brélade's, where it is still treasured. Possibly this gift was intended as an atonement for his piratical misdeeds.

the year at Oxford. These books afterward found a place in my father's library in Jersey, and I have heard the latter say that the presentation to Sir Thomas was made by Doctor Johnson, who wrote in them: "*Sparlam quam neculus es ornasti*," which I suppose may be freely translated by: "You adorn the country of your adoption." He must have been a handsome man, if Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of him does not flatter—and he was lucky to be painted by Sir Thomas, who had then retired.

The old rectory of St. Saviour's (familiarly known during my father's incumbency as "the deanery") snuggled comfortably at the bottom of a hilly lane leading from the parish main road. It was built of the gray granite quarried in the island, and occupied three sides of a square. Two sides were covered by the dwelling; the third, forming the large courtyard, being given over to a row of buildings used in olden days for the home manufacture of cider.



Mont Orgeuil Castle. Jersey, Cromwellian period, the escaped by lowering

The making of this mild beverage had long been discontinued, but the great stone wheel for the crushing of the apples, together with the huge stone troughs, vats, and other primitive appliances, still remained. A dovecote, symbolical of the rector's calling, stood in the courtyard.

A portion of the house proper bore the date 1100, cut in a coping-stone, but the original building had evidently been added to from time to time. Its face was almost entirely covered with climbing roses, red, white, pink, blush, and, to me most beautiful



Mrs. Langtry, at fourteen

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all, the single damask. Underlying these were cherry and pear trees of great age, the blossoms of which, in late springtime, rivaled the roses in delicious fragrance. Climbing to my own bedroom window, and gracefully framing it, was an immense white jessamine, warring for existence with a clambering, heavily laden tree of deep-red roses. The high-walled garden to the east was given equally to flowers and fruit, and here a fig tree, rich in season with its purple yield, reared its fertile head. A long terrace, with undulating lawn beyond, comprised the remainder of the place, with evidences on all sides of my mother's wonderful love of flowers.

There were two main entrances to the rectory, the door consecrated to my mother's use being dignified with a portico, in sharp contrast to the severely businesslike entrance to my father's study and our schoolroom. The interior was a labyrinth of small, low rooms, with very deep

and I add parenthetically that I never see a certain piece of sculpture advertising a more or less familiar brand of soap without recalling instantly the dear old soul's vigorous and wholesome methods in the discharge of her duties. A born story-teller, she used to fill our easily excited minds with narratives of daring French invasions and bold smugglers. An especially fascinating tale had to do with one Baron de Rullecourt, who, with a handful of followers, had landed on the island some eighty years previously, with conquest in mind, and had been ignominiously defeated by Major Pierson at the head of the military. Madame Bisson's father had witnessed the thrilling event, and had seen my great-grandmother flee with her youthful family from the scene of conflict in the Royal Square, the skirmish having later been immortalized in Copley's picture of "The Battle of Jersey." As may be imagined, our nurse's stories had a very disquieting effect on childish minds, and any unusual noises at night brought us bolt upright in bed, terrified at the possible return of our French enemies. There was, of course, no danger of such a happening; but smuggling still continued, and dear Madame Bisson could give such realistically accurate accounts of the smugglers' doings as eventually to create a suspicion that one of her sailor sons followed this particular avocation.

It may be thought that I was utterly spoiled through being an only girl surrounded by six brothers. Quite the contrary. My brothers lost no opportunity during my earliest youth in impressing on me what a miserable handicap it was to be a girl—a silly creature given to tears on the slightest provocation, easily scared, and full of qualms. So I was quick to perceive that, in order to have a free hand in their sports and not be left out in the cold, I must steady my nerves, control my tears, and look at things from a boy's point of view. Following this course, I conquered their prejudices, becoming a partner in all their games and numerous escapades, and sharing, always in mitigated form, the punishment meted out to the transgressors.

We kept rabbits, guinea-pigs, canaries, ferrets, and



Copley's picture of "The Battle of Jersey," the last fought on English soil, January 6, 1781

(It portrays the death of the young British defender Major Francis Pierson, just as the French invaders under Baron de Rullecourt were on the point of surrender.)

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Looking out on a
sloping lawn at the
rear, they commanded
a view of the beautiful
rolling glebe-land, that are known in Jersey as "cotils."
One wing in the deanery was set apart for the children,
and there we romped unhindered to our heart's content, in
charge of an old white-haired nurse named Madame Bisson,

every kind of chicken. Once, forgetting to feed a pet
canary, it died of starvation. I recall the flood of tears I
shed, and my mother's punishment, as severe as was com-
patible with her gentle nature. I (Continued on page 142)

A BELIEF in the influence of the heavenly bodies upon human destiny has played an important part in the affairs and actions of men. A dark star called by the ancients Erlik, after the Prince of Darkness, presided over the birth of the chief characters in this story—they are children of the Dark Star.

Ruhannah (Rue) Carew, daughter of a retired missionary, marries Ed Brandes, who turns out to be a racing-man and gambler, and has a wife from whom he has not yet been divorced, although a suit is pending. Discovering this in New York, on her wedding-day, through the wife's unexpected intervention, Rue is assisted to get to Paris, where she wants to study art, by James Neeland, an illustrator from her home town, Gayfield, in New York state, who puts her in charge of a Russian friend, the Princess Mistchenka, who is sailing at that moment. Rue makes great progress in her drawing, and develops into a charming and cultivated woman. She lives with the princess in Paris.

After two years, Neeland receives an urgent request from the princess to bring to Paris the contents of a box in the Carew house (the missionary and his wife are now dead) which contains plans of the defenses of the Dardanelles. Also in the box is a bronze figure of a Mongol demon, Erlik, the Prince of Darkness. Mr. Carew got these from a German engineer in Turkey, who was killed in a riot. Neeland starts with the box, and is pursued all the way from Gayfield by three foreign spies, who make desperate efforts to steal the plans. They are Ilse Dumont, the now divorced wife of Brandes, who has been an actress, known on the stage as Minna Minti, and two men, Breslau and Kestner. Several times Neeland's life is in jeopardy, but Ilse manages to save him. At first he does not take the matter very seriously, and facetiously calls them "Scheherazade," "Golden Beard," and "Ali Baba." On the train from Cherbourg to Paris, he occupies a compartment with Brandes and three companions, and learns from their talk that, ostensibly hired by a man named Quint to open a gambling-house in Paris at the Café des Bulgars, they are really to help collect information for a foreign embassy. There are strong rumors of impending war. Brandes vows vengeance on Ilse (who, he says, is employed by the Turkish government) for having been the cause of his losing Rue, and confesses that he has already betrayed Quint to the British secret service.

As Neeland arrives in Paris, the plans are stolen from him. He is deeply chagrined that he cannot deliver them to the Princess Mistchenka (who, he now learns, is a Russian spy). He finds Rue a beautiful young woman, and is amazed at the progress she has made in her art. The afternoon of his arrival he receives a note signed "Scheherazade," begging him to return to America at once, and in the evening at dinner in the princess's home, he meets a young Russian cavalry officer and *attaché*, Captain Sengoun, known to his friends as "Prince Erlik," to whom he takes a great liking. Later in the evening, the two start out to seek amusement. As they leave the house, two men, who have been sitting on a bench, rise and follow them.

XXIX

AT THE JARDIN RUSSE

AT midnight, the two young men had not yet parted. For, as Sengoun explained, the hour for parting was already past, and it was too late to consider it now. And Neeland thought so, too, what with the laughter and the music and the soft night breezes to counsel folly, and the city's haunting brilliancy stretching away in bewitching perspectives still unexplored.

Sengoun, his arm through Neeland's, had become affectionately confidential. He explained that he really was a nocturnal creature—that now he had completely waked up, that his habits were due to a passion for astronomy, and that the stars he had discovered at odd hours of the early morning were more amazing than any celestial bodies ever before identified.

But Neeland, whose head and heart were already occupied, declined to study any constellations, and they drifted through the bluish luster of white arc-lights and the clustered yellow glare of incandescent lamps toward a splash of iridescent glory among the chestnut trees, where music



"Oh," he said gaily, "a can save my life

sounded and tables stood amid flowers and grass and little slender fountains which balanced silver globes upon their jets.

The waiters were in Russian-peasant dress; the orchestra was Russian Gipsy; the bill of fare was Russian, and there was only champagne to be had.

Balalaika orchestra and spec-tators were singing some evidently familiar song. Two fascinating Gipsy girls were dancing—slim, tawny, supple creatures in their scarlet and their jingling bangles. After a deafening storm of applause, their flashing smiles swept the audience, and, linking arms, they sauntered off between the tables under the trees.

"I wish to dance," remarked Sengoun. "My legs will kick over something if I don't."

They were playing an American dance—a sort of skating-step; people rose; couple after couple took the floor, and Sengoun looked around for a partner. He discovered no eligible partner likely to favor him without a quarrel with her escort, and he was debating with Neeland whether a row would be worth while when the Gipsy girls sauntered by.

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The Dark

A Story of

By Robert W.

Illustrated by

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"Oh," he said gaily, "a pretty Tzigane can save my life—if she will!"

The girls laughed, and Sengoun led one of them out at a reckless pace. The other smiled and looked at Neeland, and, seating herself, leaned on the table.

"Don't you dance?" she asked, with a sidelong glance out of her splendid black eyes.

"Yes; but I'm likely to do most of my dancing on your pretty feet."

"*Merci!* In that case, I prefer a cigarette."

She selected one from his case, lighted it, folded her arms on the table, and continued to gaze at the dancers.

"I'm tired to-night," she remarked.

"You dance beautifully."

"Thank you."

Sengoun, flushed and satisfied, came back with his Gipsy partner when the music ceased.

"Now I hope we may have some more singing!" he exclaimed, as they seated themselves and a waiter filled their great, bubble-shaped glasses.

And he did sing at the top of his delightful voice when the

balalaikas swept out into a ringing and familiar song, and the two Gipsy girls sang, too—laughed and sang, holding the frosty goblets high in the sparkling light.

It was evident to Neeland that the song was a favorite one with Russians. Sengoun was quite overcome; they all touched goblets.

"*Brava, my little Tziganes!*" he said, with happy emotion. "My little compatriots—my little tawny panthers of the Caucasus! What do you call yourselves in this band-box of a country, where two steps backward take you across any frontier?"

His dancing partner laughed.

"They call us Fifi and Nini," she replied. "Ask yourself why."

"For example," added the other girl, "we rise from this table and thank you. There is nothing further. *C'est fini—c'est Fifi—Nini—comprenez-vous, Prince Erlik?*"

"Hi! What?" exclaimed Sengoun.

"I'm known, it appears, even to that devilish name of mine!" Everybody laughed. "After all," he said more soberly, "it's a Gipsy's trade to know everybody and everything. *Tiens!*"

He slapped a gold piece on the table. "A kiss apiece against a louis that you don't know my comrade's name and nation!"

The girl called Nini laughed.

"We're quite willing to kiss you, Prince Erlik, but a *louis d'or* is not a copper penny. And your comrade is American and his name is Tchames."

"James!" exclaimed Sengoun.

"I said so—Tchames."

"What else?"

"Nilan."

"Neeland?"

"I said so."

Sengoun placed the gold piece in Nini's hand, and looked at Neeland with an uncomfortable laugh.

"I ought to know a Gipsy, but they always astonish me, these Tziganes. Tell us some more, Nini."

The girls, resting their elbows on the tables, framed their faces with slim and dusky hands, and gazed at Sengoun out of humorous, half-veiled eyes.

"There will be war," remarked Nini, with a shrug of her bare brown shoulders.

"Why?" asked Neeland, smiling.

"Why? Because, for one thing, you have brought war into Europe!"

"Come, now; no mystery!" said Sengoun gaily. "Explain how my comrade has brought war into Europe, you little fraud!"

Nini looked at Neeland.

"What else except papers was in the box you lost?" she asked coolly.

Neeland, very red and uncomfortable, gazed back at the girl without replying, and she laughed at him.

"You brought the Yellow Devil into Europe, M'sieu Nilan—Erlík, the Yellow Demon! When he travels, there is unrest. Where he rests, there is war!"

"You're very clever," retorted Neeland, quite out of countenance.

"Yes, we are," said Fifi, with her quick smile. "And who but M'sieu Nilan should admit it?"

"Very clever," repeated Neeland, still amazed and profoundly uneasy. "But this Yellow Devil you say I brought into Europe must have been resting in America, then. And, if so, why is there no war there?"

"You brought the Yellow Demon here but just in time!"

"All right! Grant that, then. But—perhaps he was a long time resting in America. What about that, pretty Gipsy?"

The girl shrugged again:

"Is your memory so poor, M'sieu Nilan? What has your country done but fight since Erlík rested among your people? You fought in Samoa; your war-ships went to Chili, to San Domingo; the blood of your soldiers and sailors was shed in Haiti, in Cuba, in the Philippines, in China—"

"Good Lord," exclaimed Neeland; "that girl is dead right!"

Sengoun threw back his handsome head and laughed without restraint, and the Gipsies laughed, too.

"Show me your palms," said Nini, and drew Sengoun's and Neeland's hands across the table, holding them in both of hers.

"See," she added, nudging Fifi with her shoulder; "both of them born under the dark star!"

"Under the dark star Erlík," repeated the other girl, looking closely into the two palms, "and there is war there!"

"And death?" inquired Sengoun gaily.

The Gipsies searched his palm with intent gaze.

"Zut!" said Fifi. "*Je ne vois rien que de l'amour et la guerre aux dames!*"

"*T'en fais pas!*" laughed Sengoun. "I ask no further favor of fortune."

While they still explored his palm, whispering together at intervals, Sengoun caught the chorus of the air which the orchestra was playing, and sang it lustily.

But Neeland, unquiet to discover how much these casual strangers knew about his own and intimate affairs, had become silent and almost glum. But the slight gloom which invaded him came from resentment toward those people who had followed him to Paris, and who, in the very moment of victory, had snatched that satisfaction from him. He thought of Kestner and of Breslau—of Scheherazade, and the terrible episode in her stateroom.

Except that he had seized the box in the Carew house, there was nothing in his subsequent conduct on which he could plume himself. He could not congratulate himself on his wisdom; sheer luck had carried him through as far as the Rue Soleil d'Or—mere chance and that capricious fortune which sometimes convoys the stupid, fatuous, and astigmatic.

Then he thought of Rue Carew. And, in his bosom, an

intense desire to distinguish himself began to burn. If there were any way on earth to trace that accursed box—

He turned abruptly and looked at the two Gipsies, who had relinquished Sengoun's hand and were still conversing together in low tones while Sengoun beat time on the jingling table-top and sang joyously at the top of his baritone voice.

"Fifi?"

"M'sieu?"

"You're so clever—where is that Yellow Devil now?"

"*Pouf!*" giggled Fifi. "On its way to Berlin, *pardie!*"

"That's easy to say. Tell me something else more expensive."

Nini said, surprised,

"What we know is free to Prince Erlík's friend."

"I don't know anything about you or where you get your information," said Neeland. "I suppose you're in the secret service."

"*Mon ami Nilan,*" said Fifi, smiling, "we should feel lonely outside the secret service. Few in Europe are—few in the world, fewer in the half-world. As for us Tziganes, who belong to neither, the business of everybody becomes our secrets. What do you desire to know?"

"Anything," he said simply, "that might help me to regain what I have lost."

"And what do you suppose?" exclaimed Fifi, opening her magnificent black eyes very wide. "Did you imagine that nobody was paying any attention to what happened in the Rue Soleil d'Or this noon?"

Nini laughed.

"The word flew as fast as the robber's taxi-cab. From the Trocadéro to Montparnasse, from the Point du Jour to Charenton, from the Bois to the Bièvre, the word flew! Every taxi-cab, omnibus, *sapin*, every *bateau mouche*, every train that left any terminal was watched. Five embassies and legations were instantly under



He turned in his chair and looked

redoubled surveillance; hundreds of cafés, bars, restaurants, hotels; all the theaters, gardens, cabarets, *brasseries*.

"But to my idea, they got out of Paris before we watchers knew of the affair at all—in an automobile perhaps—perhaps by rail. But if we ever lay our eyes on Minna Minti, we wear toys in our garters which will certainly persuade her to take a little stroll with us."

After a silence, Neeland said,

"Is Minna Minti, then, so well known?"

"An *artiste*, that woman!" replied Nini. "Why deny it?"

"Did you ever hear of a place called the Café des Bulgars?" asked Neeland carelessly.

"Yes."

Sengoun, who had been listening, shook his head.

"There's nothing to interest us at the Café des Bulgars," he said. Then he summoned a waiter and pointed tragically at the empty goblets.

XXX

THE CAFÉ DES BULGARS

THEIR *adieux* to Fifi and Nini were elaborate and complicated by bursts of laughter. The Tziganes recommended Captain Sengoun to go home and seek further adventures on his pillow; and had it not been for the gay babble of the fountain and the persistent perfume of flowers, he might have followed their advice.

It was after the two young men had left the Jardin Russe that Captain Sengoun positively but affectionately refused to relinquish possession of Neeland's arm.

"Dear friend,"

he explained, "I am just waking up, and I do not wish to go to bed for days and days."

"But I do," returned Neeland, laughing. "Where do you want to go now, Prince Erlik?"

The champagne was singing loudly in the Cossack's handsome head; the distant brilliancy beyond the Place de la Concorde riveted his roving eyes.

"Over there," he said joyously. "Listen, old fellow: I'll teach you the skating step as we cross the *place*. Then, in the first *bal*, you shall try it on the fairest form since Helen fell and Troy burned—or Troy fell and Helen burned—it's all the same, old fellow."

Neeland tried to free his arm—to excuse himself; two policemen laughed; but Sengoun, linking his arm more firmly in Neeland's, crossed the *place* in a series of Dutch rolls and outer edges, in which Neeland was compelled to join.

In the Rue Royale, however, Sengoun desisted with sudden

access of dignity, remarking that such gambols were not worthy of the best traditions of his embassy; and he attempted to bribe the drivers of a couple of hansom cabs to permit him and his comrade to take the reins and race to the Arc de Triomphe.

Failing in this, he exclaimed:

"I'm very thirsty with drinking so much, old fellow. Did you ever drink German champagne?"

"I believe not——"

"Come on, then; you shall drink several gallons and never feel it."

"Prince Erlik, you have had considerable refreshment already."

"*Copain, l'en fais pas!*"

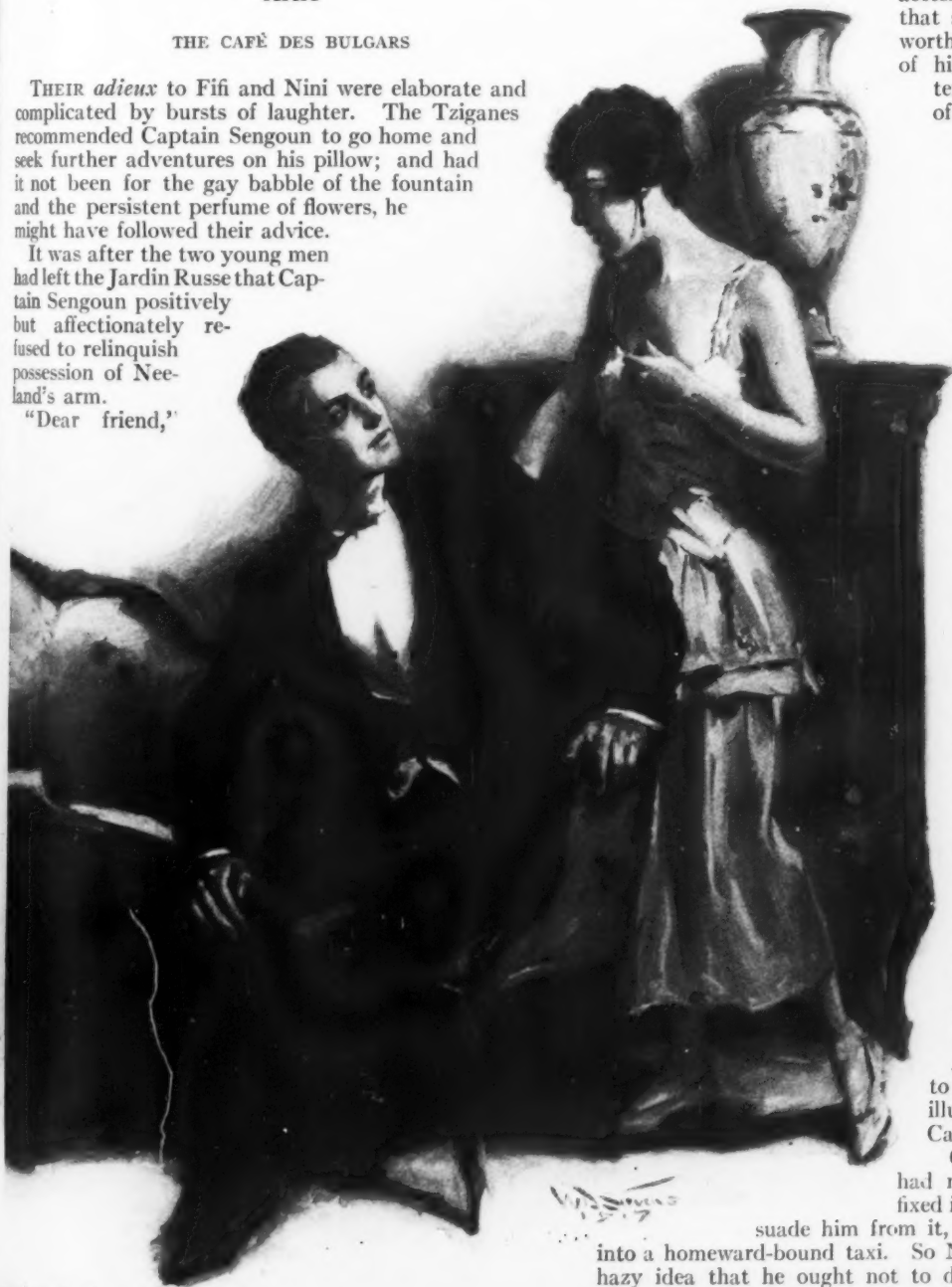
The spectacle of two young fellows in evening dress, in a friendly tug of war under the lamp-posts of the Boulevard, amused the passing populace; and Sengoun, noticing this, was inclined to mount a Boulevard bench and address the wayfarers, but Neeland pulled him down and persuaded him into a quieter street, the Rue Vilna.

"There's a German place now!" exclaimed Sengoun, delighted.

And Neeland, turning to look, perceived the illuminated sign of the Café des Bulgars.

German champagne had now become Sengoun's fixed idea; nothing could dis-

suaude him from it, nothing persuade him into a homeward-bound taxi. So Neeland, with a rather hazy idea that he ought not to do it, entered the café with Sengoun, and they seated themselves on a leather



up into the face of Ilse Dumont

wall lounge before one of the numerous marble-topped tables.

"Listen," he said, in a low voice to his companion: "We must be careful what we say."

Quite right, old fellow!" replied Sengoun, giving him an owlish look. "I must never forget I'm a diplomatist."

"Be careful, Sengoun!"

"Careful" is the word, *mon vieux*," returned the other, loudly and cheerfully. "I'll bet you a dollar, three copecks, and two sous that I go over there and kiss the cashier."

"No! Be a real diplomatist, Sengoun!"

"I'm sorry you feel that way, Neeland, because she's unusually pretty. And we might establish a triple entente until you find some Argive Helen to quadruple it. Aha! Here is our German champagne!"

"Listen! This won't do. People are looking at us—"

"Right, old fellow—always right! You know, Neeland, this friendship of ours is the most precious, most delightful, and most inspiring experience of my life. Here's a full goblet to our friendship! Hurrah!"

After they had honored the toast, Sengoun looked about him pleasantly, receptive, ready for any eventuality. And observing no symptoms of any eventuality whatever, he suggested creating one.

"Dear comrade," he said, "I think I shall arise and make an incendiary address—"

"No!"

"Very well—if you feel that way about it. But there is another way to render the evening agreeable. You see that sideboard?" he continued, pointing to a huge carved buffet piled to the ceiling with porcelain and crystal. "What will you wager that I cannot push it over with one hand?"

But Neeland declined the wager with an impatient gesture, and kept his eyes riveted on a man who had just entered the café. He could see only the stranger's well-groomed back, but when, a moment later, the man turned to seat himself, Neeland was not surprised to find himself looking at Doc Curfoot.

"Sengoun," he said, under his breath, "that *type* who just came in is an American gambler named Doc Curfoot; and he is here with other gamblers for the purpose of obtaining political information for some government other than my own."

Sengoun regarded the new arrival with amiable curiosity.

"That worm? Oh, well, every city in Europe swarms with such maggots, you know. It would be quite funny if he tries any blandishments on us, wouldn't it?"

"He may. He's a capper. He's looking at us now. I believe he remembers having seen me in the train."

"As for an hour or two at *chemin-de-fer*, baccarat, or roulette," remarked Sengoun, "I am not averse to a—"

"Watch him! The waiter who is taking his order may know who you are—may be telling that gambler. I believe he *did*! Now, let us see what happens."

Sengoun, delighted at the prospect of an eventuality, blandly emptied his goblet and smiled genially upon everybody.

"I hope he will make our acquaintance and ask us to play," he said. "I'm very lucky at *chemin-de-fer*. And if I lose, I shall conclude that there is trickery. Which would make it very lively for everybody," he added, with a boyish smile. But his dark eyes began to glitter, and he showed his beautiful, even teeth when he laughed. "Ha!" he said. "A little what you call a mix-up might not come amiss! Shall we, as you say in America, start something?"

Neeland, thinking of Ali Baba and Golden Beard and of their undoubted instigation by telegraph of the morning's robbery, wondered whether the rendezvous might not possibly be here in the Café des Bulgars.

The gang of Americans in the train had named Kestner, Breslau, and Weishelm—the one man of the gang whom he had never seen—as prospective partners in this enterprise.

Here, somewhere in this building, were their gambling headquarters. Was there any possible chance that the stolen box and its contents might have been brought here for temporary safety?

Leaning back carelessly on the lounge, and keeping his eyes on the people in the café, Neeland imparted this idea to Sengoun in a low voice—told him everything he knew in regard to the affair, and asked his opinion.

"My opinion," said Sengoun, who was enchanted at any prospect of trouble, "is that this house is 'suspect' and is worth searching. Of course, the prefect could be notified, arrangements made, and a search by the secret police managed. But, Neeland, my friend, think of what pleasure we should be deprived!"

"How do you mean?"

"Why not search the place ourselves?"

"How?"

"Well, of course, we could be picturesque, go to my rooms and fill our pockets with automatic pistols, and come back here, and—well, make them stand around and see how high they could reach with both hands."

Neeland laughed.

"That would be a funny jest, wouldn't it?" said Sengoun.

"Very funny. But—" He nudged Sengoun and directed his attention toward the terrace outside, where waiters were already removing the little iron tables and the chairs.

"I see," muttered Sengoun; "it is already Sunday morning, and they're closing."

Neeland summoned a waiter with a nod.

"When do you close up inside here?"

"To-morrow being Sunday, the terrace closes now, *monsieur*; but the café remains open all night," explained the waiter.

"Thank you." And, to Sengoun: "I'd certainly like to go up-stairs. I'd like to see what it looks like up there."

"Very well; let us go up."

"We ought to have some excuse."

"We'll think of several on the way"—rising with alacrity; but Neeland pulled him back.

"Wait a moment! It would only mean a fight."

"All fights," explained Sengoun seriously, "are agreeable."

"But a row will do us no good."

"Pardon, dear friend, I have been in serious need of one for an hour or two."

"I don't mean that sort of 'good,'" explained Neeland, laughing. "I mean that I wish to look about up there—explore—"

"Quite right, old fellow—always right! But—here's an idea! I could stand at the head of the stairs and throw them down as they mounted, while you had leisure to look around for your stolen box."

"My dear Prince Erlik, we've nothing to shoot with, and it's likely they have. There's only one way to get up-stairs with any chance of learning anything useful. And that is to start a row between ourselves." And, raising his voice as though irritated, he called for the reckoning, adding, in a tone perfectly audible to anybody in the vicinity, that he knew where roulette was played, and that he was going, whether or not his friend accompanied him.

Sengoun, delighted, recognized his cue, and protested in loud, nasal tones that the house to which his comrade referred was suspected of unfair play; and a noisy dispute began, listened to attentively by the pretty but brightly painted cashier, the waiters, the *gérant*, and every guest in the neighborhood.

"As for me," cried Sengoun, feigning to lose his temper, "I have no intention of being tricked!"

"It is an honest wheel, I tell you!"

"It is not! I know that place!"

"Be reasonable!"

"Reasonable!" repeated Sengoun appealingly, to the people around them. "Permit me to ask these unusually intelligent gentlemen whether it is reasonable to play roulette in a place where the wheel is notoriously controlled



Then she came quickly to where Neeland stood, astonished, and thrust two automatic pistols into his hand. "Get Sengoun!" she whispered. "Don't go down-stairs! Get to the roof—if you can! Try, oh, try, Neeland, my friend!"

and the management a dishonest one. *Messieurs*, I await your verdict!" And he folded his arms dramatically.

Somebody said, from a neighboring table,

"*Vous avez parfaitement raison, monsieur.*"

"I thank you!" cried Sengoun, with an admirably dramatic bow. "Therefore, I shall now go home to bed."

Neeland, maintaining his gravity with difficulty, followed Sengoun toward the door, still pretending to plead with him; and the *gérant* stepped forward to unlock the door. As he laid his hand on the bolt, he said in a whisper,

"If the gentlemen desire the privilege of an exclusive club where everything is unquestionably conducted——"

"Where?" demanded Neeland abruptly.

"On the third floor, *monsieur.*"

"Here?"

"Certainly, sir. If the gentlemen will honor me with their names, and will be seated for one little moment, I shall see what can be accomplished."

"Very well," said Sengoun, with a short, incredulous laugh. "I'm Prince Erlik, of the Mongol embassy, and my comrade is Mr. Neeland, consul-general of the United States of America in the Grand Duchy of Gerolstein!"

The *gérant* smiled. After he had gone away toward the further room in the café, Neeland remarked to Sengoun that doubtless their real names were perfectly well known, and Sengoun disdainfully shrugged his indifference.

"What do I care?"

A few moments later, the *gérant* returned and, in a low voice, requested them to accompany him. They passed slowly through the café, between tables where lowered eyes seemed to deny any curiosity; but guests and waiters looked after them after they had passed, and here and there people whispered together—particularly two men who had followed them from the Rue Soleil d'Or to the Jardin Russe, across the Place de la Concorde, and into the Café des Bulgars in the Rue Vilna.

XXXI

THE CERCLE EXTRANATIONAL

THE suite of rooms into which they were ushered appeared to be furnished in irreproachable taste. Except for the *salon* at the further end of the suite, where play was in progress, the charming apartment might have been a private one; and the homelike simplicity of every room, where books, flowers, and even a big gray cat confirmed the first agreeable impression, accented the lurking smile on Sengoun's lips.

Doc Curfoot, in evening dress, came forward to receive them in company with another man, young, nice-looking, very straight, and with high, square shoulders.

"*Bong soire, messoors,*" said Curfoot genially. "*J'ai l'honneur de vous faire connaître mon ami, Mussoor Weishelm.*"

They exchanged very serious bows with "*Mussoor*" Weishelm, and Curfoot retired.

In excellent French, Weishelm inquired whether they desired supper, and, learning that they did not, bowed smilingly and bade them welcome.

"You are at home, gentlemen; the house is yours. If it pleases you to sup, we offer you our hospitality; if you care to play, the *salon* is at your disposal, or, if you prefer, a private room. Yonder is the buffet; there are electric bells at your elbow. You are at home," he repeated, clicked his heels together, bowed, and took his leave.



Then, in the garret doorway. Weishelm appeared, toward the stairs again with

Sengoun dropped into a comfortable chair and sent a waiter for caviar, toast, and German champagne. Neeland lighted a cigarette, seated himself, and looked about him.

Over in a corner on a sofa, a rather pretty woman, a cigarette between her jeweled fingers, was reading an evening newspaper. Two others in the adjoining room, young and attractive, their feet on the fireplace fender, conversed together over a sandwich as comfortably as though they were by their own firesides.

Neeland continued to gaze toward the *salon*, where play was in progress. There did not seem to be many people there. At a small table, he recognized Brandes and Stull playing what appeared to be bridge with two men whom he had never before seen. There were no women playing.

As he watched the round, expressionless face of Brandes, who was puffing a long cigar screwed tightly into the corner of his thin-lipped mouth, it occurred to him somewhat tardily what Rue Carew had said concerning personal danger to himself if any of these people believed him capable of reconstructing from memory any of the stolen plans.

He had not thought about that specific contingency; instinct alone had troubled him a little when he first entered the Café des Bulgars. However, his unquiet eyes could discover nothing of either Kestner or Breslau; and, somehow, he did not even think of encountering Ilse Dumont in such a place. As for Brandes and Stull, they did not



his handsome face streaming blood. He staggered, turned mechanically wavering revolver; but a shot drove him blindly backward

know him at all. So, entirely reassured once more by the absence of Ali Baba, Golden Beard, and Scheherazade, whom he had no fear of meeting, Neeland ate caviar with a relish and examined his surroundings.

Of course, it was perfectly possible that the stolen papers had been brought here. There were three other floors in the building, too, and he wondered what they were used for.

Sengoun's appetite for conflict waned as he ate and drank, and a violent desire to gamble replaced it.

"You poke about a bit," he said to Neeland. "Talk to that girl over there and see what you can learn. As for me, I mean to start a little flirtation with Mademoiselle Fortuna. Does that suit you?"

Neeland asked doubtfully,

"Do you think it an honest game?"

"With negligible stakes, all first-class gamblers are honest."

"If I were you, Sengoun, I wouldn't drink anything more."

"Excellent advice, old fellow!"—emptying his goblet with satisfaction. And, rising to his firm and graceful height, he strolled away toward the *salon*.

Neeland watched him disappear; then he glanced curiously at the girl on the sofa, who was still preoccupied with her newspaper. So he rose, sauntered about the room, examining the few pictures and bronzes, modern but excellent. The carpet underfoot was thick and soft, but, as he strolled past the girl, who seemed to be so intently

reading, she looked up over her paper and returned his civil recognition of her presence with a slight smile. As he appeared inclined to linger, she said, with pleasant self-possession,

"These newspaper rumors, *monsieur*, are becoming too persistent to amuse us much longer."

"Why read them?" inquired Neeland, with a smile.

"Why?" She made a slight gesture. "One reads what is printed, I suppose."

"Written and printed by people who know no more about the matter in question than you and I, *madame*."

"That is perfectly true. Why is it worth while for anybody to search for truth in these days when everybody is paid to conceal it?"

"Oh," he said, "not everybody."

"No; some lie naturally and without pay," she admitted indifferently.

"But there are still others. For example, *madame*, yourself."

"I?" She laughed, not troubling to refute the suggestion of her possible truthfulness.

He said,

"This—club—is furnished in excellent taste."

"Yes; it is quite new."

"Has it a name?"

"I believe it is called the 'Cercle Extranational.' Would *monsieur* also like to know the name of the club cat?"

They both laughed easily, but he could make nothing of her.

"Thank you," he said; "and I fear I have interrupted your reading."

"I have read enough lies; I am quite ready to tell you a few. Shall I?"

"You are most amiable. I have been wondering what the other floors in this building are used for."

"Private apartments," she replied smilingly, looking him straight in the eyes. "Now, you don't know whether I've told you the truth or not—do you?"

"Of course I know."

"Which, then?"

"The truth."

She laughed and indicated a chair, and he seated himself.

"Who is the dark, nice-looking gentleman accompanying you?" she inquired.

"How could you see him at all through your newspaper?"

"I poked a hole, of course."

"To look at him or at me?"

"Your mirror ought to reassure you. However, as an afterthought, who is he?"

(Continued on page 153)

The Panama Plot



Craig bent over her soothingly, his eyes on the reddish spots on her fair skin

THAT little moving-picture actress, Marcia Lamar, knows more about these new slides at Culebra than she's telling."

Burke leaned forward eagerly as he poured forth his suspicions to Kennedy in a secluded corner of the broad veranda of the hotel at Colon. On his way back to the States, after leaving us at St. Thomas, he had been intercepted at Havana and had been moved down to the Isthmus, like a chessman, by the chief of the secret service.

The first word that we had that Burke needed us again was while we were at Port of Spain, and came in the shape of a letter telling of a recent series of slides in the Culebra Cut which had aroused suspicion by their unwonted regularity. "Nothing is said officially," concluded Burke, in the letter, "but, just the same, the Zone police are hard at work. There have been some mysterious doings in this precious little republic. Come at once."

Glad of the opportunity, Craig had taken the next steamer to the Isthmus. At the dock, Burke met us, his impatience scarcely restrained even by the health officer, who took our temperatures, looked at our vaccinations, and, in general, made us feel as though we were trying to smuggle in a germ or two. The moment we were released, Burke anxiously hurried us straight to the hotel.

"What's the trouble?" demanded Kennedy. "What do you suspect? Is there anything new?"

"Yes; another slide last night at Cucaracha," plunged Burke directly into the subject. "For several nights, we've heard a peculiar buzzing at different points in the Canal Zone. It seems to be in the air. I think it's an aeroplane engine—some one flying at night."

Burke hitched his chair closer as Craig gazed thoughtfully out over the wide stretch of lawn under the file of coco-palms to the roaring surf beyond.

"I suppose you don't know that after Fowler's flight

The matter which brings Craig Kennedy to Panama upon Burke's request is one of vital concern to our country. It is safe to assume that no more patriotic duty confronts every true

American to-day than that he shall add his voice to public clamor until Congress provides a scheme of defense for the Panama Canal that will make this most valuable and vulnerable artery the best protected spot on the surface of the globe—absolutely safe from attack by land, sea, or air. The things that happen in this story and their certain consequences if the plot had not been frustrated are well within the limits of probability.

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Loose-Philter" and other Craig Kennedy stories

Illustrated by Will Foster

over the Isthmus, three or four years ago, the President issued an executive order forbidding further flights. Well, no one is flying in the world to drop a bomb almost anywhere. And the last time I heard the noise was the night of the big slide at the cut, as I told you."

He paused to give us a chance to absorb the novel idea of an attack from the air on the canal.

Just then, there was a commotion down at the other end of the porch. I could not see distinctly, but it seemed to be a cavalcade of horses and wagons and an automobile. A motley crowd had piled out, all in the most outlandish of costumes apparently, many of them rough-looking fellows with dark faces, and gay bandanna handkerchiefs about their necks. I turned to Burke inquiringly.

"There's that moving-picture company now," he explained. "They've got special permission to come here to take a pirate-picture—nothing to do with the canal. Everybody here is crazy about Marcia Lamar."

I half rose, hoping to catch a glimpse of her.

"Calm yourself," restrained Burke, with a smile. "I'll introduce you to her later. Let me tell you what I've done," he went on, turning to Craig. "There are a lot of people here worth watching. Since pleasure-travel to Europe has been stopped by the war, more and more tourists are coming down to this part of the world."

"Well," he continued slowly, "I've been watching everybody. There's one group of tourists here that I've been interested in particularly, though. It's the usual combination of school-teachers, business men, and people of leisure. But the most interesting to me is a young school-teacher from New York, Marilyn Marsh. Then, there's a man who seems to be in love with her—a fellow named Werner—"

"But what has that to do with Marcia Lamar—and the case?" interrupted Kennedy quickly.

"Just this: Marilyn Marsh is about as much like her in

looks as one girl could be like another. The other night, one of the bell-boys handed her a message. It was meant for Marcia, but she gave it to me." Burke drew out a piece of paper, handed it to us, and we read:

MARCIA:

Important that I should go up to the estate immediately. More trouble over labor. Will arrange sites for later scenes of the picture. Don't you think it is best not to announce our marriage until the picture is finished? Love and a milliard of kisses.

MIGUEL MENOCAL.

"That was the night of the last slide," continued Burke, even before we had finished reading. "Menocal is a wealthy Panamanian who has been very much smitten by Marcia. The point's this: The company has already been up on his estate once, taking some scenes. Connelly—that's the director—has told me that one night he heard the sounds in the air up there. Besides, after the company made the trip, Marcia acted very strangely—seemed to feel that she was being watched and to resent it. I took Miss Marsh into my confidence then. And now I find that Marcia and Menocal are secretly married."

Burke paused at the sound of footsteps. We turned and saw a rather nervous and excited individual.

"Hello, Burke!" he greeted, with a glance at us which plainly indicated he was sorry not to find the secret-service man alone.

"It's all right; they're good friends of mine," assured Burke, introducing us. "This is Mr. Connelly, promoter and director of the enterprise which he calls the Caribbean Cinema Company—popularly, the C. C. C. How are things, Connelly?"

"About as bad as possible," the director returned, with less restraint than at first. "The whole picture is held up now. Marcia Lamar has suddenly been taken ill. Confound it, I don't know what's the matter with her. The doctor doesn't know; no one knows. Maybe it isn't a case for a doctor, anyhow," he concluded, with a quick look of appeal to Burke. Burke, in turn, wheeled toward Kennedy.

"I should like to see Miss Lamar," responded Kennedy promptly. "What seems to be the trouble with her?"

"Trouble? Trouble enough! Right in the middle of a scene, she was taken with a chill. We had to bring her back in the auto—"

There was a sudden crash of glass and splintering of wood not twenty feet from where we were standing, as though something had come hurtling through the roof of the porch.

"What's that?" exclaimed Connelly, jumping as if he had been struck. "Something through the roof?"

Burke had sprung forward.

"Here's one of the things!" he cried. "There are a dozen or more of them—went right through the floor—all but this one."

He handed Kennedy what looked like a queerly shaped steel rod. It was about six inches long, pointed at one end, like a lead-pencil, but at the middle, instead of being cylindrical, it was fluted, milled out into four grooves running the rest of the length of the shaft.

Craig turned the thing over carefully, then

dropped it. It fell true, sticking in the wooden floor up-right, quivering.

"What do you suppose it is?" asked Connelly nervously.

"A flechette—a steel dart, used in Europe by aviators. A lot of them are placed in a large box and then released. No matter in what position they are let loose, they always land with the pointed end downward. The grooves make what is known as a 'feather-top.'"

I looked at Craig, aghast. Had some one aimed an attack at us, hoping, perhaps, to get us before we could set to work on the case?

"Whew!" whistled Connelly. "Say, one of those things would go right through a man if it hit him right. When it rains needles like that, if it weren't for Marcia Lamar, I'd go back to Kingston and finish the picture in Jamaica."

"I've had a couple of narrow escapes lately," remarked Burke, snapping his jaws. "There's something desperate going on—mark my words!"

"Let's move away from here, anyhow," suggested Connelly quickly.



"Señor Menocal no at home," he replied, in labored English.

"He go up-country—back to-morrow, next day"

"Might I see Miss Lamar now?" queried Kennedy, in a tone that indicated that he, too, felt the need of prompt action.

"Surely," responded the director, leading the way precipitately to the protection of the stronger roof of the main building.

We found Marcia Lamar in one of the best suites in the hotel, as befitted a motion-picture star with a fabulous weekly salary. She was lying on a couch beside the window where there was the most air, while already there were a nurse and a doctor in the room.

Only a glance at her, even now, was needed to realize that it was no wonder that the Canal Zone had gone wild over the pretty screen-star. She had a figure that was truly Junoesque. Her face was as striking as her form, more especially the reddish gold of her hair and grayish blue of her eyes, which "screened" so marvelously.

I was startled, however, as we came closer to observe a number of blue-red spots on her neck, face, and arms—some no larger than a pea, others as big as a quarter-dollar—perhaps twenty of them, slightly raised above the skin.

"It's the most peculiar case," remarked the doctor, in a low tone, to Kennedy. "She seems to have regularly recurring paroxysms of chills, then fever. She's delirious and terribly nervous. You saw the spots. They are all over her body."

"You have no idea what it is?" queried Craig.

The doctor shook his head.

"Ordinarily, the diagnosis of diseases in the tropics isn't more difficult than in temperate countries, but it must be gone into thoroughly, with much routine of laboratory procedure. The health authorities cooperate with us in that. Still we've not been able to determine what it is from the differential count of leucocytes, the white-cell count, study of the red cells, search for the usual parasites, even serum-reactions and blood-cultures."

"Will you give me a blood smear?" asked Kennedy.

"Surely—but it has baffled me. I've stained with gentian violet, borax-methylene blue, Leishmann's stain—and can find nothing." He handed Kennedy a couple of slides on which were fresh little blood smears.

"I must meet him—Cardenas is his name—used to be overseer for Miguel—something to say—to me—the Café Darien—to-morrow. I must be there—Miguel—Miguel—" Marcia's voice trailed off, repeating the name of Menocal. What did it mean? Was some one going to betray some damning fact about her husband?

"A queer building—across the bay—Bay of San Blas—

from the estate. I must see him—we are all Americans—North—South—oh, my poor head, my poor head!"

Kennedy bent over her soothingly, his eyes on the reddish spots on her fair skin. Suddenly, he raised her arm. For a moment he regarded some queer, regular marks, almost as if they had been the scars from some small, sharp teeth. His face still lined thoughtfully; he laid the arm down abstractedly.



I saw Craig watching Werner covertly—
been a pose to cover

"I wonder whether Menocal is back—when they expect him," he considered.

"He has a house in the city," suggested Burke. "Perhaps they will know there."

"We might try," agreed Kennedy, and, a moment later, we withdrew quietly from the room, leaving Connelly in the lobby of the hotel.

"You were right, Burke," pursued Kennedy, as we

threaded our way through the narrow streets of the city. "She does know something—even if it is not enough."

We found the house of Menocal without any trouble—a beautiful place, quite in contrast with some that we passed. In answer to our summons, the door was opened by a suave Japanese butler whose name Burke seemed to have heard, Kayama. He bowed, and shook his head deprecatingly in answer to our inquiry.

think how we're leaving a piece of property worth half a billion or more around loose this way. Why, we ought to take out burglary insurance on this canal. Some one'll run off with it behind our backs. 'A queer building—Bay of San Blas.' Is it his? Maybe. The Café Darien—that's over in what you might call the 'red-light district' of Panama. Say, how do we know what these spigotties who hate us are up to?"

Kennedy turned to Burke.

"Where can I see Marilyn Marsh?" he asked directly.

"There's a dance over at the Tivoli, at Ancon, to-night. Almost everyone has gone to it. She's there."

"Then we'll have to go to Panama. When can we get a train?"

"There's one in less than an hour."

"And it takes?"

"A couple of hours."

"All right," agreed Kennedy. "It will be pretty late, but I'll meet you at the station. Where can I see the health officer?"

Burke directed us, and we had no difficulty in finding him.

"I've called," introduced Kennedy, "because I'm interested in the case of Miss Lamar."

The health officer shook his head.

"The case was reported to us promptly," he remarked. "We don't lose any time over these things. But I don't know what to make of it."

For several moments, they chatted about the measures adopted for safeguarding health, Kennedy leading the conversation from Stegomyia to Anopheles and other insect pests.

"By the way," he remarked, "what measures do you adopt against other vermin?"

"We have our official rat-catcher," smiled the doctor, "armed with a Flobert rifle and a pocketful of poison."

"Has he reported anything out of the way lately?"

"Why, yes," he replied quickly; "and it's strange, too. Only the other day he killed two white rats—ferociously hungry fellows they were—back of the hotel."

Kennedy was alert in an instant.

"Have you kept the bodies?" he asked quickly.

"Of course. They went to the bacteriologist. Why?"

"I'm interested in them."

"I'll have them sent to you."

"Will you?" thanked Kennedy. "Let me have them to-morrow."

We had just time now to dash for the train and Burke.

Panama, even in the darkness, impressed me as being quite different from Colon. Most of the shops on the main street opposite the railway station were closed. Other



Had his enthusiasm for the jungle something else?

"Señor Menocal no at home," he replied, in labored English. "He go up-country—back to-morrow, next day."

Though not very definite, it was the best satisfaction we could get.

"You know," remarked Burke, still thinking of Marcia and her delirious words as we had turned away, "these people down here—some of them, at least—don't seem to like us any too well. Sometimes, Kennedy, it makes me boil to

streets were graded and paved, though some picturesquely crooked streets were left.

Burke succeeded in getting us to the Tivoli while the dance was at its height. For a moment, we paused in a doorway, while Burke cast his eye over the dancers, trying to pick out Marilyn Marsh.

I could not help feeling that it was strangely like a suburban affair of the same sort at home, except for the men in their crisp white linen. There were some *señoritas* of the republic, dark-skinned beauties, but, for the most part, the gowns, the conversation, the manners of the women were quite like those at home. The canal-force had dwindled since the virtual completion of the work, but there was still a fair sprinkling, and tourists made up a large number.

Burke had no need to point Marilyn out. Even before he did so, I had seen her, and was impressed by the remarkable resemblance to Marcia. Marilyn was quite of the same type, tall, almost statuesque. Except for the blonder shade of her hair, one might readily have mistaken them at a short distance.

"There's Werner," added Burke, a moment later, when the encore of the dance ceased and he edged his way across the floor in their direction.

We had but to watch a few moments to see that Werner was indeed very attentive to her, but I fancied that there was some restraint on the part of Marilyn.

Burke introduced us, and it fell to my lot to listen more to Werner than to Marilyn. Like most people of leisure who have traveled, I found that he was a very fascinating fellow. Apparently, he was more than a mere globe-trotter, too. He had somewhat of the sportsman.

"To-morrow," he remarked, after we had chatted a few moments, "I am going to do the unusual. I shall return to Colon through the jungle. I love it—its almost unbelievable tangle of palms, mahogany, cocobolo, lignum-vitæ—the vines and creepers, ferns and grasses, and the orchids. I've had a taste of it. You know, people come here and don't seem to realize that only a few miles away are the tapirs, the sloths, the iguana, the giant lizards, the boas and snakes—just as they were in the days of Balboa."

"You can't blame them," put in Kennedy hastily. "The jungle has its sinister aspect, the same menace that it had then—perhaps others."

I saw Craig watching Werner covertly. Had his enthusiasm for the jungle been a pose to cover something else? At any rate, he betrayed nothing at the broad remark of Kennedy.

There followed a byplay of small talk which I did not appreciate until I saw that, by the next dance, it had temporarily eliminated Werner. Craig had maneuvered

until we were alone with Marilyn, and, instead of dancing, sauntered to the far end of the porch.

It was a beautiful night, and we looked out over the dark blue of the sea, a blue such as I have rarely seen before, while above glowed the myriad stars, the fiery Southern Cross standing out among them in the clear air. A brilliant moon had risen from the Pacific—a sight that in the Western Hemisphere is unique, for one hardly realizes that the Isthmus is like the letter S, with Colon, on the Caribbean, to the west, and Panama, on the

Pacific, to the east. Suddenly, Kennedy paused as we walked, and faced Marilyn.

"Miss Marsh," he said, in a low, tense voice, "I think we understand each other. My introduction by Mr. Burke is sufficient to tell why I am here. Would you accept a commission—dangerous, perhaps—for your country?"

She returned his gaze with fearless eyes.

"What is it?" she asked simply.

"Marcia Lamar," he replied, after a moment, telling her of the illness and delirium, "was to meet a man, Cardenas, a former overseer for Menocal. He was to make some revelation to her—here in Panama—at the Café Darien. To-morrow, I want you to meet him. I want you to pose as Marcia Lamar. A little make-up; he will not know. It involves going into the so-called 'red-light district'—" He paused.

"I will do it," she answered quickly.

We rejoined the others so as not to excite suspicion, and the dance broke up shortly, for it was already late when we had arrived.

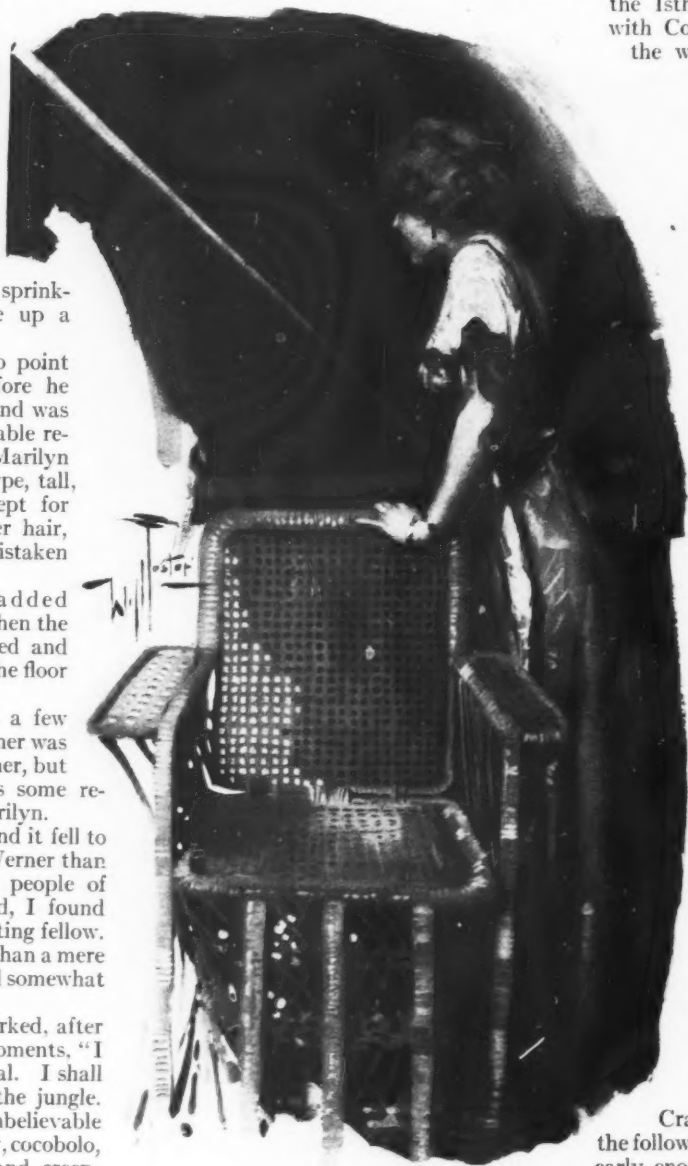
Craig and I were about early the following morning, but not quite early enough. Burke was nowhere to be found. Werner, it seemed, had started on horseback, almost at daylight, and Burke had left a hasty note, saying that he had followed him.

Kennedy was eager to get back to Colon now, and, after a hasty conference with Marilyn, determined that nothing better could be done than to leave her alone to carry out the mission which the stray words of Marcia had suggested.

"Depend on me," Marilyn assured us bravely. "If I don't succeed at first, I shall keep on. It is a service I would render in war; why not in peace—perhaps to prevent war?"

"A wonderful woman!" was Craig's comment, as we bade her good luck and hastened to the railway station. "And you will see—America would produce thousands, if the crisis called."

(Continued on page 98)



Marilyn had sprung forward to the railing of the porch, and was peering through the fine-mesh screen at something



When you're "run down"—

When you feel that you are lacking in your customary energy and snap—nothing else will restore you to normal and permanent vigor more surely or more quickly than a properly-balanced diet and *nourishing soup eaten every day.*

Good soup provides the most useful elements of nutrition in the most easily digested form. No other food is more important and necessary as a regular feature of the daily menu. Advanced physicians and dietists recognize this truth. In fact there is no more effective combination of "building-up" materials than you find in

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

The substantial invigorating stock we make from selected beef. In this we blend an abundance of nutritious vegetables beside fresh herbs, rice, barley and macaroni "alphabets." We include choice white potatoes and the best Jersey "sweets," fine yellow rutabagas, tender carrots, "Country Gentleman" corn, small peas, baby lima beans, tomatoes, celery, okra, delicate leek and a hint of sweet red peppers.

Here you have a dish both nourishing and palatable. Just the thing to give an extra relish to the family dinner or supper; just what you want for the children's luncheon and your own—especially on busy days when you are short of time or help. Yet with all the time and help in the world you could not produce a soup more satisfying and delicious.

It abounds in the tonic vegetable salts which your system particularly needs at this time of year. It is rich in the carbohydrates which produce energy and vim. And you receive this wholesome soup all cooked and prepared—*ready for your table at three minutes' notice.* Why not enjoy it *to-day?*

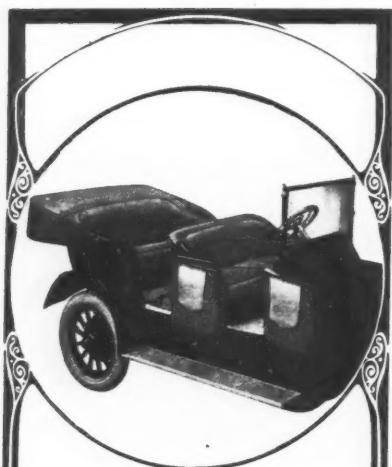
21 kinds

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

The Panama Plot

(Continued from page 96)



Dress Up Your Car!

Give it the look of prosperity you carry yourself.

You'd hate to be judged by a seedy coat—why be judged by dingy car cushions?

Besides, soiled cushions spoil clothes. How many cleaner's bills have you paid this season—and how many will you pay? Quite a few, beyond question, if you don't hide those travel-soiled cushions under

CORDON
Seat Covers

Come now! does it pay to save a few dollars at so high a price?

You'll be delighted with your Gordon Covers when you get them. They lie in place as smooth as the skin and never slip or wrinkle. Give a distinctive appearance to a car that's had in no other way. Add to its re-sale value too, if you wish to turn it in toward a newer model.

Every American Car and Model has a Gordon Seat Cover "tailored to fit." Also covers for seat-backs and doors, and handsome Top Slip Covers to make the outfit complete. Oh! You'll be proud when your car is "dressed up."

We've a booklet printed in actual shades of brown, tan, and grey, describing Gordon Covers in 26 distinctive fabrics and giving the price of Seat Covers for your motor car in any of these fabrics. We send this free. Write for it.



Save Your Tires

by protecting them from the fatal effects of sun heat. Gordon Easy On Tire Covers are what you need for this. Handsome, serviceable and by no means costly.

See your accessory dealer about both seat covers and tire covers.

The J. P. Gordon Co.
457 North Fourth St.
Columbus, Ohio

Our return trip was quite different in the daylight from the hasty journey at night. Then it was evident that it was not so much a canal we had built as two lakes. These had been joined by a canal nine miles long, cutting the intervening ridge.

It happened that on the train one of the canal engineers introduced himself. From him we heard of the wavelike formation of the slides at the cut, which the giant dredges were now at work removing. From him we learned of the peculiarly unstable nature of the volcanic soil, the overlying material resting on rock or something harder than itself which sloped toward the canal. The weight seemed to have overcome the frictional resistance, as if the underlayers were soft and were literally squeezed out, both at Culebra and Cucaracha. Instead of the angle of rest being one foot vertical to two horizontal, it was something like one to seven. Slides there had been into the canal-prism before, until equilibrium was approached. But these last ones had been started by something outside. I recalled Burke's theory of bombs dropped from aeroplanes—or perhaps placed by the flier.

We returned to Colon to find that Marcia was no better, and Kennedy lost no time in getting the carcasses of the two rats from the health authorities. Back in our room, he unpacked part of his traveling laboratory and began at once an examination both of the bodies of the rats and of the blood smears from Marcia, using his high-powered microscope.

Werner arrived safely, having completed his trip across in much better than the usual time. He was full of the glories of the jungle. I wondered whether he had made any digression from the main route. If he had, it could not have been far.

Late as it was, there was no word from Burke. Nor had we heard anything from Marilyn. But we recalled her last words—that she would succeed, no matter how long it took.

Kennedy's microscopic studies had been more than ordinarily exacting and, though he said little about them, I gathered from his manner that he was on the trail of something quite unusual. He also got Connolly to repeat what he had already told Burke about his trip to Menocal's estate and the strange noises in the air he had heard.

Menocal, it appeared from Connolly's description, was a very polished, suave, well-educated gentleman, with a taste for French brandy, cars, and feminine beauty, all of which seemed to have impressed the motion-picture director more than anything else about the man. He had not found anything on the estate which he wanted to make use of in his film, and what else he could tell us did not seem to have any value for the matter now uppermost in Kennedy's mind.

Werner was a different problem. Instinctively, I felt that he knew we were watching him. Personally, I could not say that I disliked the man, but his was the type that led me to be willing to credit him with almost anything except lack of cleverness. He might be an emissary of some secret foreign interest and still cover it up by something quite safe on the sur-

face. Or he might, for the sheer delight of adventure, engage in something in the very case in which we were interested, for the sole satisfaction of being able to tell of how he surpassed Burke at his own game. He was baffling, and he knew it and took pleasure in it.

Midnight came, and still no word from Burke, and not likely to be now, until the next day. Both Connolly and Werner had retired. Kennedy, however, had no intention of resting merely because we were alone. Making sure that no one, as far as we could judge, was observing us, he managed to slip out of a side entrance of the hotel and make his way through the town. We had not gone far before familiar landmarks indicated to me that he was bound for Menocal's place.

The house seemed as deserted as ever, and twice Kennedy and I went round it, to make sure that Menocal had not returned. We were standing in the rear, the part presided over by the faithful Kayama, contemplating the windows for any sign of life, when a noise in a little shed behind us attracted our attention. Kennedy opened the latched wooden door and flashed his pocket search-light into the shed. There, in a cage, were two white rats.

In a corner lay a large piece of canvas. Kennedy picked it up and threw it over the cage. Underneath, he broke a small bottle of chloroform. Ten minutes later, we were on our way back to the hotel, the two dead rats wrapped carefully in a strip of the canvas.

Early the following morning, Kennedy was at work supplementing the studies he had already made. Finally, I asked,

"Is it poison?"

"No," he replied slowly; "though I can't say that I think it strange that they should not have known what was the matter. You know it sometimes happens that a carefully formulated description of an unfamiliar group of symptoms brings other cases to light. The only thing was that I happened to have heard of this thing before. So it is that cases grow in number as medical attention is directed to them, and a condition which was infrequently recognized loses its rarity. That is the case in this instance." He pointed me toward the microscope. "Look through it," he said simply; "I have tried staining with iron hematoxylin. Can you see anything?"

I nodded. Just visible were some long lines, branching filaments, threadlike.

"That is the *Streptothrix muris ratti*," explained Kennedy. "No; it's not a poison. It's a fever, the now rather well known rat-bite fever."

"Rat-bite fever?" I questioned.

"A disease that develops, just as the name implies. It appears after a latent incubation of several days. You recall those little marks on Marcia's arms? Some one may have loosed rats in her room at night. Perhaps the bite healed long before the disease appeared."

It was something to have solved the mystery of the peculiar disease. Whence and why, however, had come the attack on Marcia?

Outside I heard a noise, and, glancing from the window, saw a native cart before the main entrance to the hotel.

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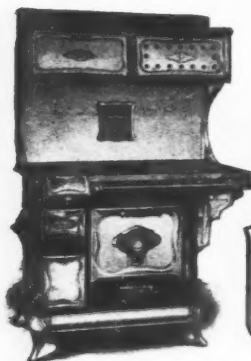
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"Burke!" I cried, recognizing the face of a man, half sitting, half lying in the cart.

It was indeed the secret-service man, pale and weak, his head bound up tightly. Exhausted by the jolting of the cart, he had to be assisted by the native to get out. We were at his side in a moment.

"What's the matter?" asked Kennedy, seizing his arm and gently supporting him to an easy chair on the veranda.

Burke looked about weakly.

"Did he get here all right?" he asked.

"Yes," nodded Kennedy; "but what happened to you?"

"I was following him. Some one must have been following me. I was struck down from behind. I don't know how—I didn't know a thing until this native picked me up half dead—too late to get here last night."

"Then you found out nothing? You don't even know who did it?"

"Not unless it was some one working for him," ruminated Burke. "If he got here all right and in time—it might have been some one trying to throw suspicion on him," he added, as if loath also to give up the idea that Menocal was at the bottom of it.

Burke's mishap added greatly to our anxiety for Marilyn. Craig was still considering what was best to be done when Connelly, who had evidently been searching all over, caught sight of us.

"Say," he asked anxiously, "isn't there anything that can be done for Marcia? She's having another of those attacks—only worse. By George, what's the matter with you, Burke?"

Hurriedly we told him, while Kennedy excused himself a moment to get something from his traveling laboratory, then rejoined us.

As we entered Marcia's room, it was evident that less than a day had made a remarkable change in her. She lay there, alternately moaning for Menocal and, I gathered, upbraiding him for something. The doctor seemed helpless. She had responded to no treatment that he had given, and he was at his wits' end.

Without a word, Kennedy drew a hypodermic needle from a case and a little bottle of yellowish liquid from his pocket. Carefully he selected a vein in her arm and punctured it with the needle.

"It seems to be a disease related to the Russian relapsing fever," he remarked, leaving to me as best I could to explain to the others what he had discovered. "Salvarsan will cure the trouble," he concluded simply, as, a few minutes later, he dropped the needle back into its case.

"Señor Menocal," announced a servant.

Kennedy signed quickly to let him in. An instant later, he burst in with true Latin emotion. Some one had evidently told him of Marcia's illness, which was not strange, for everyone knew by this time.

He seemed not to see or care about us as he knelt by the bed and fondly stroked her burning forehead. Instinctively she seemed to recognize his touch. Her face brightened, and between his return and the hypodermic, I could see a marked change already.

"You—you were gone—longer than—you expected," she murmured.

I wondered whether it might not be her indirect way of accusing him, for never for an instant had it seemed that she had forgotten that she was in a terribly trying

position, trying to reconcile loyalty to country with what she evidently feared of him. I think Kennedy shared my own feeling now—that in some way she had excited the fear of another, who felt safer with her out of the way.

"The trouble with the men on the plantation was more serious than I had expected," Menocal replied earnestly. "I came back the moment I could get away—only to find you—so. Madre de Dios—I would have lost the whole crop rather than have left you, if I had known this! Tell me—you are getting better?" She smiled at him wanly as he poured forth his excuses. On the surface, he had a perfectly valid explanation. She seemed to catch at it, to be eager to accept it.

"A lady in the lobby to see you, sir," interrupted a boy, singling out Kennedy.

It was Marilyn Marsh, safe at last. Craig greeted her with unconcealed joy.

"He didn't appear until too late to get here yesterday," she began, as if bursting with information, "and then I thought I had better meet him again to-day, to make sure that I got all—"

"Nothing—here," cautioned Craig, with a gesture of silence.

He looked about. Only at that end where the porch roof had been crushed in by the flechettes was it deserted. That had none too savory associations. He turned and led the way to an alcove inside.

"Then you discovered something?" he asked eagerly.

"Indeed, yes," she replied, brimming with enthusiasm. "There is a plot. Somewhere up-country—without a doubt on the Bay of San Blas—there is a secret aero base—ready for use at any time—not for war, now, of course, but for scouting, laying plans. They must be working out schemes for blowing up the locks at Gatun, Miraflores—to be ready to strike instantly—if ever needed."

"And the slides?" put in Burke, who had joined us.

"Merely an experiment—to test what can be done."

"How did you find out?" asked Craig. She laughed merrily.

"This Cardenas, I think, is a labor agitator. He learned from some workmen across the bay. I led him on—he is very susceptible—then left him." She laughed again at the thought of how she had carried out the hoax. "Seriously, though," she added, "it seems to be a gigantic scheme of some foreign agents to seize the canal from the air—wreck the forts on the Naos Islands and, over here, cut off the Isthmus wireless from Arlington, blow up the locks and create slides—anything to close the canal—if necessary. That would divide the fleet. I believe they're working on the data of the forts and guns here now."

"But who are 'they'?" insisted Craig. She shook her pretty head.

"Cardenas thinks it's Menocal. But Cardenas is somewhat of a blackmailer, I gather. The señor would not be shaken down for money. There's some animus in it, I'm afraid. But it's some one, and there's a representative—perhaps the real head—here in Colon."

Whoever it was, it was now more evident than ever that he had covered himself perfectly. I wondered whether Marilyn might not, in a measure, be in the same position as Marcia. Did she, in turn, half suspect Werner, and was she trying to



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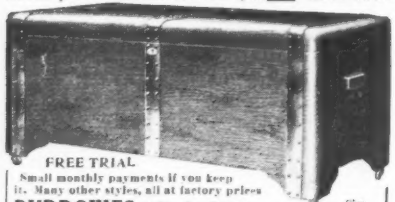
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divert attention from him? Whatever of her intuitions she had left unsaid, it was plain that she at last had discovered the facts.

We saw nothing yet of Werner, but there was now no time to seek him, for Craig and Burke were hastily sketching out a plan. Weak as he still was, Burke immediately got in touch with the authorities and arranged that that night there should be armed patrols at the locks and other important places. The special lighting-arrangements at Gatun, Miraflores, and Pedro Miguel, which gave them almost the brightness of day at night, were to be dimmed black. All over were to be cordons of the famous Zone police, most of them former army men.

However, such measures did not appeal to Kennedy, who realized how futile they were when the danger was not from earth, but above. He set hastily to work, putting together an invention which he had evolved some time before we had left New York, and had brought with him—a peculiar little instrument containing a novel electric cell.

Through Burke, we were able to gain admittance to the fort on the headland jutting out into the Caribbean, where were placed the fourteen-inch mortars and sixteen-inch guns which now seemed so to interest the foreign spies in the Zone. On each of several aeroplane guns Craig placed his new secret attachment.

The day had worn away almost before we knew it, and, whatever might be the measures we adopted against the terror in the air, we knew that there was other—perhaps greater—game still uncaught, here among us. Craig and I returned to the hotel after he had given the most elaborate explanation and instruction to the men at the coast-defense station.

It was galling to feel that there was nothing that we could do but wait. A trip out to the suspected spot, even if it could be located, on the bay, was out of the question until the following day. Burke had already made arrangements for that, and we were at liberty to join it, if we thought best. However, there was too much to keep us in Colon at the moment. More than that, as Kennedy pointed out, our secret foe must by this time have learned how close we were getting to him. If any new move was to be expected, it was altogether probable that he would make it, and that it would be made at us without our going to seek it. There was a fine flavor of danger in the thought. What unseen peril would menace us next?

It was nightfall before we reached the hotel again and found Marilyn Marsh waiting for us anxiously.

"Have you seen Mr. Werner to-day?" inquired Kennedy eagerly, feeling sure that if he were about it was more likely that he would find Marilyn than anyone else.

"Yes," she replied quickly, with unconcealed perplexity; "he was here this afternoon, after you left. It's strange. I can't make it out, but Mr. Werner seems to be watching Señor Menocal so sharply. Marcia has been growing steadily better, and, this afternoon, when Señor Menocal left the hotel, I noticed that Mr. Werner was waiting to see what he would do."

"Where's Werner now?"

"I think he followed Señor Menocal."

A third time, Kennedy and I sought Menocal's house. But now it seemed absolutely deserted, even by the faithful Kayama. We returned to find Burke resting on the porch, chatting with Marilyn.

"Perhaps he was on the same quest as yourself," she was saying.

"And some one 'got' me, instead of him?" queried Burke, evidently discussing his almost fatal encounter in the jungle.

"It might be. People know who you are; they don't know him," she suggested; and I felt that whatever she might suspect, at least she would like to have her explanation the true one.

"You bet they don't know him," responded Burke cordially.

"Look!"

Marilyn had sprung forward to the railing of the porch, and was peering through the fine-mesh screen at something. We were at her side instantly.

A long finger of light from the sky was sweeping toward us. Slowly its rays turned as though both the source of the light were unstable and its direction were being modified to locate something. On it swept, toward the headland.

"Some one on an aeroplane—trying to locate the gun-emplacements," muttered Kennedy.

The ray rested at last, as if it had found that at which it was directed.

Kennedy was almost frantic with impatience.

"Keep it fixed—one more minute!" he muttered, as if daring some one.

Suddenly, there came a sharp, distant bark of a gun—another—and another!

"My selenium range-finder!" cried Craig excitedly. "A ray of light makes a little selenium cell a conductor of electricity—completes the circuit. My arrangement points the gun—explodes the charge—along the path of the beam—"

There was a sharp, stifled cry from Marilyn. The beam of light in the sky seemed falling. One shot had struck.

"Come on!" urged Kennedy, swinging open the screen door and dashing out.

We followed in the direction of the falling beam. Burke, on account of his injuries, could go only slowly. Between us, Marilyn and I took his arms, while Craig forged ahead of us.

We had not gone far when I noticed a figure in front of us, and behind him another, as though dogging his steps.

As the figure ahead passed under a light, I saw, to my surprise, that it was Menocal.

We had come abreast of the man trailing him.

"Marilyn!"

"Then—you are—with us?"

"You didn't think I was against you, did you?" It was Werner. "I knew the disease," he panted. "It's the *sokodui*, as they call it in Japan. The only question in my mind was which of them was responsible."

We were now up to Craig, bending over a battered air-plane. Menocal had dropped down beside him.

"Yes—there were papers on him," muttered Craig. "You may show them to Marcia."

We, too, bent down. In the tangle of the wreckage lay the motionless body of Kayama, who had used Menocal as his cover.

The next **Craig Kennedy** story, **The Black Diamond**, will appear in **June Cosmopolitan**.



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Solitary Reaper

(Continued from page 41)

that low-life what can't support a cat and by God—by God—"

A gurgling and a crumpling, then a thump.

Above the prostrate form of her husband, so immediately that her cry was one with the thump, Mrs. Wolfner lifted a voice that went up like a shriek from a pyre.

"O my God! My husband! A stroke! Quick—somebody! O my God!"

"Papa! Papa! Darling papa! I give him up! Anything! I give him up! Papa! Darling!"

In St. Louis, where city smoke winds like a scarf stippled with soot balls, and well-scoured window-sills, white paint, and white gloves are of little moment, October comes with a flare, her trees torches, and, to a great raking of leaves and taking-down of awnings, the smell of burning leaves rises out of smoldering mounds of themselves.

Westminster Place, named of royalty, but with no sense of *noblesse oblige* weighting its Queen Anne roofs, reddens furiously at this approach of autumn, her rows of maples chagrined and shedding sullenly. Vague with haze, like the glaze over dying eyes, yet valiant, Westminster Place next turns the sear of old pampas, lawns capitulating overnight, flower-beds stripped to stalk, sinking in like old gums receding.

From Mrs. Wolfner's spacious tile-floor veranda, the outdoor rockers and the wicker table had weeks since been wrapped in newspapers and stored away beneath the basement stairway. Only a green garden-bench, tilted against the red-brick side of the buff-fronted house, remained, and in the center of the yellowing lawn, a wrought-iron jardinière, empty. From a second-story window, looking out on that sunless street so swept of summer, the slim silhouette of Miss Rosalee Wolfner, her white collar, and the dark head rising out of it were framed to the passer-by, her arms in motion but the hands not visible.

"Your deal, papa."

Across the small card-table drawn up pat against the window, Mr. Wolfner, a litter of playing-cards on the green-felt top before him, relaxed back against his chair, hands out along the sides and emerging, small and pinched, from the too long sleeves of his dressing-gown.

"I haven't got the patience, baby. Take 'em away." She reached out across the table toward him.

"Papa, don't you feel so well to-day?"

"I feel all right; only, I ain't got the strength no more. Weak—weak!"

"A cup of coffee?"

"No, I haven't got the appetite for it no more."

"Lie down then a while, dear, and let me call up and tell Doctor Rough you're not so well this afternoon."

"Say, a lot of good Doctor Rough can do a man when the whole right side of him is dead already."

"Papa!"

Thick tears formed immediately across Miss Wolfner's deeply dark eyes.

"Now, what's wrong about what your old daddy said, Rosie? Is he a nuisance around the house, or ain't he? Are you and your mamma much better than slaves, with a helpless man on your hands?"

She was around the table and to him, his head pressed to her rising breast.

"Oh, papa, papa, you know there's nothing we love like taking care of you every minute! It's only getting you well and strong again that we have to think about. Doctor Rough says you'll be all right again as—soon—as—"

"I know. I know"—closing his eyes and patting her hand—"I know."

"Papa, let me wheel you out for a while in your chair. We'll be back by the time mamma wakes up from her nap."

"For such dirty-colored weather, I can stay indoors."

"I'll beat you in a game of chess."

"You, Rosie, go put on your coat and hat and go over for an hour by aunt Meena's, or go ask Renie Shoengut she should walk with you in Forest Park for exercise."

"No, no, papa; I want to stay here with you."

"My girl has lost all her pink cheeks. Not once in the ten weeks since Elkhorn have I seen them."

"I have not, either!"

With a stir of quicker breath beneath her blouse, and sweeping the cards off the table, she folded the legs under it and carried it out into the hallway.

He sat looking after her through the open doorway. Stillness and early dusk descended, a clock ticking roundly into them. A newsboy hurled a twisted roll of evening paper from the sidewalk to the porch floor. The bedroom, ponderous with the black-walnut thing in Eighteen hundred and eighty-three's bedroom suite, sank readily into the pouring brownness, only the great double bed with its upstanding pillow-shams staring out.

"Rosalee!"

"Yes, papa?"

"Come here."

She appeared instantly in the doorway.

"Yes?"

"Here."

He reached up, drawing her down to the wide arm of the chair.

"Look at papa!"

She bored a smiling glance into him.

"Br-r-r, Papa Bear, what big eyes you've got!"

He fell to stroking her.

"Rosalee, my little girl!"

"Big girl!"

"She ain't happy, eh?"

"Papa!"

"In ten weeks, we ain't talked about it, but your papa, Rosie, not for one minute has he forgot it. He ain't talked it, Rosie, even with mamma; but it's here, Rosie, in him."

"Papa, please!"

"Rosie, you know where that young man is?"

"Who—papa?"

"Shh-h-h, baby! The one your eyes are red for every morning."

"Oh, papa, please; you mustn't! I never think about—anything but you getting well. What's anything compared to you getting well?"

"Well then, Rosie; I tell you what makes me well the quickest."

"What, darling?"

"You should write the young man to

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come, Rosie, that you got everything fixed up."

"Papa!"

"I been wrong, baby. In sickness, a man thinks. Your papa is a hard-headed old horse what can't be taught new tricks. But I'm done now, Rosie, with my opposition. All I want is to see my girl again with her pink cheeks and her laughs. A man what my little girl can like has got to have somewhere good in him. You should tell him to come, Rosie. I'm sorry how I acted."

"Oh, papa, papa darling!" She had slid from the chair now, crouching beside him, with her cheek to his knee. "I won't do it! You don't want it! No matter how much Doctor Rough promises me it wasn't, I know it was just that brought on your sickness."

"Why, Rosie, that didn't have no more to do with my sickness than nothing. I knew I was a sick man when I came out of the hospital before we went to Elkhorn. It was only that mamma shouldn't worry I pretended I didn't see it coming on. What will make me sicker, Rosie, is if I don't see my girl filled up with life like she used to be."

"Papa, I'm all right."

"You ain't the same child, Rosie. You bring that young man here."

"No—"

"Where is he now, in Milwaukee?"

"I don't know—Detroit, I think."

"I tell you I've got no more objections. It's fine—everything is fine."

"No, no, papa; you want Alex—"

"S-ay, when a young man is in a get-married humor like Alex Tregor is, if it ain't one nice girl, it's another. I don't worry about Alex."

"But papa, you—don't—really—"

"I want it, Rosie, more than anything. I want you should be happy. It is just as good we should have this talk now, with mamma not here to get excited. I—papa ain't here for long, Rosie. You know that without I tell it to you."

"Papa, I can't bear it!"

"Is it natural I shouldn't want to go reproaching myself that I stood in the light of my girl's happiness. I been thinking, Rosie, whole nights through. Suppose he ain't a business man? Other men's daughters have not always married business men. Your uncle Simon's daughter married a writer, and he made the best of it. I don't say it's what I prefer, but a smart young man, Rosie, can make good money in dancing, too. He should come to St. Louis where he can get good pupils. If a man like Mehring can do good business, why not this young man?"

"Oh, papa—"

"Till he gets a start for the first year or two, you don't got to worry. Your mamma will have everything in her name, but I ain't worried she won't do right by her daughter and—son-in-law—eh, Rosie? You see how your papa's been thinking. I even got it fixed you should live in the Wasserman Avenue apartment where for the first year or two, till he gets a start in business, you ain't got no rent. And since it's mamma's property, she should pay the taxes. You see how papa's got everything fixed—"

"Papa, I can't—I can't!"

"You don't want it, Rosie? That, right away, makes it different. Then maybe we take a trip to Europe and—"

"Yes, yes, papa—I want it! I want it, darling—but—you—"

"Then that settles it."

"I can't help wanting it so terribly. But not if you don't, darling—"

"I do, baby; I do."

"If I only knew you meant it!"

"It's only one thing I ask, Rosie. It's mamma."

"Papa, you're killing me!"

"I want, Rosie, like always I have tried to do, you should keep her from worries. Never has she known, even in the days when business worries first turned my hair gray, that things with me was anything but always good. In life, Rosie, if you sow wrong—God forbid!—make it always a rule nobody but you must reap it. Your mother, Rosie, she's a good woman, a little hasty; but for you or for me she would sacrifice her life. She ain't used to what's bad in life. I've made out of her always a baby. You know how I have to humor her and how easy right away she gets excited. She can't stand trouble, Rosie. Keep it from her. That's all I ask, no matter what comes in life, and, please God, it is only always happiness, you must stand in front of your mother, Rosie."

"Papa darling, I will! I will! You mustn't talk this way. You're not well to-day. Let me call Doctor Rough. He'll give you a hyperdermic—"

"Go, Rosie, see if mamma is out of her nap. I want her. We may as well talk this now as any time."

"Oh, papa darling, I love you!" She laid her tear-lashed face to his, stroking and stroking the bony outline of his cheeks. "My darlinest papa!"

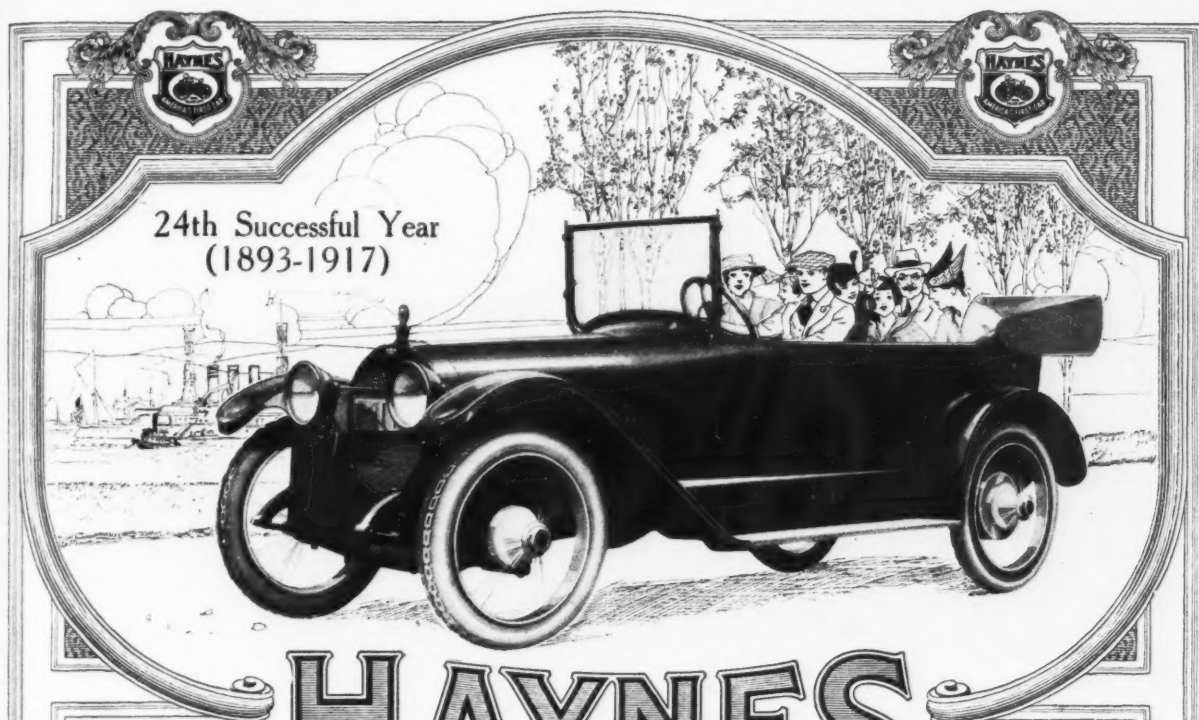
"Go, Rosie, see if mamma is out from her nap."

Holding back sobs with her hand at her throat, she went out through the growing gloom, her breath catching constantly.

Mr. Wolfner lay back against the chair a little wearily, his head turned from the window. He was breathing with his mouth open, and, suddenly, as if for want of more air, attempted to raise himself. There was an almost imperceptible struggle, but his head did not leave the chair-back. The mouth still hung slightly open, but a mirror held against it would not have clouded.

For a mile, Wasserman Avenue repeats itself in terms of three-story, sun-parlor, modern-improvements-throughout apartment-houses, each block a replica of what has gone before and what will come after. A kind of sequence here, as if a paper pattern had been cut, unfolded, and lo! a string of identical dolls, hand in hand. Identical abodes of more or less identical ups and downs. And why not? Human experience can be played in about an octave.

Wasserman Avenue wept and laughed, exchanged baby-formulas, dried its hair, and endured its headaches and heartaches with the usual ados. At Twenty-six hundred and one, Mrs. Lavinia Hecht, forty, wept a husband and infant, departed. At Twenty-six hundred and three, Miss Babette Goldsmith, forty, wept a husband and infant, not arrived. Across the street, lovely Lucille Loeb, beloved of an anguished mother and the young law-partner of Judge Kleinhauser, lay low of leakage of the heart. Next door, old lady Feibleman, made silly by years and secretly reviled



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by her daughters-in-law, could not die. Another block, and Lester Harberger, bank-cashier, locked himself in the bathroom one night, the family at dinner, and shot through the roof of his mouth. In a less expensive apartment beneath, Gus Kessler, marveling at life, cried over the familiar miracle of his fifth born.

All within the octave.

In Mrs. Alvin La Monque's apartment on Wasserman Avenue, in a sitting-room done after the Mission-furniture cataclysm that seized and shook the American home, Mrs. Wolfner, whom sorrow has numbed, felt, looking at her daughter, a resuscitation, a flow or warmth which seemed to pour into the cold crannies empty within her.

"Your red cheeks to-day, Rosie; how poor papa would love them!"

"Wouldn't he though, dear?"

"I brought over a little cranberry jelly. All alone in that big house, I say to Mary it's a shame to cook for us two."

From her corner of the Mission divan, and well out of the lamplight, Mrs. La Monque leaned forward, small, dark.

"You're always bringing and bringing, mamma. Alvin says we're your star boarders."

"Say, if it wasn't I had my daughter and her husband and baby to think about, I don't know, Rosie, how I should live through the days alone in that house."

"I know, dear. The only reason I don't insist you give it up and come to us is because I know your silly ideas about—"

"I say it again. Children, when they marry, are better off by themselves without a mother-in-law on top of them. Only, sometimes I think now, Rosie—"

"That's what I tell Alvin, dear, every time he asks. I know how strong you feel about it. I don't believe in forcing, dear."

"Yes; but—"

"You ought to have seen baby to-day, mamma; he turned over all by himself. I tried to keep him awake until you came."

"I brought him a rubber ring, Rosie, to chew."

"No, no; the book says no teething-rings."

"Book! I raised a baby before this new-fangled business came along, and my mother before me raised nine. When you cried, I picked you up. I didn't run read in a book. My own grandson I mustn't take in my arms. Listen to me, Rosie Wolfner: I know more about babies than you have forgot."

"Take off your bonnet, mamma."

"Alvin ain't home yet?"

"Not yet."

"He's still on night classes?"

"Yes, mamma; but not to-night."

"You like he should have his classes over in East St. Louis better as he should work up a business here, Rosie? Such a trip for night classes ain't so good."

"The first year or two, mamma, till he gets a footing. Next year, he may open a studio in the Arts Building."

"Rosie, when I think it's one year!"

"Our first anniversary, mamma. I can't believe it. Like I said to Alvin this morning, 'Happy times fly.'"

"There ain't a day passes, not an hour, I don't wish papa could see."

"Don't get yourself worked up, dear."

"All his life he slaved, and then he should miss seeing his child's happiness. How he would have loved to hold a grandchild! The first one he would have been to admit his mistake about Alvin, not? The first one would have been papa to be happy for you."

"I know; I know. Don't cry, dear."

"How life is!"

"Yes, yes."

"I just passed Alex and Nettie and their baby on Berlin Avenue. That man gives her heaven on earth, and how you got it, too, with Alvin working himself up! Things work themselves out, ain't it? I smell chops frying in lard. You let your girl use lard when I sent you

goose-grease enough for—"

"Alvin likes lard, mamma. We didn't expect you to-night, dear."

"On my children's first anniversary, I shouldn't come to dinner!"

"My nice mamma!" said Mrs. La Monque, laying her cheek against the maternal knee.

"I give you one pinch to-day, Rosie. That's for the first anniversary. And I deposit one thousand dollars in baby's name."

"Momie, that's too much! We aren't even celebrating it enough to exchange presents between me and Alvin. I said to him last night: 'Nothing we can give each other can be as much as our baby, dear. He's our great present.'"

"You're right, Rosie; with happiness and a son, nobody could ask more. I tell you I'm opposed to young people starting out extravagant. Rosie, you watch your bills better?"

"Mamma!"

"What?"

"You—you're going to be mad."

"Rosie, you haven't overdrawn?"

"I—I just don't seem to manage right, mamma. The butcher's bill this morning was—"

"But, Rosie, two geese and a chicken I sent over this week."

"I ordered the baby a basinet, mamma, and it came high."

"I ain't for the money, Rosie; if you go two hundred over your hundred, it ain't that. What else have I got to spend it on but for a young couple that ain't established yet; but such extravagances—"

"I don't say you're not right, mamma. That's just what Alvin keeps saying. We must live on what he makes, but till he gets started, dearie—I—us with the baby and all—twenty-five would help, mamma."

Mrs. Wolfner dug somewhere down into the petticoat recesses of her, doling out from a rubber-bound roll of bills.

"What's mine is your's, Rosie. That's how papa wanted it should be. Three times more income I got than I can spend. But it ain't right, with your own and what your husband brings in, you should always go over. Don't never let me see, Rosie, an overdrawn check again. It's the principle of the thing."

Fannie Hurst's

next story,

Oats for the Woman,

will appear in

June Cosmopolitan.

"I know mamma; it makes Alvin sore as anything."

"You got a good husband, Rosie, and you shouldn't abuse your happiness. The boy ain't a sponger. Don't make him feel like you got the purse-strings."

The door closed, then footsteps.

Mrs. La Monque sprang to her feet.

"That's Alvin, now! Wait, mamma!"

She was out and into the hallway, motioning the dim figure there to silence and then with him into the bedroom, closing the door behind them. Mr. La Monque tweaked on the light, flinging off his overcoat and throwing it, with his hat, on the lace-covered brass bed, emerging like a well-tailored faun, small blond moustache waxed at the corners and tipping upward.

"Eats," he said, rubbing his long hands softly.

"Alvin, mamma's here!"

"Good God!" said Mr. La Monque, raising his voice slightly. She sprang toward him, her palm to his mouth.

"Alvin, please!"

"Why in thunder didn't you telephone? Here's where I clear."

"I did, Alvin; I did. I tried at Kelly's pool and Joe's place to get you on the wire. Alvin, if you go now, it'll look terrible. Please!"

"I've told you to have her here all you want when I ain't home, but—"

"She dropped in, Alvin, for the anniversary. I didn't know."

"Well, whatta you want me to do? I told you I wasn't in for no more funny business. If you got to know it, this here play-acting is getting my goat. What do you do for me, I'd like to know? Another row like last night, and you're going to wake up some morning and find me among the lost, strayed, or stolen. Then you will have something to keep from your mamma. Let me go; I ain't in my Mansfield humor to-night for playing the part."

She grasped at his coat lapels, raising herself by them face to face with him.

"Alvin, I didn't mean it last night. It was just the—overdrawn check scared me so. I never was so scared. I'm sorry, Alvin. Stay out all you want nights, dear. Hang around Joe's all you want. I'm sorry."

"I know—till next time. The only time I amount to a row of pins around this joint is when it's up to me to do the Mansfield act for the old woman."

"Just to stand between her, and—and our affairs, Alvin, is all I ask. She's old. She can't stand worry."

"Neither can I. What about me? I'm the only one around here never asks for nothing. If you want to know it, I never even asked you."

"Alvin!"

"I was all right playing things my own way till your whole gang lassoed me and brought me in. I never played big cards; they fell in my hand. Where do I come in?"

"Alvin, you've been drinking!"

"Well, let me out—that's all I ask."

"Alvin, please, anything you want. Go down to Kelly's after she's gone. All night, if you want. I'll fix you a cocktail for supper. Honey. She's just been telling, Alvin, how—crazy she is about you. That's the way you can make anybody like you if you only want to. You know, too, Alvin, some day she's going to do great things for us—some day she—"

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Reference

Ch. May, '17

"I've been hearing about that loosening-up for the whole year, but nothing loosens. Don't be so sure what you're going to get some day. She may find a way to take it with her."

"Oh, you—you!"

"Now you just start something and watch me get ugly."

"I'm not, Alvin. Please, dear, just pull the East St. Louis dancing-class stuff to-night."

"That's a fine gag to put over your old mother that you're protecting so much, now ain't it? Me that's never set a foot in East St. Louis. I'm not ashamed of one darn thing I'm doing, and some day I'll tell her so, too. If she was the right kind, she wouldn't want me to turn a hand, with the wad that old woman's got in soak."

"Oh, there's just no decency to you!"

"I'd just as soon tell her to-night as any other, too."

"No, no, Alvin! Dear! Please! Play up to her to-night. That'll accomplish more than anything. She loves a little jolly, and she thinks you're so fine and all, Alvin. The other won't get us anywhere. Make a little fuss over her and throw in a little of the happy-home talk—you know. If I'm willing to do almost anything to give

her that pleasure, won't you do just this little? This little, Alvin—please! She goes home early, and then you can go down to Kelly's. Alvin—please!"

"What'll you give me?"

"I'll stake you."

"God! You ain't going to loosen up?"

"The happy-home stuff, Alvin, and the East St. Louis night classes."

"How much?"

She felt down into her bosom, withdrawing the folded wad.

"Twenty-five," she said.

He slid the bills into his pocket, following her out into the lamplit sitting-room.

"Hel-lo, ma!"

"My son," said Mrs. Wolfner, coming toward him with her slight limp and the light on her face, "happy returns on your first anniversary and should there be every year just one so fine."

"That's fine, ma, and there can't be any too many returns to suit us, eh, girl?" kissing his mother-in-law on the lifted brow, and with his left arm drawing the slim form of his wife into the generous circle of his embrace.

Tears sprang into Mrs. Wolfner's eyes, which her cheek to his coat sleeve concealed.

Beyond

(Continued from page 61)

to clap, and again called out, "Brava!" But the curtain fell, and Ophelia did not reappear. Was it the sight of him, or was she just preserving the illusion that she was drowned? That "arty" touch would be just like her.

Averting his eyes from two comedians in calico beating each other about the body, he rose with an audible "Pish!" and made his way out. He stopped in the street to scribble on his card, "Will you see me? G. F." and took it round to the stage-door. The answer came back:

"Miss Wing will see you in a minute, sir." And leaning against the distempered wall of the drafty corridor, a queer smile on his face, Fiorsen wondered why he was there and what she would say.

When he was admitted, she was standing with her hat on, while her "dresser" buttoned her shoes. Holding out her hand above the woman's back, she said,

"Oh, Mr. Fiorsen, how do you do?"

Fiorsen took the little moist hand, and his eyes passed over her, avoiding a direct meeting with her eyes. He received an impression of something harder, more self-possessed than he remembered. Her face was the same, yet not the same; only her perfect, supple little body was as it had been. The dresser rose, murmured, "Good-afternoon, miss," and went.

Daphne Wing smiled faintly.

"I haven't seen you for a long time, have I?"

"No; I've been abroad. You dance as beautifully as ever."

"Oh, yes; it hasn't hurt my dancing."

With an effort, he looked her in the face. Was this really the same girl who had clung to him, cloyed him with her kisses, her tears, her appeals for love—just a little love? Ah, but she was more desirable, much more desirable than he had remembered! And he said,

"Give me a kiss, little Daphne."

Daphne Wing did not stir; her white teeth rested on her lower lip; she said:

"Oh, no, thank you! How is Mrs. Fiorsen?" Fiorsen turned abruptly.

"There is none."

"Oh, has she divorced you?"

"No. Stop talking of her; stop talking, I say!"

Daphne Wing, still motionless in the center of her little crowded dressing-room, said, in a matter-of-fact voice:

"You are polite, aren't you? It's funny; I can't tell whether I'm glad to see you. I had a bad time, you know; and Mrs. Fiorsen was an angel. Why do you come to see me now?"

Exactly! Why had he come? The thought flashed through him, "She'll help me to forget."

"I was a great brute to you, Daphne. I came to make up—if I can."

"Oh, no; you can't make up—thank you!" A shudder ran through her, and she began drawing on her gloves. "You taught me a lot, you know. I ought to be quite grateful. Oh, you've grown a little beard! It makes you look rather like Me-phistopheles, I think."

Fiorsen stared fixedly at that perfectly shaped face. Was she mocking him? Impossible! She looked too matter of fact.

"Where do you live now?" he said.

"I'm on my own, in a studio. You can come and see it if you like."

"With pleasure."

"Only, you'd better understand—I've had enough of love."

Fiorsen grinned.

"Even for another?" he said.

Daphne Wing answered calmly,

"I wish you would treat me like a lady."

Fiorsen bit his lip and bowed.

"May I have the pleasure of giving you some tea?"

"Yes, thank you; I'm very hungry. I don't eat lunch on matinée-days. Do you like my Ophelia dance?"

"It's artificial."

"Yes, it is artificial—it's done with mirrors and wire netting, you know. But do I give you the illusion of being mad?" Fiorsen nodded. "I'm so glad. Shall we go? I do want my tea." She turned round, scrutinized herself in the glass, touched her hat with both hands, revealing for a second all the poised beauty of her figure, took a little bag from the back of a chair, and said: "I think, if you don't mind going on, it's less conspicuous. I'll meet you at Ruffel's—they have lovely things there. *An revoir.*"

In a state of bewilderment, irritation, and queer meekness, Fiorsen passed down Coventry Street, and entering the empty Ruffel's, took a table near the window. There he sat staring before him, for the sudden vision of Gyp sitting on that oaken chest at the foot of her bed had blotted the girl clean out. The attendant, coming to take his order, gazed at his pale, furious face, and said mechanically,

"What can I get you, please?"

Looking up, Fiorsen saw Daphne Wing outside, gazing at the cakes in the window. She came in.

"Oh, here you are! I should like iced coffee and walnut cake and some of those marzipan sweets—oh, and some whipped cream with my cake. Do you mind?" And, sitting down, she asked, "Where have you been abroad?"

"Stockholm, Budapest, Moscow, other places."

"How perfect! Do you think I should make a success in Budapest or Moscow?"

"You might; you are English enough."

"Oh! Do you think I'm very English?"

"Utterly. Your kind of—" But even he was not quite capable of finishing that sentence—"your kind of vulgarity could not be produced anywhere else." Daphne Wing finished it for him.

"My kind of beauty?" Fiorsen grinned and nodded. "Oh, I think that's the nicest thing you ever said to me! Only, of course, I should like to think I'm more of the Greek type—pagan, you know."

She fell silent, casting her eyes down. Her profile against the light was very pure and soft in line. And he said:

"I suppose you hate me, little Daphne? You ought to hate me."

Daphne Wing looked up; her round, blue-gray eyes passed over him much as they had been passing over the marzipan.

"No; I don't hate you—now. Of course, if I had any love left for you, I should. Oh, isn't that Irish! But one can think anybody a rotter without hating them—can't one?"

Fiorsen bit his lips.

"So you think me a rotter?"

Daphne Wing's eyes grew rounder.

"But aren't you? You couldn't be anything else—could you?—with the sort of things you did."

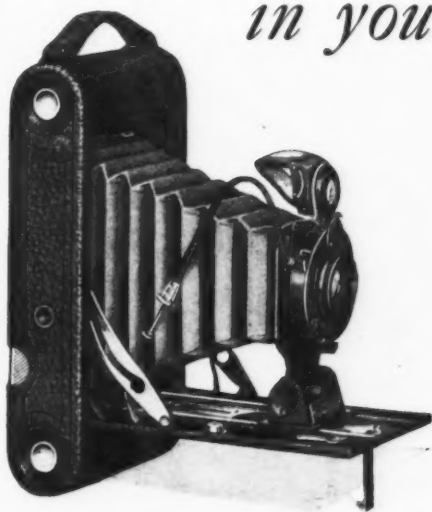
"And yet you don't mind having tea with me?"

Daphne Wing said, with her mouth full:

"You see, I'm independent now, and I know life. That makes you harmless."

Fiorsen stretched out his hand and seized hers. She looked at it, changed her fork over, and went on eating with her other hand. Fiorsen drew his hand away as if he had been stung.

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"Ah, you have changed—that is certain!"

"Yes; you wouldn't expect anything else, would you? You see, one doesn't go through that for nothing. I think I was a dreadful little fool—" She stopped, with her spoon on its way to her mouth.

"I love you still, little Daphne."

She slowly turned her head toward him, and a faint sigh escaped her.

"Once I would have given a lot to hear that." And, turning her head away again, she picked a large walnut out of her cake and put it in her mouth.

"Are you coming to see my studio? I've got it rather nice and new. I'm making twenty-five a week; my next engagement, I'm going to get thirty. I should like Mrs. Fiorenza to know— Oh, I forgot; you don't like me to speak of her! Why not? I wish you'd tell me." Gazing, as the attendant had, at his furious face, she went on: "I don't know how it is, but I'm not a bit afraid of you now. I used to be. Oh, how is Count Rosek? Is he as pale as ever? Aren't you going to have anything more? You've had hardly anything. Do you know what I should like—a chocolate éclair and a raspberry ice-cream soda with a slice of tangerine in it."

When she had slowly sucked up that beverage, prodding the slice of tangerine with her straws, they went out and took a cab. On that journey to her studio, Fiorenza tried to possess himself of her hand, but she said quietly,

"It's very bad manners to take advantage of cabs." And, withdrawing sullenly into his corner, he watched her askance. Was she playing with him? Or had she really ceased to care the snap of a finger? It seemed incredible. The cab, which had been threading the maze of the Soho streets, stopped. Daphne Wing alighted, proceeded down a narrow passage to a green door on the right, and, opening it with a latch-key, paused to say:

"I like it's being in a little sordid street—it takes away all amateurishness. It wasn't a studio, of course; it was the back part of a paper-maker's. Any space conquered for art is something, isn't it?"

She led the way up a few green-carpeted stairs, into a large room with a skylight, whose walls were covered in Japanese silk the color of yellow azaleas. Here she stood as though lost in the beauty of her home; then, pointing to the walls, she said:

"It took me ages, I did it all myself. And look at my little Japanese trees; aren't they dickies?" Six little dark abortions of trees were arranged scrupulously on a lofty window-sill, whence the skylight sloped. She added suddenly: "I think Count Rosek would like this room. There's something bizarre about it, isn't there? My people are so funny about this room. They come sometimes and stand about. But they can't get used to the neighborhood; of course it is sordid, but I think an artist ought to be superior to that."

Suddenly touched, Fiorenza answered gently,

"Yes, little Daphne."

She looked at him, and another tiny sigh escaped her.

"Why did you treat me like you did?" she said. "It's such a pity, because now I can't feel anything at all." And turning, she suddenly passed the back of her hand across her eyes. Really moved by that, Fiorenza went toward her, but she had

turned round again and put out her hand to keep him off.

"Please sit down on the divan," she said. "Will you smoke? These are Russians." And she took a white box of pink-colored cigarettes from a little golden birch-wood table. "I have everything Russian and Japanese so far as I can; I think they help more than anything with atmosphere. I've got a balalaika; you can't play on it, can you? What a pity! If only I had a violin! I should have liked to hear you play again." She clasped her hands, "Do you remember when I danced to you before the fire?"

Fiorenza remembered only too well. The pink cigarette trembled in his fingers, and he said rather hoarsely,

"Dance to me now, Daphne."

She shook her head.

"I don't trust you a yard. Nobody would—would they?"

Fiorenza started up.

"Then why did you ask me here? What are you playing at, you little—" At sight of her round, unmoving eyes, he stopped. She said calmly:

"I thought you'd like to see that I'd mastered my fate—that's all. But, of course, if you don't, you needn't stop."

Fiorenza sank back on the divan. A conviction that everything she said was literal had begun slowly to sink into him. And taking a long pull at that pink cigarette, he puffed the smoke out with a laugh.

"What are you laughing at?"

"I was thinking, little Daphne, that you are as great an egoist as I."

"I want to be. It's the only thing, isn't it?"

Fiorenza laughed again.

"You needn't worry. You always were."

She had seated herself on an Indian stool covered with a bit of Turkish embroidery, and, joining her hands on her lap, answered gravely:

"No; I think I wasn't, while I loved you. But it didn't pay, did it?"

Fiorenza stared at her.

"It has made a woman of you, Daphne. Your face is different. Your mouth is prettier for my kisses—or the want of them. All over, you are prettier." Pink came up in Daphne Wing's cheeks. And, encouraged by that flush, he went on warmly: "If you loved me now, I should not tire of you. Oh, you can believe me! I—"

She shook her head.

"We won't talk about love, will we? Did you have big triumphs in Moscow and St. Petersburg? It must be wonderful to have really great triumphs!"

Fiorenza answered gloomily:

"Triumphs? I made a lot of money."

Daphne Wing purred,

"Oh, I expect you're very happy."

Did she mean to be ironic?

"I'm miserable." He got up and went toward her. She looked up in his face.

"I'm sorry if you're miserable. I know what it feels like."

"You can help me not to be. Little Daphne, you can help me to forget."

He put his hands on her shoulders. Without moving, Daphne Wing answered,

"I suppose it's Mrs. Fiorenza you want to forget, isn't it?"

"As if she were dead. Ah, let it all be as it was, Daphne! You have grown up; you are a woman, an artist, and you—"

Daphne Wing had turned her head toward the stairs.

"That was the bell," she said. "Suppose it's my people? It's just their time! Oh, isn't that awkward?"

Fiorsen dropped his grasp of her and recoiled against the wall. She was already moving toward the door.

"My mother's got a key, and it's no good putting you anywhere, because she always has a good look round. But perhaps it isn't them. Besides, I'm not afraid now; it makes a wonderful difference being on one's own."

She disappeared. Fiorsen could hear a woman's acid voice, a man's, rather hoarse and greasy, the sound of a smacking kiss. And, with a vicious shrug, he stood at bay. Trapped! The little devil! The little dovelike devil! He saw a lady in a silk dress, green shot with beet-root color, a short, thick gentleman with a round, grayish beard, in a gray suit, having a small dahlia in his buttonhole, and, behind them, Daphne Wing, flushed, and very round-eyed. He took a step, intending to escape without more ado. The gentleman said:

"Introduce us, Daisy. I didn't quite catch—Mr. Dawson? How do you do, sir? One of my daughter's impresarios, I think. 'Appy to meet you, I'm sure."

Fiorsen took a long breath, and bowed. Mr. Wagge's small piggy eyes had fixed themselves on the little trees.

"She's got a nice little place here for her work—quiet and unconventional. I hope you think well of her talent, sir? You might go further and fare worse, I believe."

Again Fiorsen bowed.

"You may be proud of her," he said.

Mr. Wagge cleared his throat.

"Ow," he said; "ye-es! From a little thing, we thought she had stuff in her. I've come to take a great interest in her work. It's not in my line, but I think she's a sticker; I like to see perseverance. Where you've got that, you've got half the battle of success. I like to see success. So many of these young people seem to think life's all play. You must see a lot of that in your profession, sir."

"Robert!"

A shiver ran down Fiorsen's spine.

"Ye-es?"

"The name was not Dawson!"

There followed a long moment. On the one side was that vinegary woman poking her head forward like an angry hen, on the other Daphne Wing, her eyes rounder and rounder, her cheeks redder and redder, her lips opening, her hands clasped to her perfect breast, and, in the center, that broad, gray-bearded figure, with reddening face and angry eyes and hoarsening voice.

"You scoundrel! You infernal scoundrel!" It lurched forward, raising a pudgy fist. Fiorsen sprang down the stairs and wrenched open the door. He walked away in a whirl of mortification. Should he go back and take that pug-faced vulgarian by the throat? As for that minx! But his feelings about her were too complicated for expression. And then—so dark and random are the ways of the mind—his thoughts darted back to Gyp, sitting on the oaken chest, making her confession; and the whips and stings of it scored him worse than ever.

The next instalment of *Beyond* will appear in *June Cosmopolitan*.



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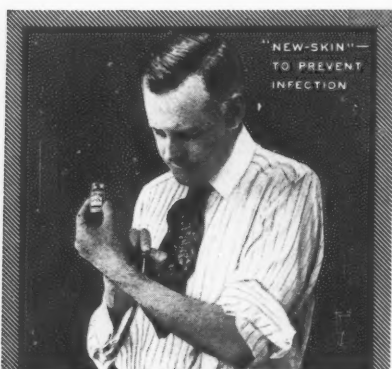
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(Continued from page 27)



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shoes or shirts or pillow-slips, Michael would fetch the number requested.

In one thing only could Kwaque rule Michael. Kwaque possessed a jew's-harp, and, whenever the world of the Makambo and the servitude to the steward grew wearisome, he could transport himself to King William Island by thrusting the primitive instrument between his jaws and fanning weird rhythms from it with his hand; and when he thus crossed space and time, Michael sang—or howled, rather, though his howl possessed the same soft mellow-ness as Jerry's. Michael did not want to howl, but the chemistry of his being was such that he reacted to music as compulsively as elements react on one another in the laboratory.

While he lay *perdu* in Steward's stateroom, his voice was the one thing that was not to be heard, so Kwaque was forced to seek the solace of his jew's-harp in the sweltering heat of the gratings over the fire-room. But this did not continue long, for, either according to blind chance, or to the lines of fate written in the Book of Life ere ever the foundations of the world were laid, Michael was scheduled for an adventure that was profoundly to affect not alone his own destiny but the destinies of Kwaque and Dag Daughtry.

VI

THE adventure that was so to alter the future occurred when Michael, in no uncertain manner, announced to all and sundry his presence on the Makambo. It was due to Kwaque's carelessness, to commence with, for Kwaque left the stateroom without tight-closing the door. As the Makambo rolled on an easy sea, the door swung back and forth, remaining wide open for intervals and banging shut, but not banging hard enough to latch itself.

Michael crossed the high threshold with the innocent intention of exploring no farther than the immediate vicinity. But hardly was he through, when a heavier roll slammed the door and latched it. And immediately Michael wanted to get back. Obedience was strong in him, for it was his heart's desire to serve his lord's will, and, from the few days confinement, he sensed, or guessed, or divined, without thinking about it, that it was Steward's will for him to stay in the stateroom.

For a long time he sat down before the closed door, regarding it wistfully but being too wise to bark or speak to such an inanimate object. It had been part of his early-puppyhood education to learn that only live things could be moved by plea or threat, and that while things not alive did move, as the door had moved, they never moved of themselves, and were deaf to anything life might have to say to them. Occasionally he trotted down the short cross-hall upon which the stateroom opened, and gazed up and down the long hall that ran fore and aft.

For the better part of an hour he did this, returning always to the door that would not open. Then he achieved a definite idea. Since the door would not open, and since Steward and Kwaque did not return, he would go in search of them. Once with this concept of action clear in

his brain, without timidities of hesitation and irresolution, he trotted aft down the long hall. Going round the right angle in which it ended, he encountered a narrow flight of steps. Among many scents, he recognized those of Kwaque and Steward, and knew they had passed that way.

Up the stairs and on the main-deck, he began to meet passengers. Being white gods, he did not resent their addresses to him, though he did not linger, and went out on the open deck, where were more of the favored gods reclining in steamer-chairs. Still no Kwaque or Steward. Another flight of narrow, steep stairs invited, and he came out on the boat-deck. Here, were many more of the gods—many times more than he had that far seen in his life.

The forward end of the boat-deck terminated in the bridge, which, instead of being raised above it, was part of it. Trotting round the wheel-house to the shady lee side of it, he came upon his fate; for he it known that Captain Duncan possessed on board, in addition to two fox-terriers, a big Persian cat, and that the cat possessed a litter of kittens. Her chosen nursery was the wheel-house, and Captain Duncan had humored her, giving her a box for her kittens and threatening the quartermasters with all manner of dire fates did they so much as step on one of the kittens.

But Michael knew nothing of this. And the big Persian knew of his existence before he did of hers. In fact, the first he knew was when she launched herself upon him. Even as he glimpsed this abrupt danger, and before he could know what it was, he leaped sideways and saved himself. From his point of view, the assault was unprovoked. He was staring at her with bristling hair, recognizing her for what she was—a cat—when she sprang again, all claws and spitting fury and vindictiveness.

This was too much for a self-respecting Irish terrier. His wrath was immediate with her second leap, and he sprang to the side to avoid her claws and in from the side to meet her, his jaws clamping together on her spinal column. The next moment, she was sprawling and struggling on the deck with a broken back.

But, for Michael, this was only the beginning. A shrill yelling, rather than yelping, of more enemies made him whirl half about, but not quick enough. Struck in flank by two full-grown fox-terriers, he was slashed and rolled on the deck. The two, by the way, had long before made their first appearance on the Makambo as little puppies in Dag Daughtry's coat pockets—Daughtry, in his usual fashion, having appropriated them ashore in Sydney and sold them to Captain Duncan for a guinea apiece.

By this time, scrambling to his feet, Michael was really angry. In truth, it was raining cats and dogs, such belligerent shower all unprovoked by him who had picked no quarrels or even been aware of his enemies until they assailed him. Brave the fox-terriers were, despite the hysterical rage they were in, and they were upon him as he got his legs under him. The fangs of one clashed with his, cutting the lips of both of them, and the lighter dog recoiled from the impact. The other succeeded in taking Michael in flank, fetching blood

Premier

The Aluminum Six
with Magnetic Gear Shift

\$1895

f.o.b. Factory

Every woman who would like to drive her own car should read this advertisement with profound care, for it is the most important message to motoring women since the announcement of the electric starter. Here at last is the long looked for gas car easier to handle than an electric.

Your rebellion against the awkward limitations of the electric car is one of long standing. You have sworn repeatedly that you would discard your "electric" the day you found a gas car that would relieve you of cranking and gear shifting. When the Delco electric starter was perfected in 1912 half your grievance against the gas car was appeased.

Premier, this day, meets the remainder of your demands by entirely doing away with the manual gear shift.

Premier is the first car in the world to come regularly equipped with the C-H magnetic gear shift. This gear shift operates by means of push buttons. You summon any gear you want by a slight pressure of the thumb—no exertion, no uncertainty, no bending over—an act that any well groomed woman resents. You can literally drive as long as you like *without even taking your hands off the wheel.*

This day Premier makes you the equal of the most expert driver, and through Premier's advanced thinking and advanced designing you can now drive to land's end

—quite a come-up from the little circumscribed town zone of an electric.

Premier steers with the slightest effort. Its motor, made of aluminum, weighs one-eighth of a ton less than the motor in the ordinary gas car of equal size. Can you imagine what a relief the elimination of so much weight from the front wheels means to the driver?

From an esthetic standpoint, Premier is indescribably ahead of current motor cars. Its beauty and its ultra-good-taste is growing proverbial. Sitting low to the ground, it rides like a liner. Its every detail proclaims it a motor car of exclusive caste.

Our uniformed demonstrating chauffeur will call at your door by appointment. There will be no marks to indicate his mission. He will explain the operation of the car to you and under his direction you yourself may drive.

Call the nearest Premier salesroom, or if you hesitate to do this, quietly drop a line to the Premier factory and we will arrange the demonstration for you.

In writing to the factory we suggest that you ask us to send you our little *de luxe* booklet, "Premiering." You will find it delightfully interesting, and highly instructive.

PREMIER MOTOR CORPORATION

Indianapolis, U. S. A.

Export Department: 8-10 Bridge Street, New York





"... thanks to Coleman Fairfax, just returned from Richmond, we had our first smoke of a genuine Virginia cigarette."

Whenever you grow a little tired of ordinary cigarettes, just send out for a package of old-time Richmond Straight Cuts. They are choice. The refined delicacy of their fine, old Virginia tobacco offers an agreeable change.

Richmond Straight Cut CIGARETTES Plain or Cork Tip 15 Cents

Also in attractive tins, 50 for 40 cents; 100 for 75 cents. Sent prepaid if your dealer cannot supply you.

Allen & Ginter RICHMOND, Virginia, U.S.A.
CIGARETTE MANUFACTURERS TOBACCO CO. SUCCESSORS



PREFERRED BY GENTLEMEN NOW AS THEN

No advance in the price of the favorite—

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The price in this the fifth year is still \$60 (with high tension magn. to built in fly wheel \$70). It has earned its reputation on faithful performances. Send for Free Boat and Engine Book.

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\$2.50 a Month The master-piece of watch manufacture—adjusted to the second, positions, temperature and isochronism. Encased at factory into your choice of the exquisite new watch cases.

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All sizes for both men and women.
The great Burlington Watch sent on simple request. Pay at rate of \$2.50 a month. You get the watch at the same price even the wholesale jeweler must pay.

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See handsome color illustrations of all the newest designs in watches that you have to choose from. Your name and address on a postcard is enough. Get this offer while it lasts. Write today.
Burlington Watch Co. Dept. 1045 19th & Marshall Blvd. Chicago

Everybody Enjoys Canoeing

Grown-ups and young folks—everybody likes the delightful pastime of canoeing: of gliding swiftly over the water in a beautiful, graceful "Old Town Canoe." Easy to paddle, easy to manage, an "Old Town" furnishes healthful, invigorating sport that is a supreme pleasure. Write for catalog. 4,000 canoes ready to ship—\$34 up—from dealer or factory.

"Old Town Canoes"

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
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and hurt with his teeth. With an instant curve, that was almost spasmodic, of his body, Michael flung his flank clear, leaving the other's mouth full of his hair, and, at the same moment, drove his teeth through an ear till they met. The fox-terrier, with a shrill yelp of pain, sprang back so impetuously as to ribbon its ear as Michael's teeth combed through it.

The first terrier was back upon him, and he was whirling to meet it when a new and equally unprovoked assault was made upon him. This time, it was Captain Duncan, in a rage at sight of his slain cat. The instep of his foot caught Michael squarely under the chest, half knocking the breath out of him and wholly lifting him into the air, so that he fell heavily on his side. The two terriers were upon him, filling their mouths with his straight, wiry hair as they sank their teeth in. Still on his side, as he was beginning to struggle to his feet, he clipped his jaws together on a leg of one, who screamed with pain and retreated on three legs, holding up the fourth—a fore leg—the bone of which Michael's teeth had all but crushed.

Twice Michael slashed the other four-footed one, and then pursued him in a circle, with Captain Duncan pursuing him in turn. Shortening the distance by leaping across a chord of the arc of the other's flight, Michael closed his jaws on the back and side of the neck. Such abrupt arrest in mid-flight by the heavier dog brought the fox-terrier down on deck with a heavy thump. Simultaneous with this, Captain Duncan's second kick landed, communicating such propulsion to Michael as to tear his clenched teeth through the flesh and out of the flesh of the fox-terrier.

And Michael turned on the captain. What if he were a white god? In his outrage at so many assaults of so many enemies, Michael, who had been peacefully looking for Kwaque and Steward, did not stop to reckon. Besides, it was a strange white god, upon whom he never laid eyes.

In the beginning, he had snarled and growled; but it was a more serious affair to attack a god, and no sound came from him as he leaped to meet the leg flying toward him in another kick. As with the cat, he did not leap straight at it. To the side to avoid, and in with a curve of body as it passed, was his way. He had learned the trick with many blacks at Meringe and on board the Eugénie, so that as often he succeeded as failed at it. His teeth came together in the slack of the leg of the white-duck trousers. The consequent jerk on Captain Duncan's leg made that infuriated mariner lose his balance. Almost he fell forward on his face, partly recovered himself with a violent effort, stumbled over Michael, who was in for another bite, tottered wildly around, and sat down on the deck.

How long he might have sat there to recover his breath is problematical, for he rose as rapidly as his stoutness would permit, spurred on by Michael's teeth already sunk into the fleshy part of his shoulder. Michael missed his calf as he uprose, but tore the other leg of the trousers to shreds, and received a kick that lifted him a yard above the deck in a half-somersault and landed him on his back on deck.

Up to this time, the captain had been on the ferocious offensive, and he was in the act of following up the kick when Michael regained his feet and soared up in the air,

Q. R. S.

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In spite of the fact that the dealer pays a little more for Q. R. S. PLAYER ROLLS, and consequently makes less profit, he is glad to sell them.

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Composed and played by Lee S. Roberts.....75	Words and Music by Percy Wenrich.....50
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The following rolls have the words of the song plainly printed on them, and will be found delightful for singing and dancing.	Words by J. L. Golden, Music by Raymond Hubbell.....1.00
*RAINBOW ISLE.....No. 173	Jazz arrangement played by Baxter & Kortlander.
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*I'VE GOT THE SWEETEST GIRL IN MARYLAND.....No. 174	Jazz arrangement played by Baxter & Kortlander.
Words and music by Walter Donaldson.....80	WOULD YOU TAKE BACK THE LOVE YOU GAVE ME?.....No. 177
Jazz arrangement played by Baxter & Kortlander.	Words by Al. Dubin, Music by Ernest R. Ball.....85
A TEAR, A KISS, A SMILE.....No. 175	Arranged and played by "Ted" Baxter.
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* Also especially adapted for dancing.

The Q. R. S. Co., 415 Fine Arts Building, CHICAGO, ILL.



Miller GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD TIRES PRODUCE MILEAGE

It will pay you to keep in mind the difference between mere "tire production" and "productive tires." You can profit by tire productiveness. You can't cash in on production.

A production tire is but one of a huge quantity. One picked at random from the output of a frenzied day's work. A unit which has helped swell the big output by one.

Do you believe such a product can give you mileage? Can service and satisfaction be put into a tire when all effort is concentrated on the number produced?

WE COULD SPEED UP AND BUILD MORE MILLER TIRES!

They could be thrown into the vulcanizing pits,—the steam jammed on; they could be jerked out again, and their *appearance* wouldn't be marred a bit. But the natural vegetable wax and oil in the fabric *might* be burned out, might be carbonized, leaving a lifeless tire incapable of standing up against punishment.

The Miller plan of building fewer tires makes each one a representative Miller. It explains the satisfaction motorists receive from them.

Here are the instructions given to all Miller tire builders:

"You must build this tire as tho it were the only *one* you have to make. Think of it as tho it was for use on *your* car. Concentrate all your ability, knowledge and skill on this one. If poorly built it may destroy the reputation earned by a hundred perfect ones."

"This tire must be perfect before you build another. If you see a flaw in any material, discard it."

"Don't rush—take your time. Until you finish this one, forget you have others to build. At the same time, do not waste time or material. That increases cost without bettering the product."

Do you wonder that being built under such instructions MILLER "GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD" TIRES have established a reputation both for productiveness and uniformity of service? They don't vary. All produce the fundamental thing for which they were built—mileage.

THE MILLER RUBBER CO., AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Geared-to-the-Road Distributors, Dealers and Branches Everywhere.

RHIN-O-HIDE
FIBRE SOLES
FOR MEN'S AND WOMEN'S SHOES

SPECIAL OFFER—Send us thirty cents in stamps for a set of these tough, durable soles—regular price seventy-five. Specify size and state color wanted—white, black or tan. Only one pair sold to an individual. Address Dept. C

not for leg or thigh but for the throat. Too high it was for him to reach it, but his teeth closed on the flowing black scarf and tore it to tatters as his weight drew him back to deck.

It was not this so much that turned Captain Duncan to the pure defensive and started him retreating backward as it was the silence of Michael. Ominous as death it was. There were no snarls or throat-threats. With eyes straight-looking and unblinking, he sprang and sprang again. Neither did he growl when he attacked nor yelp when he was kicked. Fear of the blow was not in him. As Tom Haggin had so often bragged of Biddy and Terence, they bred true in Jerry and Michael in the matter of not wincing at a blow. Always—they were so made—they sprang to meet the blow and to encounter the creature who delivered the blow. With a silence that was invested with the seriousness of death, they were wont to attack and to continue to attack.

And so Michael. As the captain retreated kicking, he attacked leaping and slashing. What saved Captain Duncan was a sailor with a deck-mop on the end of a stick. Intervening, he managed to thrust it into Michael's mouth and shove him away. This first time, his teeth closed automatically upon it. But, spitting it out, he declined thereafter to bite it, knowing it for what it was, an inanimate thing upon which his teeth could inflict no hurt.

Nor, beyond trying to avoid him, was he interested in the sailor. It was Captain Duncan, leaning his back against the rail, breathing heavily, and wiping the streaming sweat from his face, who was Michael's meat. Long as it has taken to tell the battle, beginning with the slaying of the Persian cat to the thrusting of the mop into Michael's jaws, so swift had been the rush of events that the passengers, springing from their deck-chairs and hurrying to the scene, were just arriving when Michael eluded the mop of the sailor by a successful dodge and plunged in on Captain Duncan, this time sinking his teeth savagely into a rotund calf.

A fortunate kick hurled Michael away and enabled the sailor to intervene once again with the mop. And upon the scene came Dag Daughtry, to behold his captain frayed and bleeding and breathing apoplectically, Michael raging in ghastly silence at the end of a mop.

"Killeny Boy!" the steward cried.

Through no matter what indignation and fury that possessed him, his lord's voice penetrated his consciousness, so that, cooling almost instantly, Michael's ears flattened, his bristling hair lay down, and his lips covered his fangs as he turned his head to look acknowledgment.

"Come here, Killeny!"

Michael obeyed—not crouching cringing, but trotting eagerly, gladly to Steward's feet.

"Lie down, Boy!"

He turned half round as he slumped himself down and, with a red flash of tongue, kissed Steward's foot.

"Your dog, Steward?" Captain Duncan demanded, in a smothered voice wherein struggled anger and shortness of breath.

"Yes, sir; my dog. What's he been up to, sir?"

The totality of what Michael had been up to choked the captain completely. He could only gesture round from the

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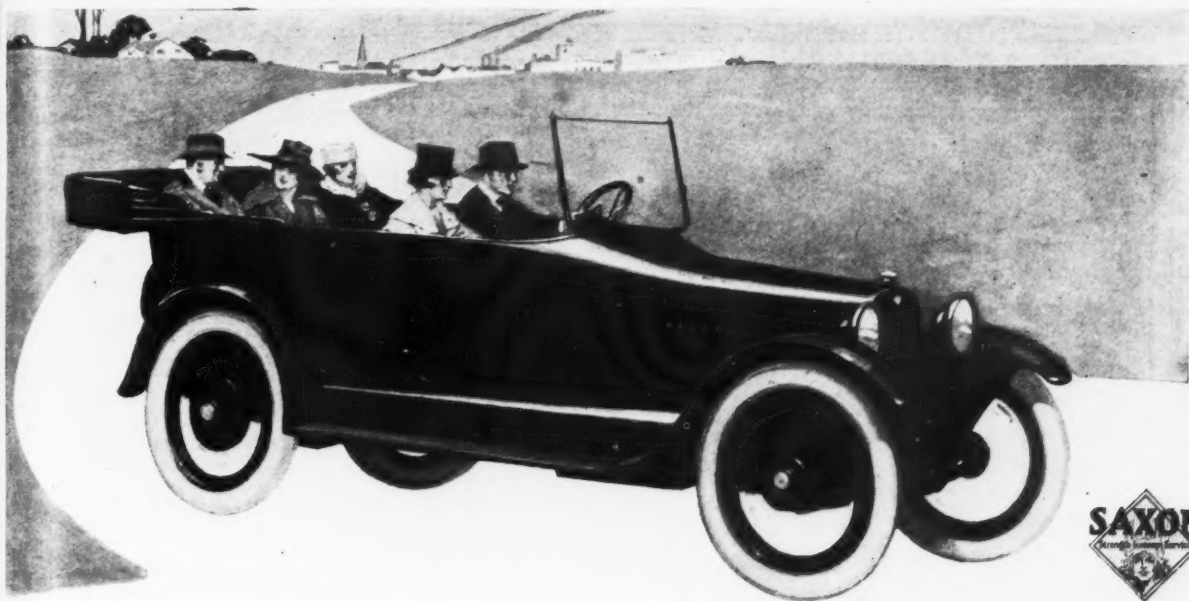
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A Car in Which The Unusual Seems The Usual

What are your mental processes in making up your mind motorwise?

What channels do your thoughts take in seeking to determine which motor car is to be *your* motor car?

Isn't it just barely possible that you allow this or that record established by a single car test to over-influence you?

Isn't it a fact that your hopes of what *your* car *will* do are often colored by what this or that car, "tuned to the minute," has done in a "stunt" test?

Surely a safer, fairer way to estimate motor car values is on the average performance of thousands of cars of each make.

Then—and then only—can you feel certain that the car you settle on will live up to your hopes.

By all this we do not mean to imply that there is no value in single car tests. We ourselves from time to time have acquainted you with remarkable feats performed by Saxon "Six."

Once it was when Saxon "Six" won a noted hill climb in the East against many far higher priced cars.

Once it was when Saxon "Six" defeated by fifteen minutes over a 500-mile course a train which is the pride of the West.

Once it was when Saxon "Six" thrice vanquished costlier rivals in speed, acceleration and in hill-climbing at the San Diego Exposition.

But we merely cited these notable events as instances where Saxon "Sixes" had gone higher than their price class and yet triumphed.

And although you might safely form your decision in favor of Saxon "Six" on the basis of these facts—for they were accomplished in each case by stock model cars—still we would prefer that you concentrate your consideration on the averages of all Saxon "Sixes."

Ask yourself in what other car of like power and size 23 to 24 miles per gallon of gasoline wouldn't be unusual.

Yet recently 206 stock model Saxon "Sixes" in a 300-mile non-stop run proved their average to be 23.5 miles per gallon.

In what other car wouldn't acceleration from standing start to 50 miles per hour in less than 30 seconds be a remarkable feat? Yet this is the average acceleration for Saxon "Six."

The latest figures show that so far the average cost of repair parts for all Saxon "Sixes" in use during the past two years is \$8.50 per car.

Wouldn't that be an unusual endurance record for a single car carefully driven and cared for? Yet it is the *average*, mind you, on thousands and thousands of Saxon "Sixes."

So it goes throughout Saxon "Six." In every phase of performance you'll find that its *average* would be noteworthy and unusual if established by another.

It is true, too, in regard to its speed, its power, its quietness of operation, and its smoothness of power-flow.

Saxon "Six" is \$865; "Six" Sedan, \$1250; "Four" Roadster, \$495; f. o. b. Detroit. Canadian prices: "Six" Touring Car, \$1175; "Six" Sedan, \$1675; "Four" Roadster, \$665. Price of special export models, "Six," \$915; "Four," \$495; f. o. b. Detroit.

(592)

SAXON "SIX"

A BIG TOURING CAR FOR FIVE PEOPLE

SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, DETROIT



BETHLEHEM

FIVE-POINT
SPARK PLUG

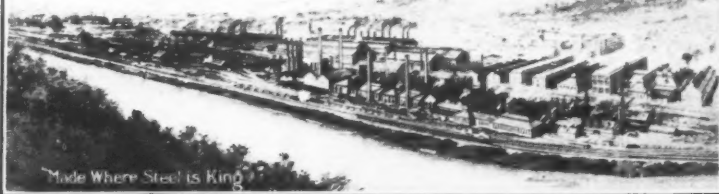
The Bethlehem Five-Point Plug is technically and practically a wonderful sparking device.

It is guaranteed for the life of your car.

Price **\$1**
In Canada, \$1.25

Ask your dealer—if he cannot supply you, write here, mentioning his name, make and model of your car.

THE SILVEX COMPANY
BETHLEHEM PRODUCTS
SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA.
E. H. SCHWAB, President



dead cat to his torn clothes and bleeding wounds and the fox-terriers licking their injuries and whimpering at his feet.

"It's too bad, sir—" Daughtry began.

"Too bad!" The captain shut him off.

"Bo's'n, throw that dog overboard!"

"Throw the dog overboard, sir; yes, sir," the boatswain repeated, but hesitated.

Dag Daughtry's face hardened unconsciously with the stiffening of his will to dogged opposition, which, in its own slow, quiet way, would go to any length to have its way. But he answered respectfully enough, his features relaxing into a seeming of his customary good nature.

"He's a good dog, sir, and an unoffending dog. I can't imagine what could 'a' made 'm break loose this way. He must 'a' had cause, sir—"

"He had," one of the passengers, a coconut-planter from the Shortlands, interjected. The steward threw him a grateful glance and continued:

"He's a good dog, sir; a most obedient dog, sir—look at the way he minded me right in the thick of the scrap an' come an' lay down. He's smart as chain lightning, sir; do anything I tell him. I'll make him make friends. See—"

Stepping over to the two hysterical terriers, Daughtry called Michael to him.

"He all right, savvee, Killeny; he all right," he crooned, at the same time resting one hand on a terrier and the other on Michael.

The terrier whimpered and backed solidly against Captain Duncan's legs, but Michael, with a slow bob of tail and unbelligerent ears, advanced to him, looked up to Steward to make sure, then sniffed his late antagonist, and even ran out his tongue in a caress to the side of the other's ear.

"See, sir! No bad feelings!" Daughtry exulted. "He plays the game, sir. He's a proper dog; he's a man dog. Here, Killeny! The other one. He all right. Kiss and make up. That's the stuff!"

The other fox-terrier, the one with the injured fore leg, endured Michael's sniff with no more than hysterical growls deep in the throat; but the flipping-out of Michael's tongue was too much. The wounded terrier exploded in a futile snap at Michael's tongue and nose.

"He all right, Killeny; he all right, sure," Steward warned quickly.

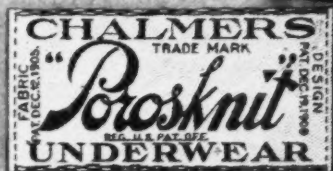
With a bob of his tail, in token of understanding, without a shade of resentment, Michael lifted a paw and with a playful, casual stroke, dablke, brought its weight on the other's neck and rolled him, head downward, over on the deck. Though he snarled wrathily, Michael turned away composedly and looked up into Steward's face for approval.

A roar of laughter from the passengers greeted the capsizing of the fox-terrier and the good-natured gravity of Michael. But not alone at this did they laugh, for, at the moment of the snap and the turning-over, Captain Duncan's unstrung nerves had exploded, causing him to jump as he tensed his whole body.

"Why, sir," the steward went on, with growing confidence, "I bet I can make him friends with you, too, by this time tomorrow."

"By this time five minutes he'll be overboard," the captain answered. "Bo's'n, over with him!"

CHALMERS UNDERWEAR



This Label on Every Garment

ALL STYLES
*"Let's the
 Body Breathe"*
 UNION SUITS
 For Men \$1.25
 For Boys 65c
 SHIRTS AND
 DRAWERS For
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 For Men 60c
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It Helps Your Game

To be cool on a hot day; to have the perspiration from violent exercise absorbed; to have every turn and strain taken easily; to be free from all clinging to your skin; to let your body breathe; to be comfortable in fit and healthful in dress—these things help your game.

Chalmers "Porosknit" Underwear will do all these things for you and more.

Every "hole" that makes the open mesh acts like a little bellows to gently fan the heat of summer into cooling comfort.

Only the man or boy who has regularly worn genuine "Porosknit" realizes why it is so popular, and that it is so good.

Try a few Union Suits yourself this summer—enjoy the comfort of the elastic Closed Crotch that cannot cut. You will find that "Porosknit" Underwear will fit you without being tight, that it will give you freedom of movement without feeling baggy. That it will give you more summer comfort than any underwear you've ever worn—wear well and wash easily.

It's guaranteed to satisfy you. Ask your dealer.

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY Also Makers of Chalmers Spring Needle Underwear for Winter AMSTERDAM, NEW YORK

Relief For Fagged-Out, Overworked Men and Women

When you feel tired, listless, played-out — no matter whether it be the nervous exhaustion of the overtaxed businessman or the physical debility of the tired housewife, you must be built-up again. It is foolish to think that this can be done by a mere exercise of the will, tho some people imagine that a resolve to "brace up" will accomplish the desired result. But when nerves, brain, muscles and every cord, joint and sinew of the body seem to have lost their tone—be the cause what it may—when something more than mere will power is required



in the treatment of all cases of overwork. It is a perfect combination of choicest hops and barley malt, fortified with calcium hypophosphite and iron pyrophosphate.

To Open a Bottle is to Tap a Reservoir of Stored-up Energy

Pabst Extract, The "Best" Tonic, combines the tonic properties of hops with the rich food elements of malt in just the right proportion to impart new life and energy to the weary tissues. The lupulin of the hops tones the nerves, at the same time stimulating the flow of digestive juices and aids assimilation, while the staunch vigor of barley malt supplies the necessary food elements to build rich, red corpuscles quickly.

Pabst Extract is endorsed by thousands of eminent physicians and is specifically classified as a medical preparation and not a beverage. Be sure to specify Pabst Extract, The "Best" Tonic, when ordering and don't accept a substitute.



Don't Be Led Astray By Any Foolish Fad

You need assistance—*real assistance*—something that will soothe your nerves, enrich your blood, improve your digestion, steady your pulse, put flesh on your bones, fresh light into your eyes, vigor in your muscles and hope in your soul. Then, and not until then will you have a fair chance to "brace up." Pabst Extract, The "Best" Tonic, is an invaluable aid



Have Your Nearest Druggist Send You a Dozen Bottles Today

Take a wineglassful before each meal and at bed time. It is pure and palatable and will quickly quiet the nerves and restore vigorous vitality. Pabst Extract, The "Best" Tonic, is also recommended for dyspepsia, insomnia, nervousness, anaemia, old age, motherhood and for convalescents.



Write for our interesting booklet which explains all the uses and benefits of Pabst Extract. Mailed free. **PABST EXTRACT CO., Milwaukee**

The boatswain advanced a tentative step, while murmurs of protest arose from the passengers.

"Look at my cat, and look at me!" Captain Duncan defended his action.

The boatswain made another step, and Dag Daughtry glared a threat at him.

"Go on!" the captain commanded.

"Hold on!" spoke up the Shortlands planter. "Give the dog a square deal. I saw the whole thing. He wasn't looking for trouble. First, the cat jumped him. She had to jump twice before he turned loose. She'd have scratched his eyes out. Then the two dogs jumped him. He hadn't bothered them. Then you jumped him. He hadn't bothered you. And then came that sailor with the mop. And now you want the bo's'n to jump him and throw him overboard. Give him a square deal. He's only been defending himself. What do you expect any dog that is a dog to do? Lie down and be walked over by every strange dog and cat that comes along? Play the game, Skipper. You gave him some mighty hard kicks. He only defended himself."

"He's some defender," Captain Duncan grinned, with a hint of the return of his ordinary geniality, at the same time tenderly pressing his bleeding shoulder and looking woefully down at his tattered duck trousers. "All right, Steward; if you can make him friends with me in five minutes, he stays on board. But you'll have to make it up to me with a new pair of trousers."

"And gladly, sir; thank you, sir!" Daughtry cried. "And I'll make it up with a new cat as well, sir. Come on, Killenly Boy. This big fella marster, he all right; you bet."

And Michael listened. Not with the smoldering, smothering, choking hysteria that still worked in the fox-terriers did he listen, or with quivering of muscles and jumps of overwrought nerves, but coolly, composedly, as if no battle royal had just taken place and no rips of teeth and kicks of feet still burned and ached his body.

He could not help bristling, however, when first he sniffed a trouser leg into which his teeth had so recently torn.

"Put your hand down on him, sir," Daughtry begged.

And Captain Duncan, his own good self once more, bent and rested a firm, unhesitating hand on Michael's head. Nay, more—he even caressed the ears and rubbed about the roots of them. And Michael the merry-hearted, who fought like a lion and forgave and forgot like a man, laid his neck hair smoothly down, wagged his stump tail, smiled with his eyes and ears and mouth, and kissed with his tongue the hand with which, a short time before, he had been at war.

VII

FOR the rest of the voyage, Michael had the run of the ship. Friendly to all, he reserved his love for Steward alone, though he was not above many an undignified romp with the fox-terriers.

Kwaque was no longer compelled to enjoy his jew's-harp on the gratings over the fire-room, now that Michael's presence on the Makambo was known, and, in the stateroom on stolen occasions, he made experiments of his own with Michael. Once the jew's-harp began emitting its

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barbaric rhythms, Michael was helpless. He needs must open his mouth and pour forth an unwilling, gushing howl. But, as with Jerry, it was not mere howl. It was more akin to a mellow singing; and it was not long before Kwaque could lead his voice up and down, in rough time and tune, within a definite register.

Michael never liked these lessons, for, looking down upon Kwäque, he hated in any way to be under the black's compulsion. But all this was changed when Dag Daughtry surprised them at a singing-lesson. He resurrected the harmonica with which it was his wont, ashore in public houses, to while away the time between bottles. The quickest way to start Michael singing, he discovered, was with minors; and, once started, he would sing on and on for as long as the music played. Also, in the absence of an instrument, Michael would sing to the prompting and accompaniment of Steward's voice, who would begin by wailing "Kow-kow" long and sadly, and then branch out on some old song or ballad. Michael had hated to sing with Kwaque; but he loved to do it with Steward, even when Steward brought him on deck to perform before the laughter-shrieking passengers.

Two serious conversations were held by the steward toward the close of the voyage—one with Captain Duncan and one with Michael.

"It's this way, Killeny," Daughtry began, one evening, Michael's head resting on his lord's knees as he gazed adoringly up into his lord's face: "I stole you for beer-money, an' when I saw you there on the beach that night, I knew you'd bring ten quid anywhere. Ten quid's a horrible lot of money. Fifty dollars in the way the Yankees reckon it, an' a hundred Mex in China-fashion. Now, fifty dollars gold 'd buy beer to beat the band—enough to drown me if I fell in head first. Yet I want to ask you one question: Can you see me takin' ten quid for you? Go on. Speak up. Can you?" And Michael, with thumps of tail to the floor and a high, sharp bark, showed that he was in entire agreement with whatever had been propounded. "Or say twenty quid, now. That's a fair offer. Would I? Eh? Would I? Not on your life! What d' ye' say to fifty quid? That might begin to interest me, but a hundred quid would interest me more. Why, a hundred quid all in beer 'd come pretty close to floatin' this old hooker! But who in Sam Hill 'd offer a hundred quid? I'd like to clap eyes on him once, that's all—just once. D'ye' want to know what for? All right; I'll whisper it. So as I could tell him to go to blazes. Sure, Killeny Boy, just like that: oh, most polite of course, just a kindly directin' of his steps where he'd never suffer from frigid extremities."

Michael's love for Steward was so profound as almost to be a mad but enduring infatuation. What the steward's regard for Michael was coming to be was best evidenced by his conversation with Captain Duncan.

"Sure, sir; he must 've followed me on board," Daughtry finished his unvarnished recital. "An' I never knew it. Last I seen of 'm was on the beach. Next I seen of 'm, there he was fast asleep in my bunk. Now, how 'd he get there, sir? How 'd he pick out my room? I leave it to you, sir. I call it marvelous, just plain marvelous."



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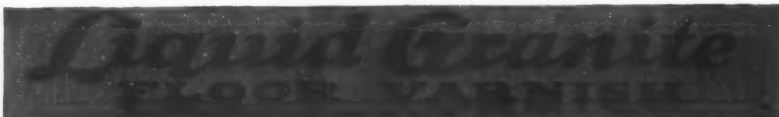
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"With a quartermaster at the head of gangway!" Captain Duncan snorted. "As if I didn't know your tricks, Steward. There's nothing marvelous about it. Just a plain case of steal. Followed you on board? That dog never came over the side. He came through a port-hole, and he never came through by himself. That nigger of yours, I'll wager, had a hand in the helping. But let's have done with beating about the bush. Give me the dog, and I'll say no more about the cat."

"Being you believe what you believe, then you'd be for compoundin' the felony," Daughtry retorted, the habitual obstinate tightening of his brows showing which way his will set. "Me, sir; I'm only a ship's steward, an' it wouldn't mean nothin' at all bein' arrested for dog-stealin'; but you, sir, a captain of a fine steamer, how'd it sound for you, sir? No, sir; it'd be much wiser for me to keep the dog that followed me aboard."

"I'll give ten pounds in the bargain," the captain proffered.

"No; it wouldn't do—it wouldn't do at all, sir, an' you a captain," the steward continued to reiterate, rolling his head somberly. "Besides, I know where's a peach of an Angora in Sydney. The owner's gone to the country an' has no further use of it, an' it'd be a kindness to the cat, sir, to give it a good regular home like the Makambo."

VIII

ANOTHER trick Dag Daughtry succeeded in teaching Michael so enhanced him in Captain Duncan's eyes as to impel him to offer fifty pounds "and never mind the cat." Not until thoroughly satisfied, did he make a public performance of it.

"Now just suppose you're policemen and detectives," Daughtry told the first and third officers. "An' suppose I'm guilty of some horrible crime. An' suppose Killeny is the only clue, an' you've got Killeny. When he recognizes his master—me, of course—you've got your man. You go down the deck with him, leadin' by the rope. Then you come back this way with him, makin' believe this is the street, an' when he recognizes me, you arrest me. But if he don't recognize me, you can't arrest me. See?"

The two officers led Michael away, and, after several minutes, returned along the deck, Michael stretched out ahead on the taut rope seeking Steward.

"What'll you take for the dog?" Daughtry demanded—this the cue he had trained Michael to know.

And Michael, straining at the rope, went by, without so much as a wag of tail to Steward or a glance of eye. The officers stopped before Daughtry and drew Michael back into the group.

"He's a lost dog," said the first officer. "We're trying to find his owner," supplemented the third.

"Some dog that—what'll you take for 'm?" Daughtry asked. "What kind of a temper's he got?"

"Try him," was the answer.

The steward put out his hand to pat him on the head, but withdrew it hastily as Michael, with bristle and growl, viciously bared his teeth.

"Go on, go on; he won't hurt you" the delighted passengers urged.

This time, the steward's hand was barely missed by a snap, and he leaped

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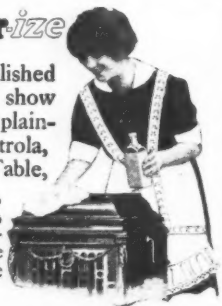
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DR. HALL

back as Michael ferociously sprang the length of the rope at him.

"Take 'm away!" Dag Daughtry roared angrily. "The treacherous beast! I wouldn't take 'm for gift!"

And as they obeyed, Michael strained backward in a paroxysm of rage, making fierce, short jumps to the end of the tether as he snarled and growled with utmost fierceness at the steward.

"Eh? Who'd say he ever seen me in his life?" Daughtry demanded triumphantly. "It's a trick I never seen played myself, but I've heard tell about it. The old-time poachers in England used to do it with their lurcher dogs. If they did get the dog of a strange poacher, no gamekeeper or constable could identify 'm by the dog—mum was the word.

"Tell you what, he knows things, that Killeny. He knows English. Right now, in my room, with the door open, an' so as he can find 'm, is shoes, slippers, cap, towel, hair-brush, an' tobacco-pouch. What'll it be? Name it an' he'll fetch it."

So immediately and variously did the passengers respond that every article was called for.

"Just one of you choose," the steward advised. "The rest of you pick 'm out."

"Slipper," said Captain Duncan, selected by acclamation.

"One or both?" Daughtry asked.

"Both."

"Come here, Killeny—" Daughtry began, bending toward him, but leaping back from the snap of jaws that clipped together close to his nose.

"My mistake," he apologized. "I ain't told him the other game was over. Now just listen an' watch 'n' see if you can catch on to the tip I'm goin' to give 'm."

No one saw anything, heard anything, yet Michael, with a whine of eagerness and joy, with laughing mouth and wriggling body, was upon the steward, licking his hands madly, squirming and twisting in the embrace of the loved hands he had so recently threatened, making attempts at short, upward leaps as he flashed his tongue upward toward his lord's face. For hard it was on Michael, a nervous and mental strain of the severest for him so to control himself as to play-act anger and threat of hurt to his beloved Steward.

"Takes him a little time to get over a thing like that," Daughtry explained, as he soothed Michael down.

"Now, Killeny; go fetch 'm slipper! Wait! Fetch 'm one slipper. Fetch 'm two slipper."

Michael looked up with pricked ears and with eyes filled with query, as all his intelligent consciousness suffused them.

"Two slipper! Fetch 'm quick!"

He was off and away, in a scurry of speed that seemed to flatten him close to the deck, and that, as he turned the corner of the deck-house to the stairs, made his hind feet slip and slide across the smooth planks.

Almost in a trice he was back, both slippers in his mouth, which he deposited at the steward's feet.

IX

THE morning the Makambo entered Sydney harbor, Captain Duncan had another try for Michael. The port-doctor's launch was coming alongside when he

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nodded up to Daughtry, who was passing along the deck:

"Steward, I'll give you twenty pounds."

"No, sir; thank you, sir," was Dag Daughtry's answer.

"Twenty-five pounds, then. I can't go beyond that. Besides, there are plenty more Irish terriers in the world."

"That's what I'm thinkin', sir. An I'll get one for you. Right here in Sydney. An' it won't cost you a penny, sir."

"But I want Killeny Boy," the captain persisted.

"An' so do I, which is the worst of it, sir. Besides, I got him first."

"Twenty-five sovereigns is a lot of money—for a dog," Captain Duncan said.

"An' Killeny Boy's a lot of dog—for the money," the steward retorted. "Why, sir, cuttin' out all sentiment, his tricks is worth more 'n that. Him not recognizin' me when I don't want 'm to is worth fifty pounds of itself. An' there's his countin' an' his singin', an' all the rest of his tricks. Now, no matter how I got him, he didn't have them tricks. Them tricks are mine. I taught him them. He's a whole lot of me now, an' sellin' him would be like sellin' a piece of myself."

"Thirty pounds," said the captain, with finality.

"No, sir; thankin' you just the same, sir," was Daughtry's refusal.

And Captain Duncan was forced to turn away in order to greet the port-doctor, coming over the side.

Scarcely had the Makambo passed quarantine, and while on her way up-harbor to dock, when a trim man-of-war launch darted in to her side and a trim lieutenant mounted the Makambo's boarding-ladder. His mission was quickly explained. The Albatross, British cruiser of the second class, of which he was fourth lieutenant, had called in at Tulagi with despatches from the high commissioner of the British South Seas. A scant twelve hours having intervened between her arrival and the Makambo's departure, the commissioner of the Solomons and Captain Kellar had been of the opinion that the missing dog had been carried away on the steamer. Knowing that the Albatross would beat her to Sydney, the captain of the cruiser had undertaken to look up the dog. Was the dog, an Irish terrier answering to the name of Michael, on board?

Captain Duncan truthfully admitted that it was, though he most unceremoniously shielded Dag Daughtry by repeating his yarn of the dog's coming on board of himself. How to return the dog to Captain Kellar was the next question; for the Albatross was bound on to New Zealand. Captain Duncan settled the matter.

"The Makambo will be back in Tulagi in eight weeks," he told the lieutenant, "and I'll undertake personally to deliver the dog to its owner. In the mean time, we'll take good care of it. One of our stewards has sort of adopted it, so it will be in good hands."

"Seems we don't either of us get the dog," Daughtry commented resignedly, when Captain Duncan had explained the situation.

But when Daughtry had turned his back and started off along the deck, his constitutional obstinacy tightened his brows.

The next instalment of *Michael* will appear in *June Cosmopolitan*.



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Egeria Unveiled

(Continued from page 48)

queline, rose from a somewhat sulky attitude in one of the austere chairs, and after shaking hands with Cleyden, turned the silver caddy upside down in silent evidence of its emptiness.

"And this," said Jacqueline, peering into the teapot, "is stone cold. I'm awfully sorry."

"Shall I go out and fetch you some?" young Brett inquired with what Cleyden thought a curious glance at her.

Jacqueline frowned at him in return.

"Don't be idiotic, Conny," she said. "By the time you did that, it would be half-past six. Conny," she pursued, addressing her husband, "is in a horrid humor because I want him to do something for me that's a little unselfish."

"Oh, I say!" murmured the young man, as if positively scandalized.

"He's sworn a thousand times," continued Jacqueline, unmoved, "ever since he wore pinafores, that he loves the ground I walk on; yet the very first favor I ask of him, he just grouches and sulks."

Young Brett rose at this and gave a little jerk to his waistcoat, as if it relieved a pent-up mood to jerk something.

"I must say you go it a little strong—even for me, Jack," he said, a look of outraged something in his blue eyes—exactly what, Cleyden couldn't make out. "I'm off," he added, and shook hands again.

"If you don't do it for me," Jacqueline called after him, "I'll never speak to you again."

He made no reply to this, either by look or word, and went out, closing the door behind him with an air of finality as if it were shutting out something he had decisively left behind.

Cleyden, who hadn't uttered a word during this brisk encounter, now turned to Jacqueline. He tried to say what he had determined to say with a natural smile, but he only succeeded in reproducing the photographic expression which is supposed to be "pleasant."

"My dear Jack," he said, "that young chap is horribly in love with you. Do you think it's quite kind to admit him to such a unique intimacy?"

Jacqueline was sorting sheaves of music and pushing them into place with irritable energy. As Cleyden said this, she turned and gave him the queerest look—it was mocking, cynical, amused, bitter, and what is only to be described as "recklessly good-natured," all at once.

"My dear Stuart," she said, at last, "are you warning me not to compromise myself with Conny Brett?" Here she gave a laugh that quite matched her look. "If that's so, I must say that you're really the most quixotically generous man I ever imagined," she threw out, as a crowning touch of the extraordinary.

Cleyden replied, in a voice measuredly cold in proportion to the heat of his anger,

"I really haven't the least idea what you mean by that cryptic utterance."

Jacqueline looked suddenly listless.

"Haven't you?" she said indifferently.

"Perhaps I didn't mean anything by it. Conny's sulks have set my temper on edge."

"I would really rather you tried its edge on him than on me," was Cleyden's

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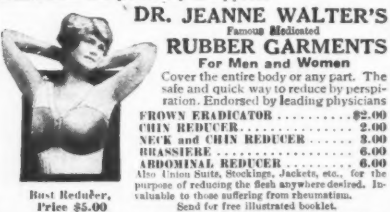
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retort to this, still in a cold voice. She had both hurt and angered him, and he resented, with a passion of which he hadn't thought himself capable until that moment, the fact of her having that good-looking youth to tea with her in a place of such intimate privacy.

"Thanks. I'll try to meet your wishes in that respect," said Jacqueline, but her voice was flat and toneless. The tired, haggard look that he had surprised when she was sleeping had come into her face.

"Let's go," she added, before he could say anything more, pinning on her hat with weary disregard of the small Italian mirror near the door. "I'm worn out. I'll make you a cup of tea when we get—"

She just paused in time, he felt sure, to substitute the word "back" for "home." And suddenly, with a sick thrill that amazed him, his heart seemed to contract. Was it that young Brett had found the key to her strange heart? The next instant, he told himself with bitter honesty that, were it so, it would be only the most natural, the most to-be-expected thing imaginable. But what he himself could do in face of it—or should do—that, like a man's own salvation, would have to be worked out with fear and trembling.

He spent three of the most wretched days of his life in perplexed cogitation over this riddle, and, on the fourth, received as it were, the two-edged answer like one of the "flying swords" of Scripture—full in his heart.

IX

THIS answer took the form of a few words from Jacqueline, neatly traced in her big, clear handwriting, and formally sealed in a square envelop. They said:

When you read this, I shall have gone with Conny Brett on a camping-expedition—just he and I. This breaking-up of some things will mend others. **JACQUELINE.**

It was a sufficiently staggering blow for a man to receive, and was dealt with the bare cruelty of a naked fist. Cleynen went down before it for some ten minutes—how far "down," he never liked to recall. Then he recovered himself, and began to think and act as though under some sort of clarifying, superintelligent possession.

He was, if he could have formulated it, like a man within a man. The mere human animal ached and writhed with pain; the superintelligent being that controlled it as if it had been a savage horse reflected, planned, executed with admirable astuteness and despatch.

Since his selfishness in taking advantage of the girl's impulsive youth had led her into this rashness, his selflessness must lead her out of it. He was not to consider Stuart Cleynen in any respect—all that he had to manage was to rescue Jacqueline from an act that, the more he reflected on it, the more he felt sure she would live to regret with exceeding bitterness. Not that young Brett was by any means a villain, but he was self-evidently, by nature's sure design, as little the stuff of which great lovers are made. In a word, he, Cleynen, must find Jacqueline with no loss of time and bring her home with him. He remembered her substitution of "back" for "home," and, to his angry scorn, found himself looking at a blurred world through tears that came with a pang as from a lancet.

As he read Jacqueline's brief message for the fourth time, pondering every word, suddenly there flashed into his mind a remark, trivial in itself but just then, he felt intuitively sure, of the greatest importance to him. It had been uttered by a young man, another of Jacqueline's former playmates, during their stay last August at Fair Winds. This young fellow, George Waybridge, rather a washed-out-looking person as a rule, had arrived unexpectedly, one day, with such a striking effect of mahogany tan and high spirits that Jacqueline had asked, "What on earth have you been doing to yourself, Georgy?" And he had replied, in the words which now came back to Cleiden as being so important, "Having the time of my life camping out with Conny Brett in Maine."

The moment after he had recalled this, Cleiden recalled also the name of the village in the Maine mountains mentioned by Waybridge and which he had described as being nine miles distant from the camp, and "the nearest thing to civilization within fifty miles, a rum little place called Sassacot."

It was for this "rum little place" that Cleiden set out that night, and he reached it about four o'clock on a sunny afternoon, as the result of what seemed to him interminable journeyings. One of the natives agreed to guide him to Brett's camp; he had described himself, with a grim sarcasm enjoyed only by himself, as a friend "who was expected."

The change from the flat, baked heat of a New York June into this rarified, balsamic, frore atmosphere had a curious effect on Cleiden's nerves. It calmed while it tautened them, and this refreshment of his bodily self reacted on his mind, rousing in him a clearer mood, giving to his thoughts a steady energy of purpose which discounted emotion and dwelt only on the great, the disinterested reason that had prompted his action. She could not help acknowledging this reason—the reasonableness, indeed, of his whole motive. What he had to do, the difficult task that lay before him, was to persuade her, also, to act upon it.

As his guide led him past a cliff on the mountainside, he looked down on the cushiony tops of ancient cedars, and recalled Thoreau's description of a passage he had made over just such an extraordinary bridge, half sinking, half rolling over the black-green, spongelike masses, yet arriving in safety on the solid rock beyond. It symbolized quite well for him the uncertain grotesqueness of the medium which lay between him and Jacqueline, and which he must cross, somehow, to get at her. He told himself, with a smile that was rather bleak, that he must be prepared for some ungainly plunges and rollings if he was to accomplish the feat.

They came upon a spring, trickling between humps of granite at the foot of a low hillside. Above, in a clearing of firs, was the camp.

"I guess you're all right now," remarked the guide laconically, and, on being paid for his services, swung round and departed.

Cleiden climbed the hill which was matted with shrubs, and, on gaining the top, saw young Brett about ten yards away, standing quite still with the air of one who listens intently and expectantly. He continued so for a second or two after Cleiden's appearance, then came forward with eager strides.



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"The Lord be praised! It's you!" was his astounding greeting.

"Yes, it's I," said Cleyden dryly; "but that you should praise the Lord for it strikes me as singular."

The young man's face fell ruefully.

"Oh, Lord,"—he groaned this time—"of course it does! How the deuce could it do anything else?"

He paused helplessly on this, and the two men stood looking at each other. Young Brett took it up again, however, just as Cleyden was about to speak.

"I've got to make you understand somehow," he said, with a sort of woebegone desperation that was very nearly ludicrous, then floundered on like an unhappy young bullock that has been badly roped.

"It wasn't my doing, you know—I mean, I'm too horribly fond of her to do such a thing. And, of course, she's never cared a straw about me."

Cleyden, extremely white and extremely quiet, at this juncture interrupted.

"Excuse me. But I'm not at all interested in what you have to say. I wish to see—my wife."

Here, this distraught young man actually grabbed him by the arm with a cry that was like a plea for mercy.

"Do listen to me!" he wailed. "You'll be sorry if you don't—devilish sorry! I told her you'd come. I was sure of it." As Cleyden wrenched away his arm, outraged, young Brett literally bawled at him: "I tell you she's not in love with me. She thought you wanted to get rid of her—you ass!"

The last two words seemed to relieve somewhat the pressure under which he was struggling, and he subsided into sulky silence, glaring at Cleyden with bright-blue eyes that said as plainly as words: "Hit me if you like, but I'll hit back. I've borne as much as a man can bear without retaliating."

But Cleyden had realized, in a clap of blank amazement, that he was "up against" something for which he was totally unprepared—for which no man could have been prepared.

"I am going to remind you again," he said, as soon as he could recover self-possession enough to speak, "that Mrs. Cleyden is the person I came here to see."

"Well," muttered young Brett, wiping a bedewed brow on a gray-flannel shirt sleeve, "I've done my best—and in an infernally hard position, too." He broke off, and, turning away, jerked his shoulder toward the wood back of the camp. "She's there somewhere—with her fiddle!" he explained, with sullen gloom.

Cleyden walked sharply off in the direction indicated, and had plunged some way into the fragrant depths that resounded softly with the gush of the breeze through the tasseled canopy above before he stopped, listening for the sound of the violin to guide him to her.

But there was only the soft surge and resurge of the breeze overhead. He went on again, and now suddenly, behind a mass of lichened granite, he came upon her. She was seated on the brown fir-needles, her violin, like a sleeping baby, across her knees, her eyes, vague and unfocused, gazing before her.

"Jacqueline!" said Cleyden.

She gave no cry, only leaped to her feet, facing him, but her pallor was more eloquent than any cry could have been.

"Jacqueline—my dear—" said Cleyden again, and then his throat seemed to close. He couldn't have uttered another word, even if it was to have been his last.

"What," said Jacqueline thickly, "do you want?"

And, at this question, he found his voice again.

"You," he answered; "just you, dear! I've come to take you—back."

Her mouth parted slowly, and the color began welling into her face. With utter incredulosity, almost with a smile, she echoed,

"To take me back!" Then, with a sort of clenching of herself against him, "You can't take me back," she declared, her chin lifted as if defying him. "People know. I told two or three myself, before I came here."

"Then you did a very foolish thing," retorted Cleyden, feeling the blood rise to his own cheek. "But that's neither here nor there. I've come for you. I want you to"—he softened his tone by a great effort—"I implore you to come with me."

Jacqueline's face was deadly pale again. She stared at him as if she literally couldn't trust her own ears.

"You—want me—to go with you—after—this?" she managed to utter slowly, with great breaths between the words—a look of the most painful, the most piteous bewilderment in her dilated eyes. And, as she stood there gazing at him in this wondering perplexity, he noticed how much thinner than ever she was, "wasted" even, one could have called it, as if she had wasted away in some slow, persistent, cruel inner fire.

It was then suddenly that the truth came over Cleyden—the truth, at least, about himself. He knew, as by a quick flash from the mind above his ordinary mind, that it was not reason or unselfishness or even both that had sent him to her.

He took a step toward her, and held out hands that he tried in vain to keep steady. They shook as his voice shook when he spoke.

"Don't you see," he said, "it's because I love you—no matter what you do—that I want you to come back? Because I love you, oh, so far more than I love myself!"

"Love me?" she echoed, whispering. "Love—me?" she repeated, giving the words another inflection, this time not only of wonder but of bitterness.

As he would have come close to her, she made a gesture, checking him. Then, her eyes still on his face, she slipped a hand in the breast of her shirt, and, taking out a bit of folded mauve paper, held it out to him.

"If you please," she said softly, "read that before you tell me again that you—love me."

Cleyden glanced over the paper, and his astonishment paralyzed him for a moment. Then he cried,

"Where on earth did you get this?"

"I did not get it," said the girl, still very softly, "it was given to me—by Mrs. Warren."

Cleyden's stupefaction increased, if possible.

"By Mrs. Warren?" he repeated.

"Yes," replied Jacqueline, "on the day after you had written it."

"But," stammered Cleyden, more and



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more dumfounded, "I wrote it nine years ago; you didn't even know her then!"

It was now Jacqueline's turn to gape. She put out her hand grasping the rock beside her.

"You wrote it—nine years ago?" she finally brought out of her wild, inner whirlings.

"Yes," he said; "I thought it too poor to publish. I thought, indeed, that I'd destroyed it."

To his alarm, she suddenly crumpled down on the fir-needles and took her bowed head in both hands. On his knees beside her, Cleyden tried vainly to pull away her hands, to draw her to him.

"What's the matter? Oh, my dearest child, what is the matter?" he kept murmuring.

She showed him, finally, a terrible little face, wild, white, ravaged, despairing.

"She told me you had written those lines there—at High Hall during our visit! She told me that! She told me that!"

Cleyden couldn't take in the full meaning of it at once.

"Mrs. Warren told you?" he asked.

"But how could she? She knew I had suppressed them—that I thought them very wretched. How could she have told you I'd written them then?"

"Because," said Jacqueline desolately, "she knew me better than you did. Because she knew that if I thought—as it says"—she glanced at the bit of paper that lay where he had dropped it when he knelt beside her—"that you still loved her, I would—somehow manage it—to set you free, you know."

There was one instant still before it crashed on him. Then "Oh!" he cried, and put up his hand over his eyes as though the sudden, hideous glare had blinded him. There was a long silence.

Jacqueline's voice, faint and oddly childlike, broke it.

"So you see," she murmured, "when her husband was killed—when she was free—to set you free, too—I did—this."

Behind the hand which still clutched his eyes, he saw, with painfully wide inner vision, the whole appalling, tragic explanation of everything. This, then, was the reason of her absences, her coolnesses, her strange behavior of the past two months.

"But why," he moaned, still with his eyes hidden, "did you so insist on knowing her—on keeping it up with her?"

It was just as well that he couldn't see the pathos of the slight smile with which Jacqueline answered.

"I had to know if you still loved her," she said. "I couldn't know without seeing you together."

He thought, even in that full moment, of Mrs. Day's warning never to take her daughter "for granted." Now he looked at her.

"Jack, my dearest," he said, "shall we begin all over again?"

But she shook her head.

"I couldn't let you do that," she said, "after what I've done. Of course," she added simply, without the least insistence in her tone, as if he would quite believe her, "there's been nothing between Conny and me except just our being good pals. He didn't want to do this. I had to promise I'd marry him when you divorced me to make him do it."

She was right in counting on Cleyden's belief in her strange disclosure. He did

not doubt it for an instant—hadn't doubted it, in fact, since his meeting with Conny Brett. It was totally a different thing which was now tormenting him.

"Jacqueline," he said, at last, "please look at me. I want to ask you something, and I can't trust anything but your eyes to answer me.

She turned them to his, full of surprise.

"Well?" she asked.

"It's this," he said, and here he took her hands and held them fast: "Just how much do you love me?"

She paled and flamed alternately, and her eyes wavered from his.

"What's the use of asking things like that?" she murmured in distress. "It couldn't matter. The world—"

"Oh, the world!" he said softly. "You and I are the only world I care about. You see"—his voice came a little breathless and uneven, as though his heart-beats shook it—"I can't help remembering what you said to me—when I asked you to marry me, you know."

"Ah, it was I who asked you!" corrected the girl, with her gentle bitterness.

"Don't be childish," he pleaded. "You know that isn't so—not really. What you said to me was that you weren't sentimental—that you were sure it wasn't in you to care more for anyone than you did for me. Tell me"—he had her hands against her breast now; his face was close to hers—"tell me, darling: Couldn't I make you care more for me—now that you know I love you, only you, just—by loving you, I mean? Don't you think you could come to love me more?"

At this, she tore away her hands, and sprang up like a creature exasperated beyond endurance.

"No," she cried, "no; I couldn't—because what I said was the truth—the unchangeable truth!"

Then, as he stood before her, white and stricken, she burst forth between laughing and crying:

"Oh, for a poet—how stone blind you are! I said—I said"—she was almost sobbing now—"that I could never love anyone more than I loved you then, because"—here a sob came—"because I've always loved you with all my heart and soul!"

Cleyden gasped, stared; then, as she began to run from him, overtook her with a bound that young Brett couldn't have bettered, and seized her in his arms. The silence that followed was certainly "golden." Something in his tight clutch of her, as though he were clutching life itself, and the wetness of the cheek he pressed so hard to hers told her more, just then, than any words or any kiss could have done.

The unfortunate Conny Brett had to camp with them for a week, in order to turn the scandal he had so unwillingly abetted into a friendly excursion, and Jacqueline's announcement to those "two or three people" into one of "Jack's outrageous jokes."

A fortnight later, Mrs. Warren received the unpublished lines to Egeria, with the correct date on which they had been written typed above them.

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Myself and Others

(Continued from page 83)

enclosed the unfortunate canary in a night-light box and buried it with full funeral honors in a corner of the garden, inscribing on a wooden headstone over the grave: "Alas, poor Dick!" the quotation, I think, having been cribbed from Goldsmith. I found on a recent visit to Jersey that the grave was still carefully preserved by the present occupant of St. Saviour's. He had also thought it worth while to remove from a window a pane of glass on which I had engraved my name with my engagement ring, and to have it framed and hung in the deanery. How proud I felt!

Living the life of my brothers transformed me into an incorrigible tomboy. I could climb trees and vault fences with the best of them, and I entered with infinite relish into their practical jokes. I have a lively recollection of my youngest brother and myself patrolling the old tree-shaded churchyard at midnight (when we were supposed to be in bed) mounted on stilts and draped in sheets, disquieting late passers very effectually. This prank continued until some one wrote to the Jersey papers, threatening the ghosts at St. Saviour's with a dose of cold lead. We had a veritable passion for annexing door-knockers, and scarcely a door in the parish was allowed to retain one. We braved threats, dogs, enraged householders, even shotguns to obtain these trophies. One of our chief butts was an old man named Wilkins, who lived at the head of the deanery lane. He was patient and long-suffering, but occasionally went to my father with a formal complaint. Having relieved him of his door-knocker one evening, we tied a long, strong cord to his bell, making the other end fast to a stone, which we threw over a wall opposite, with the result that every passer-by, either afoot or on horseback, struck the cord, causing the old man's bell to ring furiously. At each fresh clanging, Wilkins emerged with the promptitude of a cuckoo striking the hour, and hurled the most violent language at the innocent wayfarers. Finally, our audible chuckles behind the wall located the real culprits, and Wilkins preceded us to the deanery, where a complaint was lodged and fitting chastisement inflicted.

About the last escapade which I remember was one in which my sex prevented me from taking an active part. An old statue of George II stood proudly in the square of St. Helier's, and my brothers conceived the appalling idea of tarring and feathering this royal and stony personage. I shall never forget the tremendous and wrathful excitement which ensued when the townspeople discovered the outrage. It is an ill wind, however, which does not blow profit to some quarter—and an enterprising photographer coined money by "snapping" his majesty for souvenir purposes before scourers and painters had made him presentable again. Not infrequently, through our reputation for all manner of pranks, my brothers and I got the name without the game, everything mischievous that was done being attributed offhand to "the dean's family."

While the tomboy element was conspicuous in me, I had my serious side as well, and would hide away and read for hours, longer, sometimes, than even my father

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thought good for me. I never went to school, and for that reason had few girl friends. A French governess labored faithfully to impart knowledge to me, but I am afraid I was rather a handful. My brothers were all educated at Victoria College (the Jersey public school), and the only real work I did was with their tutor when he came each evening to overlook the preparation of their work for the following day. He gave me a fairly good education in the classics and mathematics, which was supplemented by lessons from German, French, and other masters. My father, being a remarkably clever and progressive man, believed firmly in the higher education for women.

At the age of thirteen, I developed, with two girl friends, a taste for spiritualism and table-turning, and gradually, through our interesting experiences, became engrossed in it. One particular table which we used in our séances displayed such extraordinary agility, cut so many capers, and answered some of our questions so intelligently, that I began to regard myself as a medium and to feel that I really was, as the spirits assured me, the cause of these manifestations. Even to this day, table-turning fascinates and mystifies me.

Some years subsequent to my youthful experiments, I discussed the subject with Sardou, the famous French dramatist, himself an ardent spiritualist, and asked him why the spirits never really enlightened me, although they were quite ready to rap out answers after I had sat for a few moments at the table. He replied that I had not pursued the matter far enough, and that I was as yet in touch only with the *cuisiniers* (the undercooks) of the occult world. He asserted—an assertion which I did not and do not credit—that spooks may reveal themselves by showering flowers about the room and by performing other seemingly impossible acts, and wound up with the sweeping statement that only fools did not believe in the supernatural. In any case, there was no trickery in our table-turning, and I remember how deadly frightened we three girls once were to feel ourselves dragged on a large sofa from one end of the room to the other, amid a weird rustling, very like the whirling of huge wings.

I grew up, my brothers also, and the boys all elected to serve their queen by land or water. (To-day, of the once merry group that frolicked about St. Saviour's, only three remain—Willie, Clement, and myself). With my girlhood, new interests came into my life. Not a few of the parochial duties devolved upon me. Frequently, when my mother, owing to indisposition, could not accompany my father on his official visits, or if, for some equally good reason, she was unable to present prizes at school and other functions, I served as her substitute, and also did my share in visiting the sick and distressed. I dare say this being put forward a little prominently had the effect of making me rather precocious. At all events, when I approached my fourteenth year, I began to think that I should be included in invitations to our pleasant picnics and small informal dances. My mother agreed with me, and, in spite of my youth, I became her companion on these occasions. Going about as I did, it was impossible not to meet people older than myself, and before I knew it,



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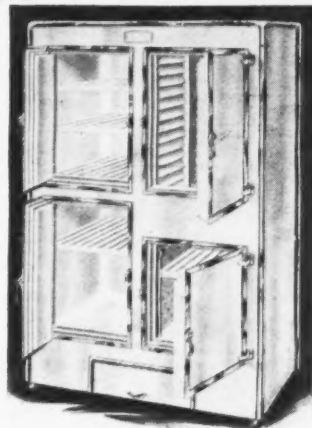
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and to my bewilderment—I was scarcely over fourteen—I received my first proposal, a very serious one, from an officer whose regiment was quartered in the island.

He was the son of one of the highest dignitaries in the Church—but he failed to find favor in my eyes. Subsequently, one or two other suitors appeared, these also without making any impression on me. Such experiences, however, had sent my thoughts drifting into a new channel, and, like other girls, I began to dream of the real Prince Charming who would some day appear. In a short time he came, in the person of Edward Langtry, an Irishman, about thirty years old, a widower, hailing from Belfast. His father, I might mention, was the first man to run a line of steamers from Belfast to Stranraer, and his public-spiritedness and practical interest in the welfare of the former city had gained for him the title of the "Father of Belfast." His portrait, the first ever painted on commission by Millais, still hangs on the wall of the public library in Belfast.

Just at this time, my brother Willie returned from India to be married. Mr. Langtry, who was well known in the island, and who had a large and luxurious yacht called the Red Gauntlet, gave a ball at the yacht club as part of my brother's wedding festivities. It was a far more elaborate and extravagant affair than anything I had hitherto witnessed, and it impressed me wonderfully. The walls were hung with yachts' flags; the supper was much less sketchy than I had been accustomed to, and, to crown all, the hall and stairway were lined with the sailors in their spotless white suits. To me, it was simply dazzling, an Arabian Nights Entertainment, and its donor instantly became in my eyes a hero. Now followed various cruises in the Red Gauntlet, my father accompanying me. One took us to the French coast and back. The result may be surmised. I thought myself desperately in love, and, at the end of six weeks, accepted Mr. Langtry's proposal of marriage. My elation was not shared warmly by my father and mother. The former desired me to see more of life before I married, and the latter had set her heart on my having a London season previous to the settling of such a serious matter. But the stronger the opposition, the more determinedly I clung to my engagement, the result being that I had my way.

Very early one morning, I was married in dear old Saint Saviour's. Unlike most girls, I elected to be married in my traveling gown, as I disliked the idea of a big wedding and the conventional bridal array. Mr. Langtry and I sailed away the same day in the Red Gauntlet to his yachting *piéd à terre*, Cliff Lodge, on Southampton Water. I entered eagerly with him into the sport of yachting, and we lived all that summer on board, going from one regatta to another, to compete in sailing-matches, of which we won several, the most important being the International Yacht Race at Havre, which our yacht carried off in a gale. How I enjoyed the excitement of that race, crowding on sail to the verge of danger, with the whirling spray drenching us to the skin!

Occasionally, however, yacht-racing could be dull in the extreme. To roll about, becalmed, for hours, whistling for a breath of wind, was deadly. Once, in an

important race, we drifted along so sluggishly that I went to bed in disgust, and though we floated past the winning-post in the small hours, Mr. Langtry refrained, out of consideration for my slumbers, from firing the announcing cannon, and discovered to his consternation the next day that he had lost the prize by not doing so. The two leading vessels had become embedded in some shoals, and a yacht arriving long after us was awarded the cup.

I need dwell no further on my life at this period. It was uneventful until I was prostrated by a severe attack of typhoid fever, which laid me up for quite some time. When I became convalescent, my physician ordered a change of air, and we decided on London—a decision which later events proved to be a most momentous one. I cannot remember what led us to select the great, smoky city as a sanatorium—but, anyhow, we arrived at Waterloo Station one murky morning in January, and, after stopping at a hotel for a day or two, took what we considered suitable apartments in a thoroughfare now known as Eaton Place.

How strange and confusing the bustle and turmoil of the greatest city in the world was to me can only be thoroughly realized by those few who, like myself, had lived to the age of sixteen without ever having seen a railway train! As for my husband, an extremely shy man who had spent his life since leaving Oxford in outdoor country sports, he felt quite like a fish out of water.

The next instalment of *Myself and Others* will appear in *June Cosmopolitan*.

Tenting To-night

(Continued from page 33)

stop-overs. And not to stop over is to lose the joy of the trip. It is an ideal two to three weeks' jaunt with a pack-train. A woman who can sit a horse—and every one can ride in a Western saddle—a woman can make the land trip not only with comfort but with joy. That is, a woman who likes the outdoors.

What did we wear, that bright morning when, all ready at last, the cook on the chuck-wagon, the boats ambling ahead, with Bill Hossick, the teamster, driving the long line of heavily packed horses and our own saddlers lined up for the adventure, we moved out onto the trail?

Well, the men wore khaki riding-trousers and flannel shirts, broad-rimmed felt hats, army socks drawn up over the cuff of the breeches, and pack-shoes. A pack-shoe is one in which the leather of the upper part makes the sole also, without a seam. Onto this soft sole is sewed a heavy leather one. The pack-shoe has a fastened tongue and is waterproof.

And I? I had not counted on the "movie" man, and I was dressed for comfort in the woods. I had buckskin riding-breeches and high boots, and over my thin riding-shirt I wore a cloth coat. I had packed in my war-bag a divided skirt also, and a linen suit, for hot days, of breeches and coat. But of this latter, the least said the better. It betrayed me and, in portions, deserted me.

All of us carried tin drinking-cups, which varied with the bells on the pack-animals for jingle. Most of us had sweaters or leather



They Came to Jeer and Stayed to Cheer

THEY thought her only a simple peasant girl, and that they might make mockery of her. She had never seen the King. So they set up another in the King's seat, and the King himself went among his people.

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wind-jammers. The guides wore chaps of many colors, boots with high heels, which put our practical packs in the shade, and gay silk handkerchiefs.

Joe was to be a detachable unit. As a matter of fact, he became detached rather early in the game, having been accidentally given a buck. It was on the second day, I think, that his horse buried his head between his fore legs, and dramatized one of the best bits of the trip when Joe was totally unable to photograph it.

He had his own guide and extra horse for the camera. It had been our expectation that, at the most hazardous parts of the journey, he would perch on some crag and show us courageously risking our necks to have a good time. But on the really bad places he had his own life to save, and he never fully trusted Maud, I think, after the first day. Maud was his horse.

Besides, when he did climb to some eery, and photographed me, for instance, in a sort of Napoleon-crossing-the-Alps attitude, sitting my horse on the brink of eternity and being reassured from safety by the Optimist—outside the picture, of course—the developed film flattened out the landscape. So that, although I was on the edge of a cañon a mile deep, I might as well have been posing on the bank of the Ohio River.

On the east side of the park I had ridden High-ball. It is not particularly significant that I started the summer on High-ball and ended it on Budweiser. Now I had Angel, a huge white mare with a pink nose, a loving disposition, and a gait that kept me swallowing my tongue for fear I would bite the end off it. The Little Boy had Prince, a small pony which ran exactly like an Airedale dog, and in every canter beat out the entire string. The Head had H—, and considered him well indicated. One broncho was called Bronchitis. The top horse of the string was Bill Shea's Dynamite, according to Bill Shea. There were Dusty, Shorty, Sally Goodwin, Buffalo Tom, Chalk-eye, Comet, and Swapping Tater—Swapping Tater being a pacer who, when he hit the ground, swapped feet. Bob had Sister Sarah.

At last, everything was ready. The pack-train got slowly under way. We leaped into our saddles—"leaped" being a figurative term which grew more and more figurative as time went on and we grew saddle-weary and stiff—and, passing the pack-train on a canter, led off for the wilderness.

All that first day we rode, now in the sun, now in deep forest. Luncheon-time came, but the pack-train was far behind. We waited, but we could not hear so much as the tinkle of its bells. So we munched cakes of chocolate from the pockets of our riding-coats and went grimly on.

The wagon with the boats had made good time. It was several miles along the wagon-trail before we caught up with it. It had found a quiet harbor beside the road, and the boatmen were demanding food. We tossed them what was left of the chocolate and went on.

The presence of a wagon-trail in that empty land, unvisited and unknown, requires explanation. In the first place, it was not really a road. It was a trail, and in places barely that. But, sixteen years before, a road had been cleared through the forest by some people who believed there was oil near the Canadian line. They cut

down trees and built corduroy bridges. But in sixteen years it has not been used. No wheels have worn it smooth. It takes its leisurely way, now through wilderness, now through burned country where the trees stand stark and dead, now through prairie or creek-bottom, now up, now down, always with the range rising abruptly to the east, and with the Flathead River somewhere to the west.

It will not take much expenditure to make that old wagon-trail into a good road. It has its faults. It goes down steep slopes—on the second day out, the chuck-wagon got away, and, fetching up at the bottom, threw out Bill the cook and nearly broke his neck. It climbs like a cat after a young robin. It is rocky or muddy or both. But it is, potentially, a road.

The Rocky Mountains run northwest and southeast, and in numerous basins, fed by melting glaciers and snowfields, are deep and quiet lakes. These lakes, on the west side, discharge their overflow through roaring and precipitous streams to the Flathead, which flows south and east. While our general direction was north, it was our intention to turn off east and camp at the different lakes, coming back again to the wagon-trail to resume our journey.

Therefore, it became necessary, day after day, to take our boats off the wagon-road and haul them along foot-trails none too good. The log of the two boats is in itself a thrilling story. There were days and days when the wagon was mired, when it stuck in the fords of streams or in soft places on the trail. It was a land flotilla by day, and, with its straw, a couch at night. And there came, toward the end of the journey, that one nerve-racking day when, over a sixty-foot cliff down a foot-trail, it was necessary to rope wagon, boats, and all, to get the boats into the Flathead River.

But all this was before us then. We only knew it was summer, that the days were warm and the nights cool, that the streams were full of trout, that such things as telegraphs and telephones were falling far in our rear, and that before us was the Big Adventure.

The first night we camped at Bridge Creek on a river-flat. Beside us, the creek rolled and foamed. The horses, in their rope corral, lay down and rolled in sheer ecstasy when their heavy packs were removed. The cook set up his sheet-iron stove beside the creek, built a wood fire, lifted the stove over it, fried meat, boiled potatoes, heated beans, and made coffee while the tents were going up. From a thicket near by came the thud of an ax as branches were cut for bough beds.

I have slept on all kinds of bough beds. They may be divided into three classes. There is the one which is high in the middle and slopes down at the side—there is nothing so slippery as pine-needles—so that by morning you are quite likely to be not only off the bed but out of the tent. And there is the bough bed made by the guide when he is in a great hurry, which consists of large branches and not very many needles. So that in the morning, on rising, one is as furrowed as a waffle off the iron. And there is the third kind, which is the real bough bed, but which cannot be tossed off in a moment, like a poem, but must be the result of calculation, time, and much labor. It is to this bough bed that I shall some day indite an ode.

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3
IN

you take a large and healthy woodsman with an ax, who cuts down a tree—a substantial tree. Because this is the frame of your bed. But on no account do this yourself. One of the joys of a bough bed is seeing somebody else build it.

The tree is an essential. It is cut into six-foot lengths—unless one is more than six feet long. If the bed is intended for one, two side pieces with one at the head and one at the foot are enough, laid flat on a level place, making a sort of boxed-in rectangle. If the bed is intended for two, another log down the center divides it into two bunks and prevents quarreling.

Now begins the real work of constructing the bough bed. If one is a good manager, while the frame is being made, the younger members of the family have been performing the loving task of getting the branches together. When a sufficient number of small branches has been accumulated, this number, varying from one ton to three, judging by size and labor, the bough bed is built by the simple expedient of sticking the branches into the enclosed space like flowers into a vase. They must be packed very closely, stem down. This is a slow and not particularly agreeable task for one's loving family and friends, owing to the tendency of pine- and balsam-needles to jag. Indeed, I have known it to happen that, after a try or two, some one in the outfit is delegated to the task of official bed-maker, and a slight coldness is noticeable when one refers to dusk and bedtime.

Over these soft and feathery plumes of balsam—soft and feathery only through six blankets—is laid the bedding, and on this couch the wearied and saddle-sore tourist may sleep as comfortably as in his grandaunt's feather bed.

But, dear traveler, it is much simpler to take an air-mattress and a foot-pump. True, even this has its disadvantages. It is not safe to stick pins into it while disrobing at night. Occasionally, a faulty valve lets go, and the sleeper dreams he is falling from the Woolworth tower. But lacking a sturdy woodsman and a loving family to collect branches, I advise the air-bed.

Fishing at Bridge Creek, that first evening, was poor. We caught dozens of small trout. But it would have taken hundreds to satisfy us after our lunchless day, and there were other reasons.

One casts for trout. There is no sitting on a mossy stone and watching a worm guilefully struggling to attract a fish to the hooks. No; one casts.

Now, I have learned to cast fairly well. On the lawn at home, or in the middle of a ten-acre lot, cleared, or the center of a lake, I can put out quite a lot of line. In one cast out of three, I can drop a fly so that it appears to be committing suicide—which is the correct way. But in a thicket I am lost. I hold the woman's record for getting the hook in my hair or the lobe of the Little Boy's ear. I have hung fish high in trees more times than phonographs have hung Danny Deever. I can, under such circumstances (*i.e.*—the thicket), leave camp with a rod, four six-foot leaders, an expensive English line, and a smile, and return an hour later with a six-inch trout, a bandaged hand, a hundred and eighty mosquito-bites, no leaders, and no smile.

So we fished little that first evening, and,

Cosmopolitan for May, 1917

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on the discovery that candles had been left out of the cook's outfit, we retired early to our bough beds, which were, as it happened that night, of class A.

There was a deer-lick on our campground there at Bridge Creek, and during the night deer came down and strayed through the camp. One of the guides saw a black bear also. We saw nothing. Some day I shall write an article called: "Wild Animals I Have Missed."

We had made fourteen miles the first day, with a late start. It was not bad, but the next day we determined to do better. At five o'clock we were up, and at five-thirty tents were down and breakfast under way. We had had a visitor the night before—that curious anomaly, a young hermit. He had been a very well known pugilist in the light-weight class and, his health failing, he had sought the wilderness. There he had lived for seven years alone.

We asked him if he never cared to see people. But he replied that trees were all the company he wanted. Deer came and browsed around his tiny shack there in the woods. All the trout he could use played in his front garden. He had a dog and a horse, and he wanted nothing else. He came to see us off the next morning, and I think we amused him. We seemed to need so much. He stared at our thirty-one horses, sixteen of them packed with things he had learned to live without. But I think he rather hated to see us go. We had brought a little excitement into his quiet life.

The first bough bed had been a failure. For—note you—I had not then learned of the bough bed *de luxe*. This information, which I have given you so freely, dear reader, what has it not cost me in sleepless nights and family coldness and aching muscles!

So I find this note in my daily journal, written that day on horseback, and therefore not very legible:

Mem: After this, must lie over the campground until I find a place that fits me to sleep on. Then have the tent erected over it.

There was a little dissension in the party that morning. Joe having wakened in the night while being violently shoved out under the edge of his tent by his companion, who was a restless sleeper. But ill temper cannot live long in the open. We settled to the swinging walk of the trail. In the mountain meadows there were carpets of flowers. They furnished highly esthetic if not very substantial food for our horses during our brief rests. They were very brief, those rests. All too soon, Pete would bring Angel to me, and I would vault into the saddle—extremely figurative, this—and we would fall into line. Pete swaying with the cowboy's roll in the saddle, the Optimist bouncing freely, Joe with an eye on that pack-horse which carried the delicacies of the trip, the Big Boy with long legs that almost touched the ground, the Middle Boy with eyes roving for adventure, the Little Boy deadly serious and hoping for a bear. And somewhere in the rear, where he could watch all responsibilities and supply the smokers with matches, the Head.

That second day, we crossed Dutch Ridge and approached the Flathead. What I have called here the Flathead is known locally as the North Fork. The pack-



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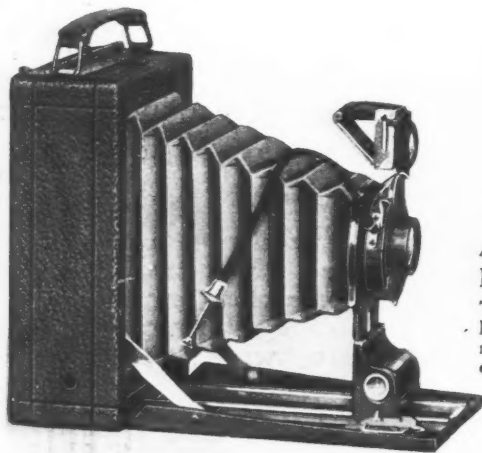
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outfit had started first. Long before we caught up with them, we heard the bells on the lead horses ringing faintly.

Passing a pack-outfit on the trail is a difficult matter. The wise little horses, traveling free and looked after only by a wrangler or two, do not like to be passed. One of two things happens when the saddle-outfit tries to pass the pack. Either the pack starts on a smart canter ahead, or it turns wildly off into the forest to the accompaniment of much complaint by the drivers. A pack-horse loose on a narrow trail is a dangerous matter. With its bulging pack, it worms its way past anything on the trail, and bad accidents have followed. Here, however, there was room for us to pass.

Tiny gophers sat up beside the trail and squeaked at us. A coyote yelped. Bumping over fallen trees, creaking and groaning and swaying, came the boat-wagon. Mike had found a fishing-line somewhere, and pretended to cast from the bow.

"Ship ahoy!" he cried, when he saw us, and his instructions to the driver were purely nautical. "Hard astern!" he yelled, going down a hill, and instead of "Gee" or "Haw" he shouted "Port" or "Starboard."

An acquaintance of George and Mike has built a boat which is intended to go up-stream by the force of the water rushing against it and turning a propeller. We had a spirited discussion about it.

"Because," as one of the men objected, "it's all right until you get to the head of the stream. Then what are you going to do?" he asked. "She'll only go up—she won't go down."

Pete, the chief guide, was a German. He was rather uneasy for fear we intended to cross the Canadian line. But we reassured him. A big blond in a wide-flapping Stetson, black Angora chaps, and flannel shirt with a bandana—he led our little procession into the wilderness and sang as he rode. The Head frequently sang with him. And because the only song the Head knew very well in German was the "Lorelei," we had it hour after hour. Being translated to one of the boatmen, he observed:

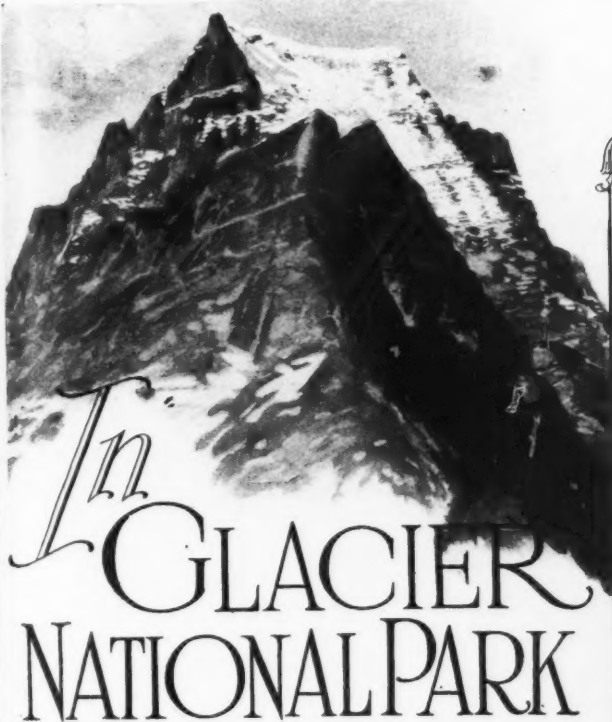
"I have known girls like that. I guess I'd leave most any boat for them. But I'd leave this boat for most any girl."

We were approaching the mountains, climbing slowly but steadily. We passed through Lone Tree Prairie, where one great pine dominated the country for miles around, and stopped by a small river for luncheon.

Of all the meals that we took in the open, perhaps luncheon was the most delightful. Condensed milk makes marvelous cocoa. We opened tins of things, consulted maps, eased the horses' cinches, rested our own tired bodies for an hour or so. For the going, while much better than we had expected, was still slow. It was rare indeed to be able to get the horses out of a walk. And there is no more muscle-racking occupation than riding a walking horse hour after hour through a long day.

By the end of the second day, we were well away from even that remote part of civilization from which we had started, and a terrible fact was dawning on us. The cook did not like us!

The next instalment of *Tenting To-night* will appear in *June Cosmopolitan*.



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The Dark Star

(Continued from page 91)

"Prince Erlik of Mongolia," replied Neeland solemnly.

"I supposed so. We of the infernal aristocracy belong together. I am the Contessa Diabietta d'Enfer."

He inclined gravely.

"I'm afraid I don't belong here," he said; "I'm only a Yankee."

"That locality is full of them," she said, smiling. "Do you play?"

"No. Do you?"

"It depends on chance."

"It would give me much pleasure——"

"Thank you; not to-night." And, in the same level, pleasant voice, "Don't look immediately, but from where you sit, you can see, in the mirror opposite, two women seated in the next room."

After a moment, he nodded.

"Are they watching us?"

"Yes. Mr. Neeland?" He reddened with surprise. "Get Captain Sengoun and leave," she said, still smilingly. "Do it carelessly, convincingly. You will be killed if you remain here."

For a moment, Neeland hesitated, but curiosity won.

"Who is likely to try anything of that sort?" he asked.

"Almost anybody here, if you are recognized," she said, as gaily as though she were imparting delightful information.

"But you recognize us. And I'm certainly not dead yet."

"Which ought to tell you more about me than I am likely to tell anybody. Now when I smile at you and shake my head, make your *adieux* to me, find Captain Sengoun, and take your departure."

"Are you really serious?"

"It is you who should be serious. Now I give you your signal, Monsieur Neeland."

But the smile stiffened on her pretty face, and, at the same moment, he was aware that somebody had entered the room and was standing directly behind him. He turned in his chair and looked up into the face of Ilse Dumont.

There was a second's hesitation; then he was on his feet, greeting her cordially, apparently entirely at ease and with nothing on his mind except the agreeable surprise of the encounter.

"I had your note," he said. "It was charming of you to write, but very neglectful of you not to include your address. Tell me, how have you been since I last saw you?"

Ilse Dumont's red lips seemed to be dry, for she moistened them without speaking. In her eyes he saw peril—knowledge of something terrible—some instant menace. Then her eyes, charged with lightning, slowly turned from him to the girl on the sofa, who had not moved. But in her eyes, too, a little flame began to flicker and play, and the fixed smile relaxed into an expression of cool self-possession. Neeland's pleasant, careless voice broke the occult tension.

"This is a pretty club," he said. "You might have told me about it," he added to Ilse, with smiling reproach, "but you never even mentioned it."

Ilse Dumont seemed to find her voice with an effort.

"May I have a word with you, Mr. Neeland?" she asked.

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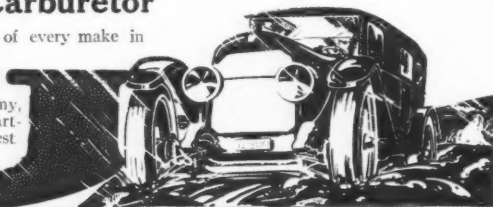
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"Always," he assured her promptly.

"Please follow me."

He turned to the girl on the sofa and made his *adieux* with conventional ceremony and a reckless smile which said, "You were quite right, *madame*; I'm in trouble already."

Then he followed Ilse Dumont into the adjoining room, which was lined with filled bookcases and where the lounges and deep chairs were covered with leather. Halting by the library table, Ilse Dumont turned to him—turned on him a look such as he never before had encountered in any living woman's eyes. She said:

"I came. They sent for me. I did not believe they had the right man."

A trifle shaken, he said, in tones which sounded steady enough,

"What scares you so, Scheherazade?"

"Why did you come? Are you mad?"

"Mad? No; I don't think so," he replied, with a forced smile. "What threatens me here, Scheherazade?"

"Death! You must have known it when you came."

"Death? No; I didn't know it."

"Did you suppose that if they could get hold of you they'd let you go—a man who might carry in his memory the plans for which they tried to kill you? I wrote to you to go back to America. And—*this* is what you have done!"

"Well," he said, in a pleasant but rather serious voice, "if you really believe there is danger for me, perhaps I'd better go."

"You *can't* go!"

"You think I'll be stopped?"

"Yes. Who is your crazy companion? I heard that he is Alak Sengoun—the headlong fool they call Prince Erlik. Is it true?"

"Where did you hear all these things?"

"Never mind. Word came that they had caught you. I did not believe it; others present doubted it. But as the rumor concerned *you*, I took no chances; I came instantly. I—I had rather be dead than see you here—" Her voice became unsteady, but she controlled it at once. "Neeland, Neeland, why did you come? Why have you undone all I tried to do for you?"

He looked intently at Ilse Dumont; then his gaze swept the handsome suite of rooms. Nobody seemed to notice him; in perspective men moved quietly about the further *salon*, where play was going on, and there seemed to be nobody else in sight. A smile grew in his eyes.

"Scheherazade," he said, "you are a dear. You pulled me out of a dreadful mess on the steamer. I offer you gratitude, respect, and the very warm regard for you which I really cherish in my heart."

He took her hands, kissed them, looked up, half laughing, half in earnest.

"If you're worried," he said, "I'll find Captain Sengoun and we'll depart—"

She held his hands in a convulsive clasp. "Oh, Neeland, Neeland! There are men below who will never let you pass. And Breslau and Kestner are coming here later. And Damat Mahmud Bey."

"Golden Beard and Ali Baba and the whole 'Arabian Nights!'" exclaimed Neeland. "Who is Damat Mahmud Bey, Scheherazade dear?"

"The shadow of Abdul Hamid."

"Yes, dear child; but Abdul is shut up tight in a fortress."

"His shadow dogs the spurred heels of Enver Bey," she said, striving to maintain her composure. "Have you and Sengoun any weapons at all—a sword-cane—"

"No. What does all this business mean?" he broke out impatiently.

"Why did you do this?" she continued, in an agonized voice, without answering his question. "What can I do? But I'd give you a pistol if I had one—" She checked herself as the girl who had been reading an evening newspaper on a sofa, and to whom Neeland had been talking when she entered, came sauntering into the room. The eyes of both women met; both turned a trifle paler. Then Ilse Dumont walked slowly up to the other.

"I overheard you," she said, with a deadly stare.

"Really?"

Ilse stretched out her bare arm, palm upward, and closed the fingers tightly.

"I hold your life in my hand. I have only to speak. Do you understand?"

"No."

"You are lying! You *do* understand. You take double wages; but it is not France you betray."

"Are you insane?"

"Almost. Where do you carry them?"

"What?"

"Answer quickly! Where? I tell you, I'll expose you in another moment if you don't answer me! Speak quickly!"

The other woman had turned a ghastly white.

"Above—the knee," she stammered.

"Pistols?"

"Yes."

"Loaded? Both of them?"

"Yes."

"Clips?"

"No."

"Unstrap them!"

The woman turned, bent almost double, twisting her supple body entirely around; but Ilse Dumont was at her side like a flash, and caught her wrist as she withdrew her hand from the hem of her fluffy skirt.

"Now—take your life!" said Ilse Dumont, between her teeth. "There's the door! Go out!"—following her with blazing eyes. "Stop! Stand where you are until I come!"

Then she came quickly to where Neeland stood, astonished, and thrust two automatic pistols into his hand.

"Get Sengoun!" she whispered. "Don't go down-stairs! Get to the roof—if you can! Try—oh, try, Neeland, my friend!"

Her voice trembled; she looked into his eyes—gave him, in that swift regard, all that a woman withholds until the right man asks. Her lip quivered; she turned sharply on her heel, went to the outer hallway, where the other woman stood.

"What am I to do with you?" demanded Ilse Dumont. "Do you think you are going out of here to summon the police? Mount those stairs!"

The woman dropped her hand on the banisters heavily, set foot on the first step, then slowly started up the stairs.

Ilse Dumont followed her, opened a door in the passage, motioned her to enter. It was a dainty bedroom that the electric light revealed. The woman entered and stood by the bed as though stupefied.

"I'll keep my word to you," said Ilse Dumont. "When it becomes too late for you to do us any mischief, I'll return and let you go."

How a Failure at Sixty Won Sudden Success

From Poverty to \$40,000 a Year

A Lesson for Old and Young Alike

By R. D. RAINES

The old-time millionaire "made his pile" by squeezing the pennies, by over-work and self-denial. A much bigger army of men today are piling up millions without denying themselves the comforts and little luxuries of life—by giving up poor jobs for better ones, by preserving their health and strength, and by retaining their manhood and independence all through the struggle. Theirs is a new secret and one well worth learning.

Our story is about one who learned it—an old man who got hold of some of these young ideas. If you could have met him in the summer of 1915 you would have pitied him. For forty years he had been true to the old creed—hard work, long hours, patience, faithfulness, and economy. By dint of scrimping and scraping he would save a few dollars only to have them swept away by a season of illness in his family.

And his reward? It came at sixty, when he was thrown out of employment, onto the scrap-heap.

His old-fashioned rules for winning success had failed to work. "What was wrong with them or with him?"

He reviewed, one by one, the careers of some of his old business associates who had prospered. A suspicion entered his mind. He turned his attention to several young men who were forging rapidly to the front. Suspicion became conviction. In one respect all those men were identically alike. The climbing youngsters and the prosperous oldsters were strong-willed fellows of determined purpose. It was almost amusing, the way he and others of his kind scurried to get out of the way of these men whenever they set out to accomplish any purpose.

Slowly the full truth came to him. Success was not a matter of age. It was not luck. It was not even a matter of opportunity. It was simply a question of dominating will power—determination that brooks no interference, commands respect, and easily leaps all obstacles.

Somewhere, lying dormant within him like an unused muscle, he too possessed a will. He knew it. He would uncover it. He would exercise and train it and put it to work.

For a long time he had believed he could make a success in a certain line of manufacturing. He had some new ideas about it. But he had never been bold enough to even mention his thoughts to others. Now he sought out some business friends. Instead of begging a small loan with which to pay his rent, he presented and explained his plans for launching a business of his own. His friends' first response was to smile. But as they listened they were struck by a new note in the old man's voice, a new self-confident poise in his bearing; his tone was magnetic, compelling; his argument sound and convincing. This gentleman was not to be denied.

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A better understanding of the tremendous power of the human will as a force in business and in fortune building may be had by studying the successes of any of our big money makers. Interesting and inspiring are several cases that have come to my personal attention, because the same methods are open to us all no matter how young or how old we may be.

One is that of a man who was \$6,000 in debt three years ago. Since then he has accumulated \$200,000 without speculating and today is earning \$1,000 a week. He is only one of many who frankly credit their good fortune to Prof. Frank Channing Haddock and his very remarkable book, "Power of Will." Another is a young man who worked in a big factory. One day he met Mr. W. M. Taylor, efficiency expert for the great Studebaker Corporation, who advised him to read "Power of Will." He did so, applied himself to the training of his will, and in less than one year his salary was increased to more than eight times what he had been earning.

Then there is the case of C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent of the Northwestern Life Insurance Company. After his first examination of Prof. Haddock's methods and lessons in will power development, as published in "Power of Will," he told the author that they would be worth \$3,000 to \$30,000 to him.

Another man, Mr. H. D. Ferguson, residing in Hot Springs, Ark., increased his earnings from \$40 a week to \$600 a week in a remarkably short space of time after he began the study of will training. Will power training by Haddock's system has enabled thousands to conquer drink and other vices almost overnight—has helped overcome sickness and nervousness—has transformed unhappy, envious, discontented people into dominating personalities filled with the joy of living.

In this new book Prof. Haddock, whose name ranks with Bergson, James, and Royce in the scientific world, has given to the world for the first time a practical, simple system of rules and exercise for will power training that has completely revolutionized the lives of thousands of people. For the will is just as susceptible to exercise and training as any muscle of the body.

"Power of Will" is being distributed by the Pelton Publishing Co. of Meriden, Conn. Any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money. If, after five days, you do not feel that this book is worth the \$3 asked for it, return it and you will owe nothing.

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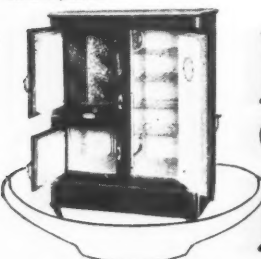
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And she stepped back across the threshold and locked the door on the outside.

As she did so, Neeland and Sengoun came swiftly up the stairs, and she beckoned them to follow, running up ahead of them to the fifth floor.

In the dim light of dawn, Neeland saw that the top floor was merely a vast attic full of debris from the café on the ground floor—iron tables which required mending or repainting, iron chairs, great jars of artificial stone with dead bay trees standing in them, parts of rusty stoves and kitchen ranges, broken cutlery in boxes, cracked table-china.

The only windows gave on a court. Through their dirty panes, already the gray light of that early Sunday morning glimmered, revealing the position of an iron ladder hooked to two rings under the scuttle overhead.

Else Dumont laid her finger on her lips, conjuring silence; then she started up the iron ladder, reached the top, and, exerting all her strength, lifted the hinged scuttle leading to the roof.

Instantly, somebody challenged her in a guttural voice. She stood there a few moments in whispered conversation; then, from outside, somebody lowered the scuttle-cover. The girl locked it, descended the iron ladder backward, and came swiftly across to Neeland and Sengoun.

"They're guarding the roof," she whispered. "It is hopeless, that way."

"The proper way," said Sengoun calmly, "is for us to shoot our way out of this."

The girl turned on him in a passion. "Do you suppose I care what happens to you?" she said.

Sengoun reddened. "Be silent, you treacherous little cat!" he retorted.

"Don't talk that way, Sengoun," said Neeland sharply. "We owe these pistols to her."

"Oh," muttered Sengoun, shooting a menacing glance at her, "I didn't understand that. Then his scowl softened and a sudden laugh cleared his face. "I'm sorry, *madame*," he said. "You're quite welcome to your low opinion of me. But if anybody should ask me, I'd say that I don't understand what is happening to us. And after a while I'll become angry and go down-stairs for information."

"They know nothing about you in the *salon*," she said, "but on the floor below they're waiting to kill you."

Neeland, astonished, asked her whether the American gamblers in the *salon* where Sengoun had been playing were ignorant of what was going on in the house.

"What Americans?" she demanded incredulously. "Do you mean Weishelm?"

"Didn't you know there were Americans there?" asked Neeland, surprised.

"No; I have not been in this house for a year until I came to-night." And then, to Neeland, "There was some talk in New York about adding one or two Americans to the personnel, but I opposed it."

"They're here," said Neeland. "There's a man called Doc Curfoot—"

"Who?"

And suddenly, for the first time, Neeland remembered that she had been the wife of one of the men below.

"Brandes and Stull are the others," he said mechanically.

The girl stared at him as though she did not comprehend.

"Eddie Brandes? Here? And Stull? Curfoot? Here in this house?"

"In the salon below."

"They can't be!" she protested, in an odd, colorless voice. "They were bought, soul and body, by the British secret service before they had been an hour in Paris!"

All three stood staring at one another. Then Ilse said slowly:

"It is we others who have been betrayed, it seems. They've got us all—every one of us—every one of us—at last!"

She lifted her haggard face and stared at the increasing light, which was turning the window-panes a sickly yellow.

"With sunrise comes war," she said, in a stunned voice, as though to convince herself. "We are caught here in this house—Kestner and Weishelm and Breslau and I. Do you understand that Brandes and Curfoot, bought by England, have contracted to deliver us to a French court martial?"

The men looked at her in silence. After a moment, Neeland said:

"I don't understand why you can't leave this house if you are in danger. You say that there are men down-stairs waiting to kill us—waiting only for Kestner and Breslau and Damat Mahmud to arrive."

She said faintly:

"I did not before understand Mahmud's delay. Now I understand. He has been warned. Breslau and Kestner will not come. Otherwise, you now would be barricaded behind that breastwork of rubbish, fighting for your lives."

"But you say there are men on the stairs below who are ready to kill us if we try to leave the house."

"They, too, are trapped without knowing it. War will come with sunrise. This house has been under surveillance since yesterday afternoon. They have not closed in on us yet, because they are leaving the trap open in hopes of catching us all. They are waiting for Breslau and Kestner and Damat Mahmud. But they'll never come now. They are out of the city by this time. I know them. But we—we lesser ones—caught here—trapped!" She shuddered and pressed her hands over her temples.

Neeland said:

"I am going to stand by you. Captain Sengoun will do the same."

She shook her head.

"No use," she said, with a shiver. "I am too well known."

"Can't you get away by the roof? There are two of your men up there."

"They themselves are caught, and do not even know it."

She made a hopeless gesture.

"What is the use? When I came here, hearing that you were here, but believing the information false, I discovered you conversing with a Russian spy—overheard her warn you to leave this house. And there, all the while, unknown to me, were Curfoot and that unspeakable scoundrel, Brandes. Why, the place was swarming with enemies—and I never dreamed it! Yet—I might have feared some such thing—that the man, Brandes, who had betrayed me once, would do it again if he ever had the chance. And he's done it!"

There was a long silence. Ilse stood staring at the melancholy grayish light on the window-panes. She said,

"If You Had Only One Month To Live!"

He had come to ask for her hand, "If you had but one month to live," said the bishop, "would you spend those thirty days—death at the end—with my daughter or with some other woman about whom I know nothing?" The young man stammered, but he made a strange answer. Can you guess what it was? What would be the answer of most men today?

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"I shall never see another daybreak."

After a moment, she turned and began to pace the attic, a strange, terrible figure of haggard youth in the shadowy light. "How horribly still it is at daybreak!" she breathed, halting before Neeland. "How deathly quiet—"

The dry crack of a pistol cut her short. Then, instantly, in the dim depths of the house, shot followed shot in bewildering succession. Neeland jerked up his pistol as a nearer volley rattled out on the landing directly underneath. Sengoun, exasperated, shouted,

"Well, what's all this?" and ran toward the head of the stairs, his pistol lifted.

Then, in the garret doorway, Weishelm appeared, his handsome face streaming blood. He staggered, turned mechanically toward the stairs again with wavering revolver; but a shot drove him blindly backward, and another hurled him full-length across the floor, where he lay with both arms spread out and the last tremors running from his feet to his twitching face.

The interior of the entire house was now in an uproar; shots came fast from every landing.

"What do you make of it?" shouted Sengoun furiously, standing like a baited and perplexed bull. "Who's fighting who in this fool of a place? By Erlik, I'd like to know whom I'm to fire at!"

Ilse Dumont, creeping along the wall, looked fearfully down at Weishelm, who no longer moved where he lay on the dusty floor.

"Brandes and Stull are betraying us," she whispered. "They are killing my comrades—on the stairs down there—"

"If that is true," called out Neeland in a low, cautious voice, "you'd better wait a moment, Sengoun."

But Sengoun's rage for combat had already filled him to overflowing.

"I don't care who is fighting!" he belated. "It's all one to me! Now is the time to shoot our way out of this. Come on, Neeland! Hurrah!"

Neeland caught Ilse by the wrist. "You'd better get free of this house while you can," he said, dragging her with him after Sengoun, who had already reached the head of the stairs and was starting down, peering about for a target.

Suddenly, on the landing below, Kestner and Breslau appeared, caught sight of Sengoun and Neeland above, and opened fire on them instantly, driving them back from the head of the staircase flat against the corridor wall. But Kestner, seeming to

realize now that the garret landing was held and the way to the roof cut off, began to retreat from the foot of the garret stairs, with Breslau following.

Sengoun, fuming and fretting, had begun to creep toward the head of the stairs again, when there came a rattling hail of shots from below, a rush, the crash of furniture and startling slam of a door.

Down-stairs, straight toward the uproar ran Sengoun, with Neeland beside him. The halls were choked with acrid fumes; the floors trembled and shook under the shock as a struggling, fighting knot of men went tumbling down the stairway, reached the landing, and burst into the rooms of the Cercle Extranational.

Leaning over the banisters, Neeland saw Kestner turn on Doc Curfoot, raging, his blue eyes ablaze. He hurled his empty pistol at the American, seized chairs, bronzes, andirons, the clock from the mantel, and sent a storm of heavy missiles through the doorway among the knot of men who were pressing him and who had already seized Breslau.

Then, from the banisters above, Neeland and Sengoun saw Brandes, moving stealthily, swiftly, edge his way to a further door.

Steadying the elbow of his pistol-hand in the hollow cup of his left palm, his weapon level, swerving as his quarry moved, he presently fired at Kestner and got him through the back. The giant turned, made a menacing gesture toward him, took an uncertain step in his direction, another step, wavering, blindly grotesque, then stood swaying there under the glare of the partly shattered crystal chandelier.

And Brandes, aiming once more with methodical and merciless precision, fired another shot at his magnificent head. The towering figure, stiffening, fell over rather slowly and lay across the velvet carpet as rigid as a great tree.

Brandes replaced the exhausted clip leisurely. There was a horrid sound from the stairs, where Curfoot and another man were killing a waiter. Stull came out into the hallway below and shouted up through the stair-well:

"Say, Eddie; come down here! There's a mob outside in the street, and they're tearing the iron shutters off the café!"

Curfoot immediately started down-stairs; Brandes, pistol in hand, came slowly out of the club-rooms, still leering.

Suddenly he caught sight of Ilse Dumont, standing close behind Sengoun and Neeland on the landing above.

The conclusion of *The Dark Star* will appear in June *Cosmopolitan*.

The Counter-irritant

(Continued from page 69)

"You see—Al, here, and Janet—they—well, they got married yesterday." He was considerate about it, lowering his voice to its most ingratiatingly confidential pitch. He felt that he must protect the reputations of both Mr. Bulger and Alfred. It surprised him that the father of the girl received the news so passively. He went on talking. "It really ain't so serious as it sounds. I think it was just a moment's foolishness. They drove over the Wisconsin line and found somebody to marry 'em. Then they drove right back here—Al, he's told me everything—and then Al felt sort

of scared when he realized what he'd done, and so he went away and caught a train and came right home to Sunbury. Janet thought he was coming back this morning, but he felt real sick about it, and—"

If Henry had been less absorbed by his own part in the little drama, or if he had been older, he would have noted that the face of the little fat man had gone gray-white and had seemed to sag about the jaws and beneath the eyes; that he next, as some part of his color returned, fell to fidgeting with his pen, and drawing triangles and squares and pentagons on the

old green desk-blotter. He even reached for a pencil and pad of paper in order to draw these more nearly to his liking. And then, at last, he silenced Henry (who was beginning to find some difficulty in stopping his monologue) with a raised hand, and, turning on Alfred, asked huskily:

"Is this the truth? There's nothing more?"

"It's just the way it happened," said Alfred, evidently relieved at the lightness of this first blow.

Mr. Bulger's chin drooped a little. He seemed to note this himself, and compressed his lips. He thought and thought, drew and drew.

"Who married you?" he asked, after a time.

"It was a man in the court-house at Ashowoc."

Mr. Bulger drew a rhomboid very carefully, and ran lines from the corners to the edges of the paper. He shaded each of these lines. Around the boundary of the rhomboid he placed rows of dots close together. After a few moments of this, he pulled out a heavy old watch in a gold hunting-case. Then he got heavily up, changed to his street coat, and said,

"You boys come with me."

They went first to a livery-stable. Thence they drove to the Bulger home for Janet. Henry felt a nervous desire to keep on talking. But Mr. Bulger, though he exhibited nothing that Henry recognized as anger or even gruffness, was curiously difficult to talk to.

The two hours that followed remained in Henry's memory as something of a blur. He later vividly recalled Janet as she looked when she came out of the house and climbed to the front seat of the surrey beside her father. Her eyes were red and her mouth sulky. "She's awfully mad," he thought. And, for some reason, her anger appeared to be directed altogether at himself. Then there was the picture of their little party in a stuffy office in a limestone building with trees around it and grass. Mr. Bulger spoke to a fat man behind a desk—a man who wore a soft black hat far back on his head and rolled a half-smoked cigar round and round in his mouth.

"Did you marry these two yesterday?" he asked.

The fat man considered Janet and Alfred, then thoughtfully regarded Mr. Bulger.

"Yes," he replied; "I did."

"I suppose you couldn't see that they're nothing but a pair of crazy children." Mr. Bulger's voice began trembling. "The girl's a minor. The boy isn't eighteen."

"Eighteen in March," Alfred put in. It was his only remark. He seemed almost complacent about it.

"Well," observed the fat man, "really—"

"Don't you talk to me!" cried Mr. Bulger.

"Don't you raise your voice to me!" said the fat man.

"Do you think I care a rap for you?" shouted Mr. Bulger.

The fat man got up at this point and closed the door.

"What is it you want?" he asked.

"I want this marriage canceled, here and now—wiped out—the record destroyed."

"I could hardly do that."

"You couldn't, eh? Do you know who



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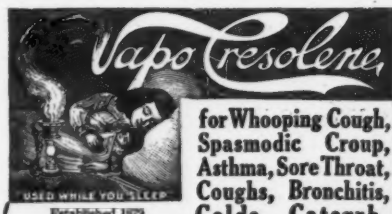
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"Hold on!" said the fat man. "No good in getting all stirred up. I didn't recognize you, Mr. Bulger. This your daughter?"

Ten minutes later, when they got into the surrey to drive out of Ashowoc, Janet and Alfred were unmarried.

Back in Borea, outside the livery-stable, Mr. Bulger turned away from the two youths without a word of farewell, took Janet's arm, and headed toward his home. Henry touched his arm.

"Mr. Bulger—"

"Eh?"

"I didn't quite finish explaining. You see, Anne Mayer Stelton, who was to be Phyllis in our show, is sick and can't do it. We're in a fix, as it is—" Mr. Bulger turned impatiently away. Henry hurried his pace and continued talking. "Janet knows the part, you see, Mr. Bulger, and we've simply got to have her for it. There isn't a minute to lose. I ought to have her there now—rehearsal at four—they want to have that fat Handley woman—she doesn't know the part and she'd look awful—I tell you, it's serious, Mr. Bulger! We've got to have Janet. Don't you see that's why I came up here—I couldn't do anything else—please listen to me—"

Henry became aware now that Janet's slightly prominent hazel eyes were fixed on him and that they were very bright.

"Oh, Henry!" she breathed. "You don't think I could really do Phyllis?"

"There ain't any 'think' about it," replied Henry, with feeling. "You've got to."

Mr. Bulger was walking more slowly. He came to a stop.

"I don't know," he mused aloud. "Mightn't be such a bad scheme. Keep her busy this week, anyhow."

Henry turned on him.

"Can she take the four-twenty-two with me, Mr. Bulger?"

The editor ignored this.

"Alfred," he said, "you go around to the Banner office and sit there until I come. Chance to do a little thinking. You're going to stay up here for the present—until Janet comes back, anyhow."

"But I don't know what mother—" "I'll attend to your mother. And Janet'll stay with her."

Henry consulted his Waterbury watch. "Mr. Bulger," he said, "there really ain't much time. Can Janet come on the four-twenty-two with me?"

"No," replied that gentleman; "with me."

Henry Calverly had not before been late at a rehearsal. On this occasion, members of the chorus and a few of the principals sat or stood about the lower hall of the country club in dispirited groups. Others were in the ballroom upstairs; snatches of the music of "Iolanthe" floated down as one or another strummed the piano. At the end of the long lower hall sat John W. MacLouden and the formidable Miss Heliotrope Handley.

Henry and Janet appeared shortly after five o'clock. Mr. Matthew Bulger stood at the door and watched them across the threshold, then hurried off.

Young women and their mothers rushed up to Henry, surrounded him. Twenty anxious questions came at once.

"What are we to do about the Phyllis?" "Is Miss Handley to sing it?" "Can she learn the part in time?"

Henry was a little tired now. But he responded to this greeting with a swelling heart. It meant something. No matter what old MacLouden might think he was doing, these people knew who was boss. He noted several members of the various committees about the room; two or three were in the group about him. William B. Snow, the head of it all, appeared in the door of the billiard-room, calmly smoking a big cigar. He joined the group.

"No," said Henry, answering their questions. "No; we can't use Miss Handley. Miss Janet Bulger will sing Phyllis. Up-stairs, please, everybody! We must get right to work."

As he walked toward the stairs, he found Mr. Snow at his side.

"Janet Bulger'll sing Phyllis, eh?" remarked the second-richest man in Sunbury, speaking round his cigar.

"Yes. It's the only thing. She knows it. She can look it—and sing it."

"Been working with you all along, hasn't she? Knows your ideas?"

Henry nodded.

"Well"—Mr. Snow's eyelids twitched once, and he flashed one glance at the couple in the window-seat down the room; he saw MacLouden apparently catch sight of Henry and spring to his feet—"well, it sounds like sense to me, Henry. Go to it!"

Henry mumbled, with feeling, "Thank you, Mr. Snow," and ran up the stairs.

The chairman shifted his cigar, turned about, and received impassively the whispered but none the less violent assault of Mr. MacLouden. As Mr. Snow was competent to handle any angry Scot, also as what followed was purely committee business, we leave them there.

Henry mounted a soap-box at the side of the room and rapped on his music-stand. Mrs. Arthur V. Henderson struck a chord on the piano. The chorus fell into place outside the chalk marks that bounded an imaginary stage. Janet, her color high, stood near at hand, looking at Henry almost meekly. The sight of her, now that his little battle of the afternoon was over, stirred uncomfortable thoughts to life within him, brought up disconcerting pictures. He saw a fat little man in a stuffy office, talking excitedly at a fat big man who chewed a cheap cigar. There was an angry, sulky girl, a weak, distressingly complacent boy. Not before this moment had it occurred to him that the picture would be a painful one in his memory. But it was painful. It was an ugly stab at romance. It hurt.

Just then, coming in from the upper veranda, he saw Mary Ames, Ernestine, and a quietly dressed woman who must have been her mother. He thought Ernestine looked pale—a wan little figure.

He was in an outrageous, wholly sudden confusion of thought. He couldn't think. Worse, all at once, he couldn't feel. A great dread spread blackly over him. Doggedly he rapped again and raised his arms. Habit came to his aid. The rehearsal began.

On this late afternoon and on through the evening rehearsal, Henry had a wholly new experience. Sunbury had not yet begun aping the East in the matter of chaperoning its young. Outside of such free-and-easy affairs as straw-rides, when

a pretty young teacher of a free-and-easy sort (if such was available) might be taken along as a fender of possible adult criticism, the institution found no local recognition. Though, of course, there were a few exceptional families. But the quietly smiling woman who looked so hauntingly like Ernestine had a purpose and a practised skill that baffled Henry. Every little device he attempted to bring about a talk with Ernestine was forestalled. Mrs. Lambert was pleasant and appreciative of his gifts, but she was always there.

He went home, late that night, in the queerest condition of mind yet. He stood by his window in a dark room, gazing out at the trees and the stars until long after midnight. There were moments when he felt relieved, almost glad, that she had been there—was to be there, every minute, all the week. After each of these moments, he felt resentment. It seemed disloyal to Ernestine and to their common dream to entertain such thoughts. He was torn. He felt certain that he would be unable to sleep for thoughts of Ernestine and the bewilderments of life.

As it turned out, however, he slept until half-past nine in the morning. His mother had to wake him then, because two ladies of the stage committee were waiting in feverish anxiety on the front porch.

After dressing in violent haste and talking (very crossly) to these ladies, he ate an enormous cold breakfast.

These crudely physical facts—his sleep and his breakfast—he resented hotly, as he rushed over to the office of the *Weekly Voice of Sunbury* to correct proofs of the program. Ernestine must not know!

At noon, he stole a half-hour from the babel of work in the Thompson's Grove enclosure and walked down Chestnut Avenue past Mary Ames' house, and his heart swelled. He even hung about the corner, keeping behind the trees. Then Mrs. Ames and Mrs. Lambert appeared on the porch, and he hurried off.

All through Tuesday evening it was the same—not a private moment with Ernestine. Her appearance alarmed and touched him. Others were attentive to her as she worked through the evening rehearsal. Her mother kept close. She was brought in the Ames' carriage. Though the evening was not cool, Mrs. Ames put a wrap about Ernestine's slim shoulders whenever she came off stage (they were rehearsing on the outdoor stage now, with orchestra).

The opportunity finally came—between the acts on Wednesday evening. She stood behind the built-up Houses of Parliament at the rear of the stage.

Out front, more than a thousand of the folk of Sunbury and the North Shore sat in the rows of undertakers' chairs. The orchestra was playing the introduction. The curtain went up, just as he found her there, and Harry B. Hemper, who normally worked in the bank and was preceptor at the Baptist Church, his ample figure now in a British uniform, was bursting into the Sentry's song.

"When all night long a chap remains
On sentry-go, to chase monotony,
He exercises of his brains,

That is, assuming that he's got any."

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The paint on Henry's face masked the paleness there. He looked very well in his black-silk knickerbockers.

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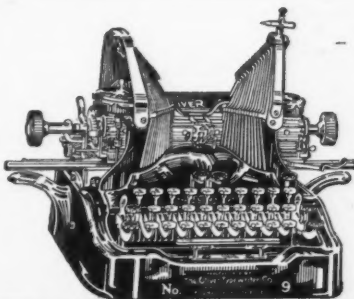
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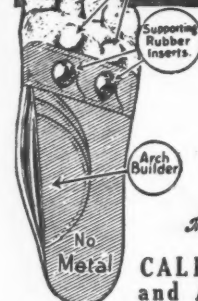
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Ernestine saw him and lowered her eyes. He whispered slowly, with a little effort, as if a firm determination were moving him: "It's been terrible—not having a chance to talk, Ernie. But I've been planning. The only trouble is your trunk. You must tell them, somehow, to have Peony Smith for expressman. I'll arrange with him. They probably would anyway, but you must think of a way to make sure—"

He saw her eyes—looking larger than ever with the black paint on the lids—come up uncertainly, glance past him, drop again. He felt the appeal in them. He turned. Mrs. Lambert was joining them. He tiptoed away. He was angry, in a confused way. In a moment, he would have to go out there for his big song. There was a pain at the pit of his stomach. Suddenly, he didn't care. That great audience was nothing. It was the biggest moment of his life thus far, and he didn't care. There was no thrill in him—nothing but a sort of death. He could have screamed out. But, instead, he went on as he should. "And he stepped down toward the footlights at the proper moment and sang, 'When Britain really ruled' a little better than he had ever before sung anything.

Voices were whispering out there among the rows on rows of dim white faces beyond the dazzling lights. Young girls, visitors in town, said: "I think he's just the handsomest thing!" "Don't you think his voice is sympathetic?" "And he was director, too—drilled the chorus and everything! Just think!"

Of all this, Henry heard nothing. He did hear the applause, of course, but his spirit had sunk beneath the point at which it was capable of responding to stimulus. Encores he could still respond to, if mechanically. He had to do this over and over, singing the third verse, and singing it better each time. Finally, he took to bowing. Six times he bowed before the performance could go on.

After this, until Saturday night, Ernestine was guarded every moment. Try as he might, Henry could not speak with her; he could only join groups in which she happened to be. Always there was the mother or Mrs. Ames or Mary or all three. The situation wore deeply on him. He became, for the first time in his life, irritable. He fretted and chafed. He longed hungrily for a confidant, but none appeared (it would have helped). He packed two bags with all his clothes and treasures, carried them out of the boarding-house in his stocking feet after midnight on Friday, left them in the shed, under a pile of kindling, until day, and checked them at the station in the care of a baggageman who looked rather surprised, and remarked, "Well, Henry, leaving us?"

All this in a blind drift of circumstance. He hardly knew, from moment to moment, what he was about; yet he rushed about town, talked, in the main, rationally enough, gave orders, went through the performances, sang better and better each evening.

For a brief moment on Saturday evening, during the last performance, Ernestine was left unattended. Henry pounced upon her, caught her arm. Very gently she drew it away.

"Ernie," he whispered hotly, "it's fierce!"

Easy Street, the next episode of *The Loves of Henry the Ninth*, will appear in *June Cosmopolitan*.

I just can't stand it!" She bowed her head. "Tell me—quick—did you arrange about Peony Smith?" Her mouth twisted rather painfully. "We've got to plan. It's awful—this way! We've got to wait, I think, until they're taking the train for New York—at the Lake Shore station. You'll have to slip away. They'll be on their way east before they know—"

He saw now that she was softly crying, and became even more excited.

"Oh, Henry," she murmured, "I don't know what to say—"

"Ernie! You're not giving up? You can mail me the check for the trunk. The post-office is open Sunday mornings."

"Henry—my mother—how can I—"

Then Mr. Diehlman, the Lord Chancellor came up, very impressive in his wig and robe, and whispered:

"Well, well! How's my little Iolanthe to-night!"

Henry swung on his heel, bit his lips, lingered, hoping desperately, blindly, fearing as well.

Mrs. Lambert appeared, quietly smiling. Henry glared at her and rushed away.

He sang "When Britain really ruled," savagely that night. There were claws in his heart. The audience cheered him. They brought flowers—the girl ushers—great made-up pieces of roses and carnations and greens—one a coronet, two feet through, from the fraternity he had belonged to in high school.

It was an ovation. It was success. Henry did not know it was success. He hardly knew what was happening outside his own turbulent breast.

That night, later, for one mad moment he waited, skulking in the shadows while Ernestine, her arms, like his, full of flowers (among them the two dozen American Beauties he had sent), and her mother and the Ames went out to their carriage. He followed this by walking down to their house and pacing, like a sentry, for an hour, behind the trees across the street, until all the Ames' lights were out.

On Sunday morning, he went to the post-office. There was nothing for him. He went on toward the old red railroad station and watched the nine-sixteen pull out. Ernestine and her mother and the Ames were on that train.

From the baggageman, who eyed him with some curiosity, he got his two bags, carried them through alleys to Mrs. Wilcox's shed. Late that night, he got them back into the house, locked his door, unpacked them. That night, he wept bewildered tears on his pillow.

Yes; it was success. Later in his life, Henry was to learn that it comes usually at about the same price, and is usually about as empty. He was to learn, too, that the only real profit in any success is the reassuring discovery that you had it in you to do the thing at all.

At any rate, moralizing aside, this is the story of Henry's great moment in Sunbury (the later successes were elsewhere). His "Iolanthe" is still recalled by Sunburyites of that particular generation, who are given to saying that the sort of thing has not been so well done since Henry went away.

Henry himself was, of course, incapable of submitting the experience to impersonal analysis. As a consequence, he did not, at the time, feel gratitude toward Ernestine.

The Gray Hair

(Continued from page 77)

hold no secrets. So Heenan turned to the study of Allaire himself. But here, also, was nothing of importance. It was a coincidence that the young lawyer, who had stood well at college and law-school, and was by way of beginning to do very well in practise, should be rather intimate with Peter Courtney—at least, the dossier said that he called often upon Courtney's niece—who was one of Heenan's clients that had telephoned for protection to-day. But it was nothing extraordinary; it was merely coincidence. Heenan sighed heavily. Dexter, who was with him, looked up.

"Stumped, Chief?"

"Stumped; yes. But not licked, Dexter," growled Heenan. "There ain't a blasted thing in these guys' records to attach suspicion to any of 'em; but Allaire was impersonated by a guy that knew him well. These are the only people that know him well. Somewhere in this bunch"—and he shook the papers on which the dossiers were written—"is the murderer or murderers. We'll just keep on trailin' their every move. The man who loses sight of one of these guys loses his job. While they're trailed they can't commit murder. Put it strong to the boys."

"Then you still think it's a newcomer? No old-timer puttin' these things over?"

"I don't think it—I know it!" snapped Heenan. He fell into a brown study, muttering to himself and frowning. Dexter, in a little while, bade him good-night.

"Better get some sleep, Chief," he counseled.

The great detective grunted an unintelligible answer. It was hours later before he went to sleep, and then it was completely dressed and in his chair, his hands still gripping tightly, with the super-bulldoggedness so characteristic of him, the bunch of dossiers.

XIII

THE sharp clang of the telephone-bell broke in upon the moment of understanding between uncle and niece. Allison lifted her tear-wet face from her uncle's breast.

"Don't answer it," she said; "don't answer it!" Then the innate courage that was hers banished the dread that had held her. She smiled wanly. "I'm hysterical," she said, "but I'm better now. Answer it, uncle."

Once again he patted her hair; then he picked up the telephone from the library desk. He spoke a few minutes, and Allison caught the purport of the conversation. She whitened, and dread came back once more. Peter Courtney set down the 'phone.

"I must go out, Allison," he said.

"Where?"

"Wilkins, Carman Wilkins, my broker, wants to see me."

"The Wilkins that is brother-in-law to—"

"Deewald. Yes."

"Is it about this—uncle? Don't keep me in the dark. What is it?"

He sat down on an old-fashioned couch and drew her down beside him.

"You mustn't be alarmed," he said; "there is no danger; only—Wilkins is calling a meeting of all of us men who have been threatened by the society. We've all

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received sudden demands from it. Wilkins wants us to meet to decide how to answer them."

"Sudden demands? Then the letter you got a week ago wasn't the only one?"

"One came by special delivery early this evening. I'd told Maggie"—Maggie was the Irish maid—"to keep anything like that from you, lest you be alarmed. So she placed it in my desk here. I just found it." He handed her the letter.

She read it. It was a demand that Courtney raise fifty thousand cash by noon of the next day, as an earnest of his intention to meet the society's demand for half his fortune; he was to have fifty thousand in readiness, and would be notified when and where to send it. That was all, except for the signature of the dread society.

"I didn't want you to know," he said, "but now—So you see, my dear, I must see Wilkins. He's in a terrible state. He just told me that he'd communicated with the others who have been threatened, and they are coming."

"How did he know who had been threatened?" she inquired.

"Why, when I received my letter, a week ago, I thought it was a joke of some sort, and I showed it to him. He showed me one that he'd received, and, in the course of a day or so, he learned who else had received similar letters. But until this morning, when we learned of Hastings' death—we who knew that he'd been threatened—we thought little about the letters. But to-day's events—"

Allison shuddered. "But, uncle, you aren't as rich as those men. Why should they think that you can afford so much?"

"I deal with Wilkins," he replied. "In fact, all those threatened, even Hastings and the others who are dead, traded with Wilkins. And as I do not know to whom to make my excuses"—and he smiled—"I do not see how I can plead poverty. However, what little I do possess, I will not surrender tamely. And, now, good-night, my dear."

"I'm going with you," declared Allison. "But, my dear—" he protested.

"If you're going out into danger—why, this telephone-message may be a trick, for all we know—I'm going with you."

Allison Courtney had a strong will. Demur and protest though he might, she insisted that she would not let him leave the house alone. And when he pointed out the fact that two of Heenan's operatives were outside the house, she retorted by citing the killing of the three financiers, surrounded by policemen, that very day.

And Courtney could not oppose her successfully. They left the house together. At the corner of Madison Avenue, Courtney drew her attention to the two men who followed.

"You see, my dear, I'm well protected. However, don't think I'm not glad of your company this evening. I've had too little of it since Allaire—"

They fenced verbally, both determined, it seemed, to put behind them any more thought of the dread society, for the moment, at any rate. Allison felt her uncle's well-meant efforts to put her at ease, and she responded courageously. They were both laughing as they ascended the steps of the Wilkins mansion on a side street, but a door from Fifth Avenue.

But laughter died from their lips as they entered the house. The man servant who admitted them was ashen of face. And in the large study to which he had conducted them sat nine men, all ill at ease, nervous. It was a house of fear. Allison felt a pity that was half contempt for these men; by contrast, her smiling uncle seemed the pink of perfect courage. He introduced her with grave courtesy.

"You see," he explained, "my niece believes that she is a greater protection to me than Detective Heenan's two men; so—she is with me. The daughters of the Courtneys have always had more courage than the men. For myself, I confess to a slight trepidation."

"Trepidation?" It was Wilkins who spoke. "I'm frightened half to death! And I've got too much sense to try and hide it." If Courtney felt a sneer in this, he did not show it. "I want to meet this society's demands. Not to the extent of half of what I've got, but to the extent of fifty thousand dollars. That will pacify them for a while, and, in a day or so, Heenan—"

"Ah, Heenan!" Half a dozen voices breathed that magic name.

"But if Heenan can do nothing?" queried Courtney.

Wilkins' lower lip trembled.

"Then—then—oh, let's wait and see. The main thing is attending to this demand for half a million. That's what it comes to. And I suppose that, if we're shy a trifle, one of us, or all of us, will suffer, if Heenan hasn't caught the devil. And as fifty thousand is a bigger sum of ready cash than is always available at a moment's notice, I want to know just who couldn't come across with it to-morrow, so that I could lend him the money. Heenan is all right, and will get the murderer, but if he gets him after we're dead—what then? I'd rather lose a bunch of money than my life. Guess we all feel that way, eh? Now then, who's not able to gather that much cash between now and to-morrow morning? I'll take reasonable security for the loan, if it's needed."

There was a moment's silence. It seemed that all these financiers present found fifty thousand dollars a small sum, and had that much lying loose in banks. But one of them found his voice; it was Eliot Tobey, a notorious speculator, who had often risked his whole fortune on a whim of the ticker-tape. A bit out of place among most of those present, he had, in recent years, forced his way into more conservative business circles by the sheer weight of the fortune he had amassed through speculation. Indeed, all those present speculated, but most of them on such sure things, because of inside information, that it might as well be called "investment," for all the risk they took.

"You know blamed well, Wilkins," Tobey sneered, "that there isn't one of us who couldn't raise fifty thousand on a moment's notice. You called us here to make sure that each one of us would pony up to this devil-society, eh? Well, put me down here and now: Not one nickel from Eliot Tobey to any gang of murderers that ever lived! Got that? That's my final answer."

The others looked at him angrily. Wilkins spoke with a sneer.

"In other words, Tobey, inasmuch as this society demands half a million, fifty thousand from each of us, you think that

one of us will contribute your share rather than risk danger."

Tobey hated these men who, having, for the most part, inherited their wealth, or, in the minor part, made it by unloading watered stock upon the innocent public, therefore looked down upon him—Tobey—who had made his money by defeating at the game of finance these men themselves or others like them. Tobey was the pirate who prayed upon pirates. And his was the manlier vocation.

"If you ask my opinion," he said, "you rats would contribute my share ten times over rather than risk a hair on your heads. But I'm different from the rest of you. What's mine's mine—nobody else's. Anyone that wants it can come down to the Street and take a chance at getting it away from me. They'll never get it by blackmail if they come to me with murder in their hearts and guns in their hands. They ain't much blue blood in me"—and he sneered at the rich men, who scowled at him—"but there's plenty of red blood. If that's all, I'll excuse myself."

He walked toward the door.

"Wait a minute, Tobey—I'll be with you!" cried Courtney.

"You, too?" gasped Wilkins.

"I, too," said Courtney. "I agree with Tobey. I'm armed; if this society wants my wealth, let it come directly to me."

"That's all right as a grand-stand play, Courtney," said Wilkins, in a surprised voice. "But Tobey hasn't any family at all, and you—here's your niece. Your skin's as valuable to you as ours is to us. We'll all get our money back when Heenan runs this devil down. But, just at present—you've been nipped in the market lately? That it? Man, I'll lend you fifty thousand on your note of hand without a bit of security. I'll—"

"You gentlemen will make up the half-million, anyway," said Courtney coldly. "I see no reason why I should burden myself with an unnecessary debt."

"You mean you'll let us settle and avoid paying?"

"You say that Heenan will recover it anyway. How, then, shall I be avoiding payment? But that is neither here nor there. What is to the point is this: I agree with Tobey—better to be killed than yield to blackmail. I hardly expect to have you gentlemen agree with me, but—good evening, gentlemen."

And while they cursed—under their breath, for Courtney's face was hard, and they felt that any neglect of the courtesy due the presence of a lady might cause that hardness to become active resentment—uncle and niece departed. Tobey was on the steps outside.

"Congratulate you, Courtney," he said. "Going my way?"

Courtney and Allison were not; so they bade each other good-night with respect.

"Uncle," said Allison, "if Mr. Tobey hadn't refused, would you have?"

"I'd made up my mind to refuse before I went there," said Courtney quietly.

"But you aren't frightened?"

"N-not exactly. I'm a little alarmed, but—not frightened. And I'd rather be scared half to death than have you yield as the rest of those men are going to do. Uncle Peter, I'm proud of you!"

"And I, of you, my dear," he answered. He pressed her arm affectionately as they went up the steps of their home on Thirty-



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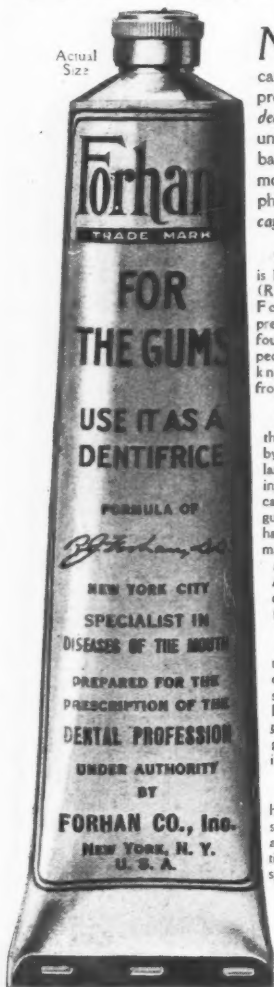
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sixth Street. But, once in the house, he noted her pale face and circled eyes.

"No; no talk about what's happened," he commanded. "You've been through enough in the past few hours to put many a woman in the hospital. To bed with you!"

There was a gruff tenderness in his voice that warmed the girl. She began to feel that she had misunderstood her uncle, that only her own reserve had kept him from taking her father's place as chum and confidant.

"You'll lock up the house carefully?" she questioned.

"And set the burglar-alarm," he promised. "The person that gets into this house to-night will have his troubles."

He kissed his niece and entered his library. Allison, from a warm bath, went directly to bed. She heard her uncle climb the stairs from the library, heard him in his room, and then she heard no more.

She awoke with a start. She heard something. She listened. She heard the noise again. It seemed on this floor; and it did not come from her uncle's room, the only other occupied chamber on the floor. Her bare feet swung to the floor, and she reached to a dressing-table; a small revolver nestled in the palm of her hand. She listened.

Again she heard something; but it wasn't on this floor; her ears were keener now. It was down-stairs. She felt an inclination to scream, but she fought it back. The courage of the Courtney women had been praised by her uncle this very night; she must not give that praise the lie so soon. She strained her ears; the sound did not repeat itself. She must have been mistaken. Then a remembrance of all the day's happenings came to her. It was this very carelessness, this cocksureness, so to speak, that had caused the deaths of Deewald, Warrenner, and Coleman. Nothing could happen to them, and—they died.

Her uncle had said that no one could get into the house; her hearing told her that no one was in the house now—no one, at least, unauthorized to be there. She had heard the faint squeak of a mouse; there were some in the walls, she knew. And yet—

She would not call her uncle; she would not lay herself open to the charge—though it would be unuttered, of course—of cowardice, or its weak excuse, hysteria. She would investigate. If her alarm were unjustified, all right. If it were not—her hand shook the least trifle. She shut her lips firmly together.

She was in the hall now; her own room lay at the head of the stairs which led to the library floor, and so to the street floor. Her uncle's room was at the front of the house, above the library. She did not have to pass the door of his room. She was on the stairs.

A step at a time, cautiously, straining her eyes into the gloom, she descended. She reached the hall below. Light filtered from the chink at the bottom of the library door, closed though it was. Again that impulse to scream—but it might be her uncle, gone down for some reason or other. In that case— She swung the door open; a man knelt before the open safe at the farther end of the room. He wore hat and

coat, and they were not any that she had seen before. It was not her uncle.

"Put up your hands—high!" Before he had sensed her presence, she had uttered the command, in tones whose firmness surprised her. "Higher! Get up!" He rose. "Turn around!"

She had not noticed how close were his fingers to the electric-light switch. She heard the click of the turned switch and could almost feel the darkness.

"Uncle!" she cried. "Uncle!" Then she fired. She heard the safe door crash to, and backed into the hall. "Uncle!" she cried again. Her fingers found the switch in the hall wall that also controlled the library lights. She turned them on; she stood on the threshold, gun in hand. But the burglar, emissary of the deadly society or whatever he might have been, was gone. She ran through the library into the room behind it. There, stairs led down to the kitchen. The midnight visitor had escaped that way; but she had not courage enough to go after him—alone. She felt faint now. She turned back into the library. In the doorway stood the maid, the cook, and the laundress, in various stages of dis-habille. They gaped the questions that surprise prevented them from uttering. They were pushed aside; in dressing-gown, below which protruded trousers and slipped legs, her uncle entered the room.

"Allison? What's wrong?"

"A burglar—some one—I heard him—the safe door was open—he turned off the lights—I fired at him—he must have gone—the kitchen—"

"You've not been dreaming?"

"I saw him!" she cried. "Look—the kitchen—"

He took the revolver from her hand and ran down the back stairs to the kitchen. The maids huddled close to their young mistress, and no one spoke until Courtney, grave of face, returned.

"You weren't dreaming, Allison," he said. "He entered from the kitchen. The electric alarm-wires were cut, and the kitchen window was open. Evidently he forced it—what a brave girl you are! By George, you have more courage—why didn't you wake me?"

She explained; he kissed her forehead.

"A heroine, Allison! But now—go back to bed. I hear Heenan's men knocking at the front door—heard the shot, I suppose. I'll have them in to spend the night and see what they can do."

But, beyond discovering what Courtney had already discovered, Heenan's men could discover nothing. But it didn't look to them like the work of the deadly society. "He was at the safe," said one of them. "Plain burglary, I guess. See if he got anything."

But Courtney, after a brief examination, announced that nothing was gone.

"Scared away by the young lady, I guess," said the detective. His friend agreed with him. "Some hero-ine, that lady!" he commented. Then he added: "Better go to bed now, Mr. Courtney. And I'm thinkin' it would be wise if we stayed in the house right along now. This stayin' outside is O. K., but it don't seem to work against this society—if it was them, which I doubt. Anyway, it's best to stay inside. I wonder the chief didn't tell us to."

Heenan wondered that same thing himself when, in the morning, he received not

only an account of the Courtney affair, which, despite its resemblance to ordinary burglary, he was certain could be laid at the doors of the society, but also the astounding information, conveyed by one of the detectives detailed to guard Tobey, that Tobey himself had been taken from his bed sometime during the night, and spirited away to some unknown place by the deadly society, which left behind a statement to the effect that Tobey's life was not in immediate danger but that he had been made prisoner merely to assure other persons that the society had not ceased its earnestness since yesterday's events. Murder was bad enough; but a society that could take strong men from their beds and leave no trace!

XIV

NEW YORK was terror-stricken. In common with the rest of the world, it has an almost idolatrous regard for great wealth. Property is sacred; it was more than mere murder that had been done—it was a tremendous series of tremendous blows against property. Did it presage revolution? Was there a great anarchistic society that had declared war upon civilization? Were the institutions founded by the fathers and brought to perfection by the present generation to be superseded by a power wielded by a conscienceless zealotry?

Such were the questions propounded in the newspaper editorials which Heenan devoured with his hasty breakfast before setting out for the scene of the kidnapping of Tobey.

Of course, the writers answered their own questions. No; law and the process of civilization would prevail. Let the city be brave and patient. Heenan had been placed in command by the mayor. He had promised that in forty-eight hours he would have the murderer or murderers by the heels. Let New York not yield to alarm; let it realize that institutions which had been centuries in the making were not to be destroyed by fanaticism. The deadly society would be destroyed shortly. Nevertheless, the exact opinion of the press was perhaps most accurately expressed by the little editorial squibs that ran in almost every paper, to the effect that here was a time when the poor man might take satisfaction in his lot. No one was after his scalp.

Heenan read these things as he ate. He thanked his lucky stars that no reporter had seen fit to connect the dingy suicide on Pell Street with the society. For that affair had taken place since Heenan had been made commissioner and would reflect on him. For that "suicide," as the coroner had chosen to call it on a hint from the police, was the crux of the situation. Heenan had no doubt but that the real driver of the murder-car which had conveyed Hastings' slayer to safety was Casey Red. The Hastings killing had needed an accomplice to make sure the murderer's escape, and Casey Red had been that accomplice. And then Casey had yielded to the loquacity inspired by drink and—had died. The fact that Casey had been killed proved the chain of reasoning to the mind of Heenan.

And as he rode in the taxi, which the "guardian" of Tobey had summoned, to the Tobey home, Heenan read the written

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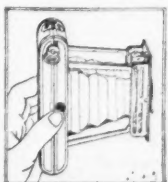
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report which had been waiting for him when he awoke, compiled in the night by Dexter. It was brief, but served to show the thoroughness of the Heenan agency.

Alderman Klitzky, patron of Casey Red, had been located by a Heenan operative at three in the morning as he came out from the annual dance of the Klitzky Social and Benevolent Association for the Securing of Home Rule for Ireland and the Freedom of the Jew in Russia. Klitzky was a superb politician.

Asked how it was that Casey Red had won the aldermanic favor, Klitzky had explained that Casey had once, at risk of his own skin, saved the alderman from a beating at the hands of thugs. The alderman would have explained the vile political animus behind the attempted assault, but the operative had shelved his verbosity on this subject, as it had happened years ago and was certainly not germane to the point at issue.

Questioned as to his knowledge of his protégé, the alderman answered that he understood that, as a small boy, Casey had run away from his home, somewhere out West, and had been for a time upon the stage. He had never been an actor, but had assisted actors. At one time, the alderman had heard Casey boast, the expugilist had been a dresser for Overton the Great, Impersonator of Great Men, Past and Present. After that, Casey had entered the ring as a light-weight, grown heavier, quit the ring, and taken up automobiling. Then he had lost his license and become one of the people who manage to exist without work. The alderman had given him sums of money from time to time. And that was all.

No thrill came to Heenan at mention of the name of Overton the Great, for Heenan knew of every crook in the country. He knew that Overton had died in South Africa. If only that informer had told earlier of the drunken boastings of Casey Red! But Heenan was not one to mourn over spilled milk. He put the history of Casey Red out of mind, temporarily, as he entered the home of Tobey, the kidnaped buccaneer of Wall Street.

Tobey, for all his wealth, for all his flaunting about the gayer resorts of the night-loving city, lived in almost Spartanlike simplicity in his own bachelor quarters. Probably this very simplicity enabled him to retain strength and vigor for the campaigns of finance and of dissipation into which he plunged elsewhere. But he recouped in this old-fashioned apartment-house, where a good third of his floor-space was devoted to a gymnasium. He kept but one servant, who valeted him and prepared his breakfast. His other meals he ate in the glaring restaurants. The servant was a negro. Frightened half to death, he told what little he knew.

His master had come home at about ten o'clock. He had indulged in the gymnastic work usual with him when he had not been dining or drinking heavily and was home early. Then he went to bed, leaving word with the servant, Gabe, to call him at seven. Gabe had come to his master's door at seven, and his knock had not been answered. He had entered, and at once became aware of the sickly odor which yet hung heavily in the atmosphere of the bedroom. His master was gone, and so was the clothing which he had worn the previous night. And there was a note

which Gabe did not understand, but which two men outside the apartment—Heenan's men—had understood when, in answer to his cry of alarm, they had entered the apartment, which, by the way, was on the ground floor. The note had been replaced where Gabe had found it, on the dresser. Heenan read it.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: That certain persons may understand that our orders are not to be disobeyed, we are holding Eliot Tobey as hostage for the performance of certain demands. We do not wish to kill. The men we have executed deserved death because of their robbery of the people. Tobey is no better than they, but it is not our aim to shed blood; we wish to secure justice. If the demands of this society are obeyed, Tobey will be unharmed.

It bore the well-known signature.

Heenan said nothing for the moment; he walked to the window. It opened on a court; the court opened on the street, where his men had lounged. He turned to his operatives.

"Anybody come into this court last night?"

"Only a man drivin' a car; there's a garage in that court, Chief. He said he lived in the house here. He'd forgotten a robe, and he come back to get it."

Eloquently and painstakingly, Heenan informed his two subordinates of his opinion of their mentality. Then, in a milder tone, he asked:

"Closed car, of course? And he shut the gate of the courtyard behind him?"

"Not a limousine—had a top with the curtains buttoned, though," answered one of the men.

"And Tobey, drugged, was inside of it. Well—"

Heenan foresaw the evening papers, which would be upon the street at nine; he foresaw that the confidence which the morning editions had expressed in him would be withdrawn. He didn't have second sight, but he didn't need it to know these things. He cursed the fatuity which had made him consent to place his men outside the homes of his clients. If those clients had not expressed a fear that his men might be impersonated, and accordingly demanded that they stay outside their homes, this kidnaping could not have occurred. But his clients had had that fear. They had felt comparatively safe with the watch-dogs outside, but had feared that, inside, the watch-dogs might turn out to be the wolves, and so—

"Have you told anyone else about this matter?" demanded Heenan of the negro Gabe, vainly hoping that this affair might, after all, be kept from the press.

Gabe was spared the necessity of lying, if he had chosen to do so.

"The janitor came to him first," said one of the operatives. "He saw the note, and it's a cinch that he'll earn some money by giving a paper a tip."

"Why didn't you stop him?"

But the janitor's quick perception of marketable news had caused him to run to the telephone—as later transpired—the moment Gabe informed him of what had happened. Heenan questioned his two operatives; he learned that, aside from dining at a restaurant and then calling at the house of Carman Wilkins, Tobey had been nowhere and seen no one the past evening. He told his men to stay on watch—Tobey might be returned intact—

and started for the home of Wilkins. At least, he got into his taxi, but before he started, another taxi drew up, and Blaisdell, one of the men guarding Courtney leaped out. First telling Heenan that the reliefs for himself and his partner had arrived, he related the burglarious alarm that had tested the mettle of Allison Courtney in the small hours.

As has been told, Heenan paid no attention to his subordinate's insistence that this affair must have been an ordinary burglary, in no way related to the society and its doings. The two things were inspired similarly; the same agency was behind both. At least, so Heenan believed. He gave a sharp order to the man.

"Before you go home to rest up, you make the rounds of all the people the agency's guarding. Tell the men to get close; no more hanging-around outside. They're to stick like postage-stamps. And if there are any objections, the answer is that the agency will withdraw from the case and that uniformed bulls, walking advertisements of trouble, will take our men's places. Get busy!"

In five minutes, he was at the Wilkins mansion, where he was at once admitted to the breakfasting presence of the broker. Wilkins colored at sight of the great detective. Heenan had followed so closely upon the announcement of his name that Wilkins had not had opportunity to hide a letter which he had been reading. He put it in a pocket with an air of carelessness that piqued Heenan's curiosity, so plainly assumed was it.

"What was the idea of the gathering last night, Wilkins?" he demanded.

"What gathering?" parried Wilkins.

"Aw, forget it!" snapped Heenan.

"Ain't my men been guarding you people? Don't I know every move you make?"

"We discussed some protective measures," replied the broker coldly.

"Oh, you did, eh? Leaving me out, eh? Well, just what were those measures?"

"I know of no reason why I should inform—"

Heenan struck the table until the dishes danced.

"You know of no reason, eh? Look here, Mr. Wilkins: This affair ain't a personal matter that concerns you and a few other rich men. It's a public affair, and I want information from you. If I don't get it, I'll have you down to headquarters and in a cell, and I'll lodge a charge against you of aiding and abetting this society that all the lawyers in the city won't get you clear of—not this week!"

Wilkins realized that Heenan meant what he said. Also, despite the mighty power of the society, the glamour of the Heenan reputation had not yet been dispelled, even though the letter which Wilkins had attempted to hide contained information of the mishap to Tobey. The broker's air of defiance left him. He handed Heenan the letter. It was from the society and read:

Eliot Tobey is our prisoner, taken as a further example of the uselessness of attempting to cope with this society. He will be unharmed unless there is a failure on your part to deliver the half-million dollars demanded by us. In the event of your failure, Tobey will be executed, and the death of the rest of you will be decreed. The society trusts that you will not be so foolish as to resist us.

You will, therefore, meet at noon sharp in

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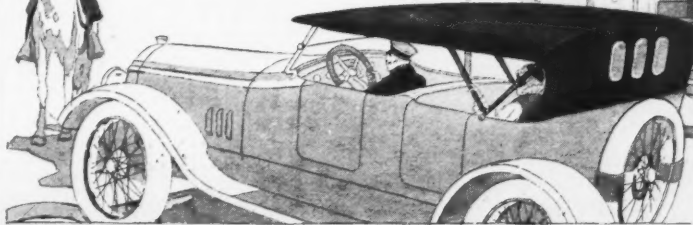
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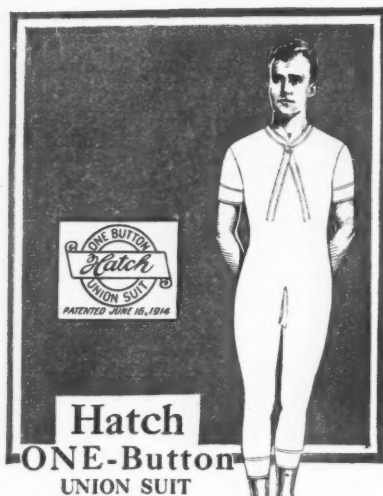


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the office of Jacob Curran. Each of you will contribute fifty thousand dollars to the fund. If any refuse, let the others make up the sum, and also Tobey's share, and the society will deal with the recalcitrants later.

You will have the money in thousand-dollar bills; you will do up these bills in a brown-paper package. You will then hand the package to your chauffeur, without telling him the nature of the contents. You will instruct him to leave the office and go to your touring car, which you will have drawn up outside. None of you will follow the chauffeur from the office on pain of the society's displeasure.

Your chauffeur will drive straight up Nassau Street into Park Row, then into the Bowery, then into Fourth Avenue, then across Thirty-fourth Street to Fifth Avenue, up Fifth Avenue to Fifty-ninth Street, west along Fifty-ninth Street to Central Park West, then very slowly up Central Park West.

At about Sixty-ninth Street, he will slow down to a crawl. He will then deliver the package to a person who will merely mention your name. He will then return and inform you at Curran's office, where you will all remain, of the delivery. If any attempt is made to pursue the recipient of the package, or any attempt is made to prevent delivery, or if espionage is attempted, or any details of these instructions are violated, the society will know how to deal with you.

Heenan permitted a contented smile to spread over his features.

"If they make good on this—well, there'll be somebody in a cell to-night that belongs there. And you were going to hand over this coin without letting me know, eh? Why, it'll be a cinch! A good thing for you you let me in on this," he finished threateningly.

"But he refers to Tobey." Wilkins faith in Heenan was great, but fear got the better of faith for a moment.

"Yes; they got Tobey, but—"

"And Tobey was one of those who refused last night to contribute! The society must have known—"

"What's that? Tobey refused?"

"He and Courtney." Wilkins related the details of last night's meeting.

"And they broke into Courtney's house last night!" gasped Heenan. "Some one of you people last night is close to the society and—Tobey! Tobey!"

"What do you mean?" asked Wilkins.

But Heenan waved the question aside. "Has Tobey been hitting the market extra hard lately?"

"Not through my office, but I've heard—"

"You know all right," said Heenan.

"Tell me: Is he a bear or bull?"

"Bear."

"And the market—it's a bull market, isn't it? Plenty of money, big crops, lots of business?" Wilkins nodded assent. "But didn't stocks fall a bit yesterday—after Hastings' death? And won't they fall still lower to-day after yesterday's events? And wouldn't Tobey be the man to profit by this? And doesn't Tobey disappear now? And wasn't Courtney, the only other man to refuse to contribute, visited last night, and mightn't he have been killed—only, his niece— Why, it's plain as day!"

"But why should Tobey refuse, and sneer at us for being willing to pay?"

"To make the matter look good! He had to be one to refuse, for he had to be kidnaped."

"Why?" asked the dazed Wilkins, unable to follow the swift, triumphant reasoning of the detective.

"Why? Because the murderer has to receive the money, don't he? Half a million is too much to let an accomplice collect. One big brain is behind this. He may have helpers, but if he has, he isn't letting them handle that kind of coin. Tobey had to be on the spot to get the money. So he plans his refusal, fakes his kidnaping— Why, to get Courtney scared, he visited him last night, and—"

But this was not the time for boasting. Heenan dropped the tone of self-laudation and got down to cases. He advanced threateningly upon Wilkins.

"I want this matter to go through without a hitch," he snapped. "You follow directions exactly as this letter orders. Understand? And not a word to a living soul about what I've said. Mind! And this afternoon I'll turn back your money, and I'll have this bird Tobey behind the bars. Clever he is, but—"

Heenan smiled deprecatingly, as one who knew of a cleverer but was forbidden by modesty to give him a name. One last injunction to Wilkins to keep his mouth tightly closed and do as the letter commanded, and Heenan dashed out of the house. He spoke to the two men outside of the Wilkins mansion.

"When Wilkins goes to Jacob Curran's office to-day, I want you boys to beat it up-town—fast. Get on Central Park West near Sixty-ninth Street. A touring car will come along; a guy will stop it and get a parcel from the driver. That guy is the man we want. Use your guns—get him! And one of you make the rounds of all the other men we're looking after. Give the same instructions to the operatives there. Have some of them sauntering in the park, some in areaways—"

"You want us to quit guarding them when they go to Curran's office? Will there be reliefs down-town to take our places?"

"We won't need any," said Heenan triumphantly. "The guy we want will be in the park. Now, mind—no loitering where you can be seen. Get into houses—hallways, some of you. But I'm leaving it to you boys to make the arrest. I'll have a hundred plain-clothed bulls at every corner on the Columbus Avenue side; I'll have autos in the park; I'll have— Get busy! Pass the word!"

But Heenan never went off at half-cock. That Tobey was the mysterious murderer seemed conclusive to Heenan, but unless Tobey knew a lot of Allaire's business, Tobey could not be the man wanted, and his kidnaping must be a genuine affair. Heenan drove directly to Allaire's apartment, and roused that young man from the heavy sleep that had claimed him since Blake's departure the night before.

"Allaire," he snapped at the pajama-clad young lawyer, "do you know Eliot Tobey? Does he know you?"

Allaire rubbed his eyes with his knuckles. "Yes," he answered; "Tobey was involved in that little litigation that I handled for Hastings. Why?"

Heenan ignored the question.

"Has he ever seen your handwriting?" "On receipts which I gave him and Hastings for money with which I settled the matter. Why?"

"And could Tobey, by any means, have known that you were going to the theater the night before last?"

"Why, of course; he saw me as I entered; he bowed to me, and I returned the bow."



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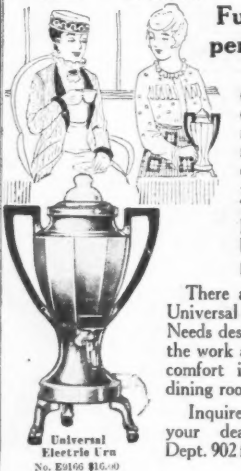
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He was there alone, waiting for a friend, I imagined. Why?"

But Heenan's exultation had mastered him now. How simple, how absurdly simple the matter was!

Allaire guessed much from the detective's manner.

"Good Lord, you don't mean to say that Tobey—"

"I don't mean to say anything," snapped Heenan; "I've said too much. And you forget what I've said. Hear me? Not a word from you!" He made for the door, but Allaire called him back.

"I want to tell you what Blake and I did last night," said the lawyer.

Heenan restrained his impatience long enough to listen to the account of Allaire's search of the Star's files and Blake's investigation at Jepner's. He was angered to think that he'd forgotten to use such reasoning, useless though it had proved to be.

"Amateurs!" he sneered. "But keep off now; I've just about got my man landed!" Then that conceit which was his failing prompted him to tell Allaire what had happened last night and was planned for the day. "You know Tobey; if you were looking for him, you might be able to spot him in a disguise. No man can disguise himself from people that know him, if they're looking for him. The guy Tobey knows that; he only wears a disguise when he knows that no one is expecting anything like that. But if you're watching for him, you'd spot him. You might go up to the Plaza for your breakfast and from there sort of saunter over to Central Park West. You might help. But carry a gun. You have my permission."

Allaire, excited, agreed, and won Heenan's reluctant consent to have Blake accompany him. Heenan wished to share none of the glory that would accrue to him from the capture of the murderer, but he realized that the murderer was clever, and that he might escape from the cordon of detectives which would be around the neighborhood named in the society's letter to Wilkins, and that Allaire, alone, single-handed, if he happened to see him, would not, perhaps, be able to handle him. Then the commissioner left for headquarters, first telling the operatives shadowing Allaire to cease the work.

On the way down-town, it occurred to him that, for such a clever man as the murderer—Tobey, Heenan preferred to call him now—the plan for the receipt of the half-million dollars was fraught with danger. A doubt came to him. Was there something fishy about it? But, no; the murderer didn't know everything. Furthermore, the murderer, Tobey, must count on the fear he had inspired; he would not dream that, after the specimen of his power shown yesterday and the day before, his victims would dare attempt to thwart him. Like every other criminal, Tobey had made a mistake. He needed quick money—probably the upward tendency of the stock-market had crippled him—a quick half-million, to be used in taking advantage of the bear market sure to ensue to-day, and Tobey would be rich at once. Yes; fancied security had rendered Tobey careless. Heenan smiled happily. He was still smiling when he found the mayor awaiting him at headquarters.

Mayor Phinney's dislike for Heenan was accentuated by the new commissioner's rudeness to his predecessor and friend of the mayor yesterday. And a reporter had informed Phinney at his house of the just discovered kidnapping of Tobey. Heenan, then, had failed! The mayor was cold in his greetings.

"Heenan," he said, "you don't seem to do any better than Blake. I understand that one of the men you were guarding was kidnapped last night. Your men let the kidnaper take Tobey away under their eyes. Understand that they were men of your agency, not of the police force."

Heenan glared.

"Hold your horses, Mr. Mayor. I couldn't assign real detectives to guard those men. That would take twenty detectives—real ones. Why, how many real detectives do you think there are in this whole country?"

"None," answered the mayor promptly.

Heenan winced at the thrust, but covered it up with a sneer.

"I'll show you one before the day's over," he answered. "But I can't be blamed because my men fall down."

"That's what Blake said," retorted the mayor. "And you have the same excuse. I'm going to telegraph the governor, ask him to put the militia in control—"

"And gum the game when I've got my man ready for a cell," snarled Heenan. "I'll have him behind the bars inside of twenty-four hours; maybe this afternoon."

"You know him? His real identity? Who is he?"

"I'm not telling that," snapped Heenan. "You take my word for it; you hold your horses. I said yesterday it'd take forty-eight hours; that's all the time I want. You give me until to-morrow—that's all I ask."

And as the mayor had no desire to call out the National Guard; indeed, didn't deem it probable that the governor would accede to such a request, he yielded to Heenan's request. He left headquarters, and Heenan called into conference his subordinate officers on the force. To them he gave swift and clear orders.

Policemen in plain clothes were to be stationed in houses all around Central Park—a thousand of them. Word was to pass from mouth to mouth as soon as the Wilkins car containing the money entered upon Central Park West. From then on, no person was to be allowed to leave the neighborhood of the park. Everyone coming from it was to be detained for examination. Autos, with officers, were to be stationed at every other corner between Fifty-ninth Street and One Hundred and Tenth, on Madison Avenue and Columbus Avenue. Also, there were to be autos with armed men on One Hundred and Tenth Street, stretching over the section of the street fronting the park, and on Fifty-ninth Street also. The whole park would thus be surrounded by men on foot and in autos, those on the east and west so disposed, a block from the park, that their careless presence might arouse no suspicion in the mind of the murderer, now, so Heenan figured, blinded by success. And then Heenan telephoned his agency, gave further directions as to the part in the capture to be played by his private operatives, and set himself impatiently to wait the coming of noon.

The next instalment of *The Gray Hair* will appear in *June Cosmopolitan*.

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